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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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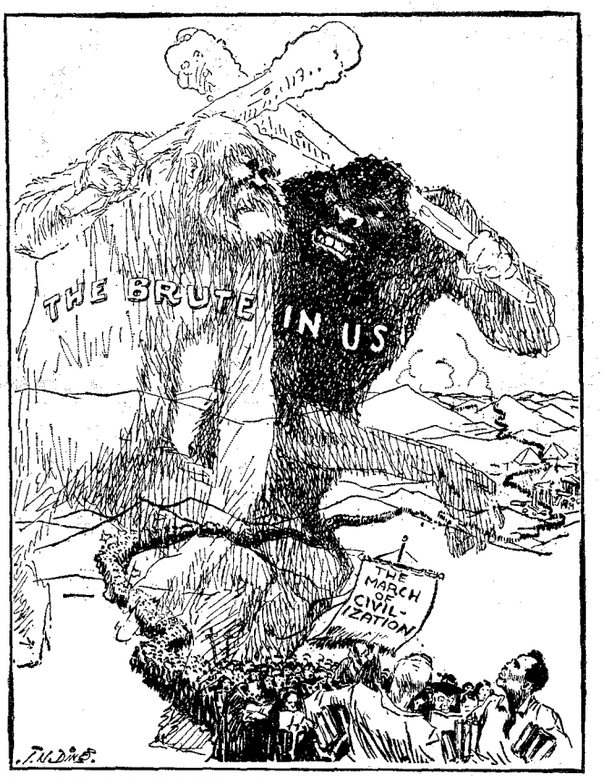
MOB FURY AND RACE HATRED AS A NATIONAL DANGER

"THERE IS ONE PROBLEM in American life for which I foresee no solution. It is the race problem, the negro question." These words of Grover Cleveland are recalled by the Louisville *Courier-Journal* in its editorial discussion of the sudden and appalling flare-up of mob fury and race hatred in Tulsa. In this Oklahoma city, which according to one of its journals "has the highest per-capita wealth of any city in the world," the rumor that a colored boy was to be lynched brought a crowd of armed negroes to the jail to prevent it. With the white mob and the black confronting one another, somebody fired a shot, and the result was a pitched battle with scores of casualties, the burning of the city's negro section, and the addition, as the New York *Evening Post* remarks, of "a ghastly chapter to the record of a national disgrace." For while the immediate cause of the Tulsa tragedy has been concisely described as "an impudent negro, an hysterical girl, and a yellow-journal reporter," the conditions which provided the tinder for this spark are not peculiar to Tulsa or Oklahoma, but exist in varying degree, we are told, in all parts of the country where the negro is numerous enough to be a problem. According to the editor of a New York negro weekly, race war lies latent in many American cities, and "as for New York City, it is a magazine. All it needs is to have a fuse touched off." The causes behind the Tulsa explosion and similar outbreaks of the last few years, editorial observers tell us, are: the lynch-law spirit, peonage, race prejudice, economic rivalry between blacks and whites, radical propaganda, unemployment, corrupt politics, and the new negro spirit of self-assertion. Among the remedies proposed are: new legislation, strict and impartial law enforcement, unionization of the negroes, and the Golden Rule.



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KEEPING RIGHT UP WITH THE PROCESSION.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune.*

"The Tulsa horror" moves the Kansas City *Journal* to reflect upon "the narrowness of the margin which separates civilization from savagery." "We have in this country an ugly race problem, and to ignore it is only to postpone the reckoning," declares the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, which has not forgotten the race war of four years ago in its neighbor city, East St. Louis, in which 125 persons were killed. This problem, *The Post-Dispatch* assures us, "can not be solved by riot, by burnings and killings." "We are headed in this country toward a race conflict greater than the confines of a city—greater, perhaps, than a State," declares *The Star* of the same city, which asks: "Are we going to keep on going in the direction in which we are headed?" "No community knows when it may be marred by similar outrages," says the Oklahoma City *Times*, which is convinced that "the danger of racial disturbances is increased by the orgy of terrorism in Tulsa." "It is not an issue of white *vs.* black, but it is an issue in which is involved the one true conception of government itself," avers the Tulsa *World*. "Mob violence has become common, and if the tendency is not checked, one may not measure the depths of sorrow to come," says the Oklahoma City *Oklahoma Leader*. "If the Tulsa collision had occurred at Vera Cruz the American people would have deplored the lawlessness of the Mexicans and found it shocking," remarks the New York *Times;* and the Nashville *Tennessean* thinks that "the crime of Tulsa will make many of us hesitate before we condemn other races as being unqualified for self-government." "This is not the first race riot within recent years to occur outside of the Mason-Dixon line," notes the Wilmington *Every Evening*, which recalls the following facts:

"In East St. Louis, Ill., which is distinctly a Northern city, 125 persons were killed on July 7, 1917. In Washington, D. C., seven persons were killed and scores injured in the riots which began July 19, 1919. A few days later, beginning July 26, in Chicago, which is certainly not a Southern city, 38 persons were killed and 500 wounded. On October 2, the same year, in Elaine, Ark.—which calls itself Mid-Western—30 persons were killed and hundreds were wounded in the street-fighting. Three days before that, in Omaha, Neb., which is certainly Western,

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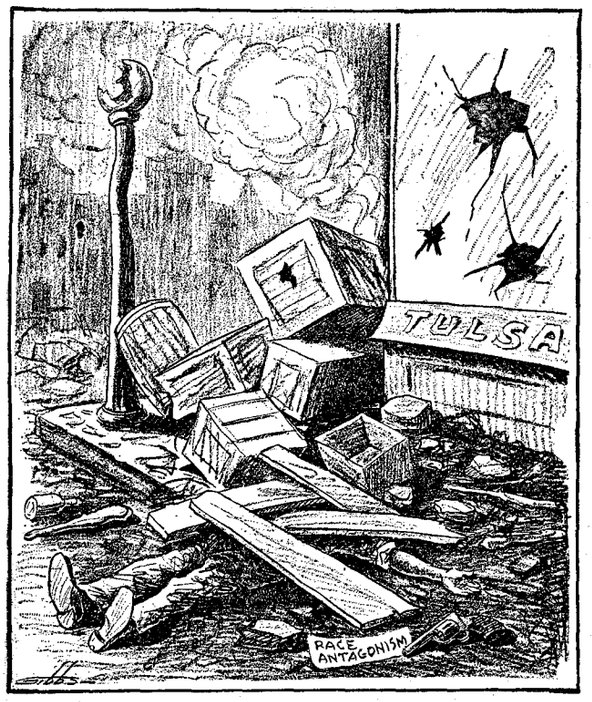
three persons were killed in race riots and many wounded. The mayor of the city was hanged by rioters, but cut down in time to save his life."

The guilt of the Tulsa tragedy, avers an outspoken Southern paper, the Dallas *News*, "attaches itself mostly to the white race"; and in the Emporia *Gazette* we read:

"Of course, it was not the best of the white race that created the hellish situation in Tulsa. But none the less, the best of the white race is responsible. The leadership of a community is responsible for the deeds of the community."

"No matter who kills the most, mobs are an indictment of all the citizens, and of the best citizens more than any of the



WHY NOT START A LITTLE "DISARMAMENT" RIGHT HERE AT HOME?
—Gibbs in the Baltimore *Evening Sun.*

others," agrees *The Call*, a negro paper published in Kansas City; and it adds: "We maintain that it is white civilization that is on trial when negroes are persecuted, for it is the law as created by the Anglo-Saxon which is treated with contempt when our rights are overridden." "We are wondering where is an Uncle Sam that will hear the cries of the innocent women and children at Tulsa," exclaims another negro paper, the St. Louis *Argus;* and in still another, *The Black Dispatch*, of Oklahoma City, we read: "Whatever the issue, the fact remains undisputed that in Tulsa, in a white-man's country, the negroes were attempting to uphold the law and white men were attempting to destroy it."

The nation must awake to what lynch law and race riots are costing it, our press earnestly admonish us. This Tulsa horror will be featured in scare-heads in every newspaper in Mexico City, and will make it still harder for our State Department to convince the Mexicans that we are in deadly earnest about the protection of American life and property, remarks the Chicago *Evening Post*, which goes on to say: "At this moment we are withholding valuable aid to the Mexican Government because we doubt the safety of American life and property under its jurisdiction, but in Mexican eyes the Tulsa explosion will knock the high horse out from under us." Moreover, it adds, such outbreaks "damage the United States more than we realize in the eyes of all foreign nations." "Americans have been loud in the denunciation of the pogroms in Poland, of the massacres in Armenia and Russia and Mexico, and they were ready to go to war to avenge the victims of the barbarous German war-lords, but unless we can create a public sentiment in this country strong enough to restrain such intolerant outbreaks as Tulsa has just witnessed, we shall be unable in the future to protest with any moral weight against anything that may happen in less-favored parts of the world," remarks the Houston *Post*, which warns us that "the race problem is not being solved in any part of the country."

Tulsa's outburst of race warfare "was as unjustified as it was unnecessary," remarks the Tulsa *World*. The events which made up this tragedy of errors are outlined by Walter F. White in a Tulsa dispatch to the New York *Evening Post:*

"The immediate cause of the riot was a white girl who claimed that Dick Rowland, a colored youth of nineteen, attempted to assault her. Sarah Page, the girl, operated an elevator in the Drexel Building in Tulsa. She said the colored boy had seized her arm as she admitted him to the car. Rowland declares that he stumbled and accidentally stept on the girl's foot. She screamed. Rowland ran. The following day the Tulsa *Tribune* told of the charge and the arrest of Rowland.

"Chief of Police John A. Gustafson, Sheriff McCullough, Mayor T. D. Evans, and a number of reputable citizens, among them a prominent oil operator, all declared that the girl had not been molested; that no attempt at criminal assault had been made. Victor F. Barnett, managing editor of the *Tribune*, stated that his paper had since learned that the original story that the girl's face was scratched and her clothes torn was untrue.

"Soon after *The Tribune* appeared on the streets on Tuesday afternoon there was talk of a lynching mob 'to avenge the purity of a white woman.' Rowland was then removed to the county jail, located on the top floor of the Tulsa County Court-House, a substantial building of three stories. Sheriff McCullough stated to me that as early as four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon (*The Tribune* reached the streets with the story of the alleged assault at 3.15 P.M.), Commissioner of Police J. M. Adkison informed him that there was talk of lynching Rowland that night. . . . . .

"By nine o'clock there were from 300 to 400 whites around the court-house. About 9.30 twenty-five negroes came up to the court-house, armed to protect Rowland. The sheriff persuaded them to go home, but in an hour they returned, their number increased to seventy-five. The sheriff had again persuaded them to go home, when a shot was fired. Then, in the sheriff's own words, 'all hell broke loose.'

"Armed mobs of whites broke into hardware stores and pawnshops and looted them, taking weapons and ammunition. Colored men fought gamely, one of them accounting for five members of a mob that attacked the colored section. Near daybreak a pitched battle was in progress, with the 'Frisco tracks as a dividing line between the two forces. Shortly afterward the white mobs, numbering by then more than 10,000, invaded the negro section, the colored men resisting determinedly. Cans of oil were secured and fires started. Firemen attempting to quench the first of these flames were fired upon and withdrew."

Before martial law was established and peace restored by the National Guard more than a score of blacks and nearly half as many whites had lost their lives, more than 200 of both races were wounded, more than a million and a half dollars' worth of property was destroyed, and thousands of negro families were homeless.

The Tulsa *Tribune* and *World* agree the trouble could have been nipped in the bud by decisive action on the part of the city authorities in dispersing the mob as soon as it began to form; and correspondents represent Gov. J. B. A. Robertson as sharing this view. "Undoubtedly the trouble could have been arrested in its incipiency had prompt and intelligent action been taken by officials," declares the Muskogee *Phoenix;* and *The Times-Democrat* of the same Oklahoma city agrees that "in Tulsa the law-enforcement branches were absolutely paralyzed in face of the riots for twenty-four hours." "The accumulation of all the stories relating to the disaster clearly indicates that this is the culmination of a protracted disrespect for law in this city through a long period of time," affirms the Tulsa *Tribune.*

But behind the immediate factors in the Tulsa outbreak

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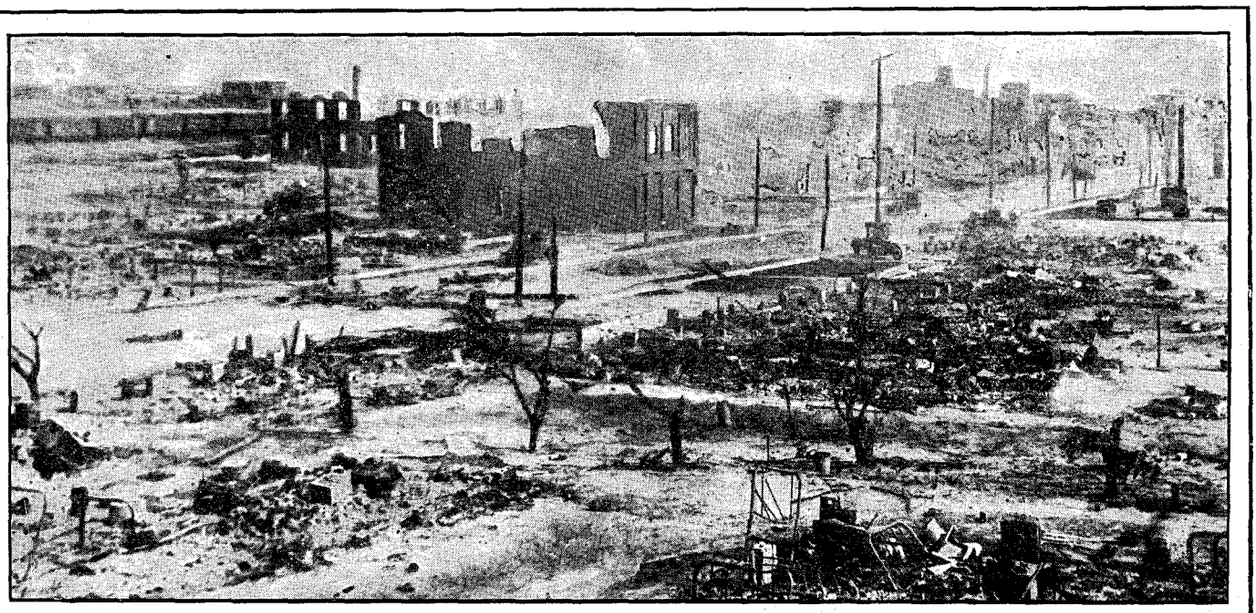

WHERE FIVE THOUSAND NEGROES WERE BURNED OUT BY A WHITE MOB IN TULSA.

editorial observers search for deeper causes. "One incident never causes a race riot; the causes accumulate for weeks and months before the outbreak," remarks James Weldon Johnson, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, who goes on to say:

"If the stories told by refugees from Oklahoma are true, conditions virtually of slavery, similar to those laid bare recently by Governor Dorsey in Georgia, prevail in Oklahoma. Robbery of negro tenants, brutalities of every description, burning of homes, and enforced labor for a mere subsistence wage will inevitably bring about trouble."

So long as the negro is denied in whole or in part the rights and immunities guaranteed him under the white-man's law, "the way is open to the repetition of such tragedies as that which happened in Tulsa," avers the New York *World*, in which we read further:

"Government ceased for the time being to exist and the streets of Tulsa ran with blood. But in vast sections of the country government has a habit of ceasing to exist where the legal rights of the negro are concerned. Altho white men are sometimes lynched when accused of crime the general presumption is that they will not be. Altho black men are often not lynched when accused of crime, the general presumption in many parts of the United States is that they are likely to be. Out of that presumption came Tulsa's race war."

"The core of the situation is the existence of a latent spirit of lynching," thinks the New York *Evening Post*. Of a changing attitude on the part of the negro, the New York *Globe* says:

"Because of his experiences as a soldier and on account of the higher value placed upon his labor during the war-period he has become less submissive. Whether for good or for evil, it is a fact that when attacked by white men he is more likely to shoot back than he was five years ago."

The Socialist New York *Call*, after interviewing Mr. Chandler Owen, editor of *The Messenger*, on the Tulsa riot, reports that—

"A potent cause, Mr. Owen believes, is the recent wave of unemployment, which has hit white workers much harder than colored workers, for the simple reason that the negroes work for lower wages, and are therefore the last to be discharged. This has caused a great deal of resentment among the white workers, who accuse the negroes of taking away their jobs."

"What was the underlying cause of the Tulsa riot?" asks the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, which answers its own question as follows:

"The answer to that question not only explains this riot, but reveals a situation which threatens the peace of every community in the land where negroes and whites dwell together. To speak plainly, those negroes were not in their right senses. They were inflamed by a violent propaganda against the whites which negro radicals in Chicago, New York, and other points in the East have been carrying on since the armistice. Publications filled with denunciation of the white people of the South and with lurid descriptions of imaginary wrongs of the negro race have been spread throughout the South during the past two years and a half. The most extreme of them have preached violence, if not openly, covertly and by innuendo. These professional agitators, most of whom have found an easy way of making a living through this propaganda, have cared nothing for the consequences of their violent teachings. With reckless abandon they have used every possible method of inflaming the negroes in the South against the whites.

"The Tulsa riot is a direct result of the sullen and ugly discontent which these Eastern propagandists have been planting in the breasts of Southern negroes. It is among the 'first fruits' of their teachings. The homeless negroes of Tulsa who view the ruins of the results of their labor and who witnessed their relatives being killed in a furious riot, are the victims of this propaganda."

"It is pretty generally known in Houston that hundreds, even thousands, of whites and blacks have procured firearms during the past two years," says another Texas paper, the Houston *Post*, which goes on to say:

"It is time to talk plainly. The circumstance that there are large armed groups of whites and blacks, each expecting attack, in scores of Southern communities is something for sober citizens of both races to consider. To continue that state of affairs means but one thing, viz., that sooner or later the necessary spark to light the fires of hate will appear."

The Indianapolis *News* thinks that there is much in the argument of the Chicago *Tribune* that corrupt politics is the real villain in the Tulsa tragedy and in other American race riots. Says the Chicago *Tribune*:

"If in Tulsa, Chicago, Springfield, or East St. Louis it were not for the profitable alliance of politics and vice or professional crime, the tiny spark which is the beginning of all these outrages would be promptly extinguished. We should have peace in our communities and the race issue would never reach the point of madness.

"Corrupt politics is directly responsible for race riots. Let us face that fact and not lose ourselves in secondary considerations. Race riots are not problems of race; they are problems of government. There will be no race riots where politics has not corrupted government."

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"HARVEYIZED" DIPLOMACY

LETTING GEORGE DO IT is an excellent way to make history, was the apparent opinion of Earl Curzon at the Pilgrim Society dinner in London, as he referred to the conspicuous rôles played by George III., George V., Lloyd George, and Ambassador George Harvey. Colonel Harvey, who has been credited with making much political history at home, rose to the occasion by producing some interesting diplomatic history as it came his turn to speak. When the Ambassador's fellow countrymen read in the dispatches his emphatic assertion that America will not be "beguiled" into having anything whatsoever to do with the League of Nations, and that the United States joined the Allies in the Great War "solely to save the United States of America," and because it was

"HE HAS LEFT HIS MARK ON THE COURSE OF EVENTS,"

Said the British Prime Minister in welcoming the new American Ambassador at the Pilgrims' dinner. The photograph shows, at the reader's left, the Prince of Wales, then Ambassador Harvey, the Duke of Connaught, and Mr. Lloyd George.

"afraid not to fight," there came a cry of remonstrance "like the sound of many waters," to use a New York *Times* phrase. Yet the Harvey speech, it should be noted, has met with much approval in Republican circles in Washington and has been earnestly defended by a large number of important Republican dailies. Indeed, it seems to the Manchester *Union* (Rep.), that all the criticism is simply a Democratic attempt to make Colonel Harvey the "Administration goat." Friends and foes agree that the Colonel has been shattering diplomatic traditions. "He has produced a Harveyized diplomacy," says the Denver *Rocky Mountain News* (Ind.), which thinks it "may be welcome as a change" from the old-fashioned kind. Governor Cox's Dayton *News* (Dem.), using the same phrase, laments the "unhappy precedent" based on a surrender of good taste and good judgment. The critics are not all Democrats. "From press and pulpit, from supporters of both political parties, from service men and mothers decorated with the gold star of sacrifice, have come stern protests against a causeless perversion of history and a gross slander upon the American people," we read in that former Roosevelt organ, the Philadelphia *North American* (Prog.). A congregation in a Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church violates all traditions by applauding a sermon declaring the Ambassador no fit representative of his country. A resolution of inquiry is introduced in the House of Representatives, and the Ambassador's recall is demanded on the floor of the United States Senate. The Pennsylvania Chapter of War Mothers meets in convention and denounces Mr. Harvey's speech as an "insult to everything that the women of America hold dear." War veterans write letters of protest to the newspapers until editors are swamped with them. An American Legion Post unanimously adopts a resolution declaring that "the dumb wounds and the lungs slowly perishing by poisoned gas, of the hundreds of thousands who still linger and languish to testify their devotion to America's righteous war cause, all proclaim these statements of Ambassador Harvey to be a stultifying lie." But before quoting more comment on the Harvey speech, it is well to note just what the Ambassador said at the Pilgrims' dinner.

Americans, said Mr. Harvey in the most widely criticized passage of his speech, "have come to realize in the past few years that ideals too often resolve into illusions and illusions we have found to be both dangerous and profitless." Until recently the impression was prevalent "that we went to war to rescue humanity from all kinds of menacing perils. Not a few remain convinced that we sent our young soldiers across to save this Kingdom, France, and Italy." But, the American Ambassador explained to his English hearers—

> "That is not the fact. We sent them solely to save the United States of America, and most reluctantly and laggardly at that.
>
> "We were not too proud to fight, whatever that may mean. We were afraid not to fight. That is the real truth of the matter. So we came along toward the end and helped you and your allies shorten the war. That is all we did and that is all we claim to have done."

A few minutes later Mr. Harvey undertook to show "how utterly absurd" is the impression apparently lingering in many British minds "that in some way or other, by hook or by crook, unwittingly, surely unwillingly, America may yet be beguiled into the League of Nations." The question of America's participation, he asserted, was settled in the negative by "a majority of 7,000,000." And he went on to say:

> "It follows, then, that the present Government could not, without betrayal of its creators and masters, and will not, I can assure you, have anything whatsoever to do with the League or any commission or committee appointed by it or responsible to it, directly or indirectly, openly or furtively."

Speaking for the Republican papers which profess themselves unable to understand why anybody should object to Mr. Harvey's remarks, the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* (Rep.) asks what it was, after all, that he said?

> "Well, in effect, it was that the United States did not get into the war in any spirit of exalted, self-sacrificing nobility; that it was not actuated by any overwhelming access of brotherly love; that a piteous compassion for the bleeding heart of humanity was not its motive, but that it started to fight, and did fight, to save its skin, because it could see very clearly that if it did not do so rather promptly it would presently be the worse for its failure. And isn't that the truth?"

With this at least one Democratic daily agrees. Official Washington, according to the Birmingham *News*, knew that Germany intended after defeating the Allies to make us pay a $40,000,000,000 damage bill or fight, and our Government realized that "the best thing to do was to get in at once and

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help whip Germany before she had conquered the weakening Allies." Then—

"After we got started it was all very fine to exhilarate ourselves into a sublimated condition of self-appreciation with making the world safe for democracy' and such other fine sayings. The cold fact remains that we were fighting to save our hides, our $40,000,000,000, and to avoid being put in the same position Germany is in to-day. . . . . .

"No, we went to war to make America safe for Americans; so that the Kaiser's millions would not be goose-stepping down Pennsylvania Avenue; so that an army of occupation would not be settled upon us, and we would not be administered as a conquered province, ground down beneath the rapacity and arrogance of German conquerors, and bled white financially to fatten *der Vaterland*. That is why we fought."

Of course, writes Dr. J. B. Naylor, in an editorial in President Harding's Marion *Star*, we did fight for "humanity," but—

"The particular people of all humanity we fought for was the Americans; the particular country we aimed to save was the United States; the particular flag we sought to keep flying high and unsullied was Old Glory.

"Let's ask ourselves this one question—and dig up the answer from the bottom of our hearts:

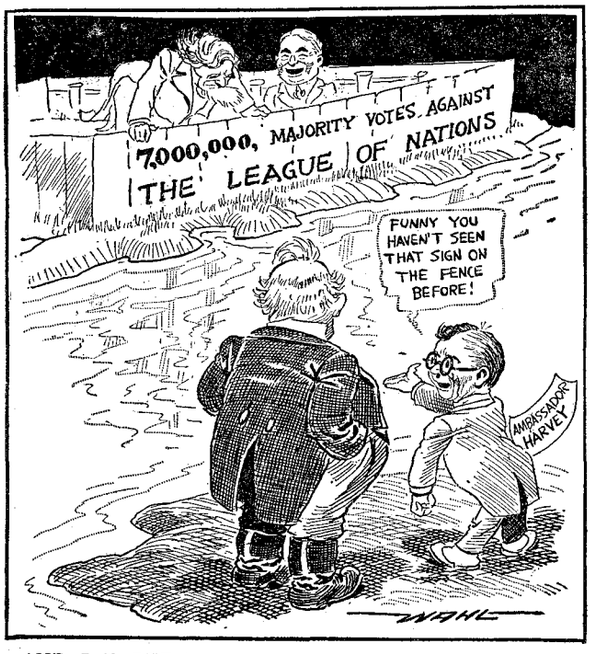
"Would we have gone into the war at all—tho the defeat of the Allies should have appeared certain—had it not been that our own rights were violated, our own interests assailed, our own security put in jeopardy?

"America keeps out of war—as long as she can do so safely and honorably. She doesn't play the part of a plug-ugly—and go about with a chip upon her shoulder, spoiling for a fight. And she doesn't essay the rôle of a knight-errant either—anxious and eager to fly to the aid of every maiden government in distress.

"America has always been sane and common-sensical—and I trust she will always be.

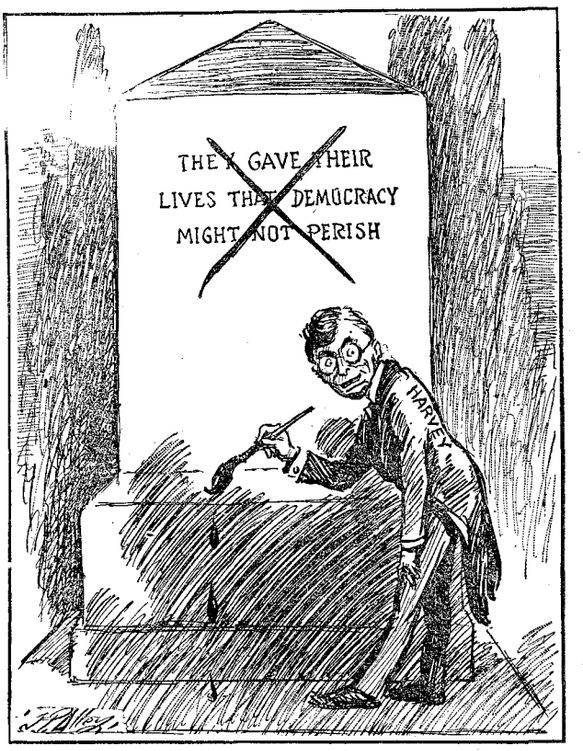
"And Colonel George Harvey is voicing true Americanism."

Similar strong indorsement of the Harvey view of our reasons for going to war appears in the editorial columns of the San Francisco *Argonaut* (Ind.), Cincinnati *Times-Star* (Rep.), Baltimore *News* (Ind.), Buffalo *Commercial* (Rep.), Kansas City *Star* (Ind.), and *Journal* (Rep.), Washington *Post* (Ind.), and


7,000,000 MAJORITY VOTES AGAINST
THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS
FUNNY YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THAT SIGN ON THE FENCE BEFORE!
AMBASSADOR HARVEY
WAHL

AND I.'S BEEN UP SINCE LAST NOVEMBER, TOO!
—Wahl in the Sacramento *Bee*.

Albany *Journal* (Rep.). It seems to the Buffalo *Express* that Mr. Harvey was clearly referring, not to American sentiment, but "to the considerations and motives which led the Government under President Wilson into finally adopting a war policy." The Milwaukee *Sentinel* (Rep.) calls attention to President Wilson's neutrality utterances and his reelection on the motto "he kept us out of war," and to the fact that Mr. Wilson did not appeal to force until he felt that the people of the United States were attacked and must defend themselves. The Detroit *Free Press* (Ind.), another pro-Administration paper which puts



THE DEFAMER!
—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*.

its editorial O. K. on the Harvey speech, thinks that the Ambassador "did no more than restate concisely and plainly the position which President Harding took in his first message to Congress." All these editors thoroughly agree with Mr. Harvey's interpretation of the last election as a national decision to "keep out" of the League.

When we turn to the critics it is noteworthy that some of the strongest words come from those who are not professional writers. The New York *World* (Dem.), which bitterly excoriates Mr. Harvey in its editorial columns, prints a letter from a reader, a native Ohioan, who protests against the Ambassador's "materialistic analysis" of the motives which led our young men from "Main Street" to the fields of France. "Main Street," he writes, "had its war-profiteers, its grocery-store cynics; but it had also, and in far greater numbers, its devout, sincere believers in the principles of democracy—believers to the point of willingly offering up their loved ones in the defense and extension of those principles." It seems to this son of the Middle West that—

"Colonel Harvey has tarried at the grocery store. He has not gone on to the little church and seen the service flag with its gold stars. There, Sunday after Sunday, in the spot of hallowed associations, sit sorrowing parents comforting themselves with the memories of the high resolve of 1917. I have seen it and I know. I have listened to their faltering, self-fortifying words. And now, if this bombastic Ambassador at London speaks in fact for our Government, they are perplexedly wondering wherefore they were tricked. In the name of elemental humanity, somebody in authority should tell them that George Harvey lied."

And in a small town in West Virginia, a "Citizen" writes in to the Wellsbury *Times* to say that "the sneers at the part we took in the war are an insult to every American citizen and a still more unwarranted insult to our soldier-patriots." A few

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editorial denunciations of the speech and of the speechmaker must suffice. The speech, according to *The Michigan Business Farming* (Mount Clemens), was "a tactless, foolish, rankling thing." "One of the most sordid utterances ever vouchsafed by a spokesman for America," is the Baltimore *Evening Sun's* (Ind. Dem.) phrase; "stark cynicism," is the Springfield *Republican's*. Our Ambassador to Great Britain, declares the Atlanta *Journal* (Dem.), has "offered the American nation, gratuitously and boorishly, a meaner insult than Hun or Bolshevik ever flung against the flag." "To say that the United States entered the war solely to save herself is the most damnable lie in history," the Lincoln *Star* (Ind.) flatly declares. Harvey, says the Raleigh *News and Observer* (Dem.) owned by the war-time Secretary of the Navy, "has won the condemnation of every proud American by bringing American participation in the war down from the noble and spiritual plane of America's consecration and endeavoring to lower it to a mere fight for self-preservation." "We never needed to fight for ourselves," adds ex-Secretary Daniels's paper. Here the Republican St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* agrees: "If it had not been for America's condemnation of Germany's purpose and methods, if it had not been for American sympathy for the cause of the Allies, if it had not been for the American conviction, growing stronger every day, that civilization and democracy were imperiled, the United States would not have gone into the war, for all its material interests, all its selfish interests, were against it." Ours was more than a "bread-and-butter" war, we read in the New York *Globe* (Ind. Rep.). We had our direct grievances, but "the least intelligent knew of the barbarities and the indecencies of the German method of warfare, and those who looked beyond these superficialities thought of the issue as a clash between democracy, however corrupt and imperfect, and a conscious and remorseless autocracy." Colonel Harvey's "cynical denial" "breaks in upon this mood like an oath in the midst of a church service." It does not seem to the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Dem.) that Harvey's speech will have any particular effect at home—

"But abroad, the effect is likely to be marked. To Europe he has torn aside the veil of American altruism, all sentiment from its entry into the war, all noble purpose from its sacrifice at the side of the Allies, and has revealed it as a materialistic nation, selfish in the inception of its conflict and grasping for the fruits of victory. . . . Impregnated by this Harvey view of Americanism, Europe hereafter will be less deeply imprest by talk of our unselfishness and disinterestedness in its affairs."

To refute Colonel Harvey's statement that we went to war solely in our own interests, statements of our war ideals made by President Wilson, President Harding, Colonel Roosevelt, Senator Lodge, and other statesmen are brought up by the Omaha *World-Herald* (Dem.), Governor Cox's Dayton *News*, the Indianapolis *News* (Ind.), and the Philadelphia *North American*. Many papers ask for the recall of the Ambassador or for a direct disavowal of his words by the President, altho the Toledo *News-Bee* (Ind.) and others consider the President's tributes to our soldiers at Hoboken and on Memorial Day to be sufficient reply to the Ambassador.

Finally, Mr. Harvey is told by such authorities as *The Independent*, St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (Rep.), Chicago *Evening Post* (Ind. Rep.), Philadelphia *Public Ledger* (Ind.), the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), and Secretary Hoover's Washington *Herald* (Ind.), that the 7,000,000 votes for Harding were by no means a mandate against any participation in the League. *The Herald* recalls the fact that—

"Before the election a considerable group of Republican leaders in whom the people had and have the utmost confidence stated to the public that in voting for Mr. Harding they were not voting against the League. Millions took this to heart when they marked their ballots."

HAITI CHARGES US WITH MISRULE

THE "WATER CURE" of Spanish War days is listed among the tortures which three Haitian delegates of the Patriotic Union of Haiti charge that American officers and marines perpetrate upon the natives of that unhappy country. In a report to the President, the Department of State, and to Congress, this committee of three charge our troops of occupation with confiscation of a half million in government funds; with being directly and indirectly responsible for the deaths of more than 9,000 Haitian prisoners, and with "numberless abominable crimes," of which twenty-five cases with names and dates, are given in the report. The naval investigation ordered by Secretary of the Navy Daniels last year is characterized as a joke, and a Congressional investigation is demanded. "The same old rot," is the way Secretary of the Navy Denby dismisses these charges, and the Cincinnati *Times-Star* and the Seattle *Times* express their feelings by exclaiming, "Bosh!" and "Buncombe!" respectively, but the Manchester *Union* reminds us that "just so long as our people are kept in the dark regarding conditions in Haiti, be they good, bad, or mixed, such reports as these will make them uneasy." "Who of us knows whether these charges are true or false?" asks this paper.

"The charges of the Haitian delegates are too detailed and too specific to be dismissed," believes the Boston *Herald*. "The reputation of the United States for just dealing with our neighbors is at stake," declares the Rochester *Post Express*, and the New York *Tribune* is of the opinion that "the whole Haitian matter should be settled once for all." Continues *The Tribune:*

"Justice demands that the people of the Black Republic shall have a square deal. Expediency makes it important that our relations with the island can give no cause for criticism to Latin America. Our occupation of Haiti has caused uneasiness among the southern republics. They are watching us closely, ready to see design in an error of judgment and to interpret as a policy the blunders of petty officials."

But "what Haitians wholly fail to understand is that the navy is non-partizan and that the marine corps is the marine corps, whether the Secretary be Mr. Daniels or Mr. Denby," says the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch*. The trouble with Haiti, thinks the Portland *Oregonian*, "is that it has real government for the first time since it became independent, and its 'patriots' do not like it, for it means an end to free graft, free murder, and free revolution." The Haitian people, according to the report, in addition to reparations, desire:

"1. Immediate abolition of martial law and courts martial.
"2. Immediate reorganization of the Haitian police and military forces, and withdrawal within a short period of the United States military occupation.
"3. Abrogation of the convention of 1915.
"4. Convocation within a short period of a constituent assembly with all the guaranties of electoral liberty."

"The burden of the Haitian complaint probably is indicated in the contention that the country is entitled to reparations," points out the Indianapolis *Star*, and the Nashville *Banner* thinks the delegates have been misled into thinking that the new Administration "would welcome an opportunity to discredit the old one." "If that is the case, they are raising a row for nothing," believes *The Banner*, while the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch* comes to this conclusion:

"The simple fact is that the marines have had a man's job in Haiti, and they have handled it in man fashion. They were sent over to restore order, and this they have done. In order to do it, they have been compelled to use force, because they were dealing with men who know no other law than that of force. If they had not used such force as was necessary, there would have been no order in Haiti."

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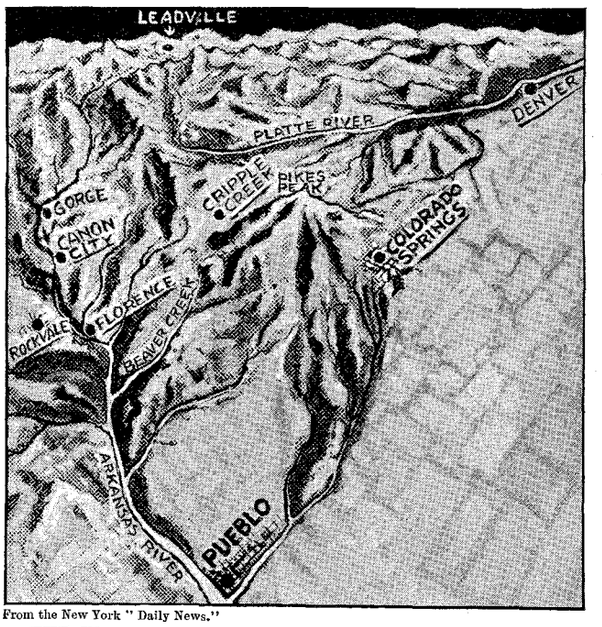
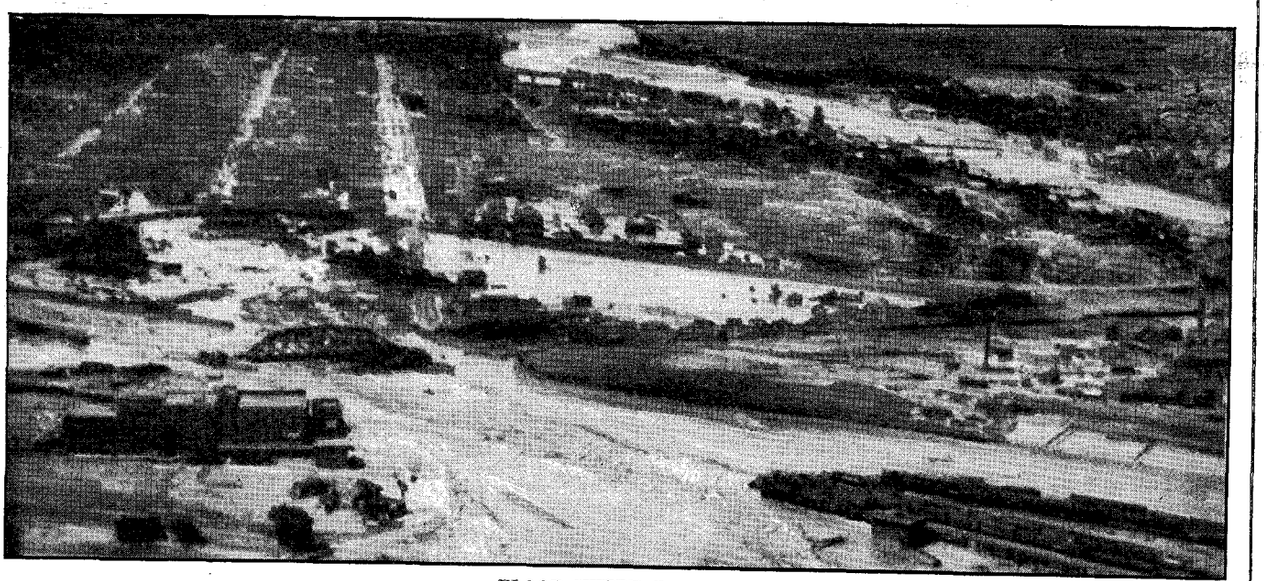
IN THE WAKE OF THE RECEDING FLOOD. WRECKED BUILDINGS IN GRAND STREET, PUEBLO.

AS IF THE FLOOD WERE NOT ENOUGH: HOUSES STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.



From the New York "Daily News."

THE WATERSHEDS THAT CAUSED THE TROUBLE.



FLOOD-SWEPT PUEBLO.

The picture at the bottom of the page shows the swollen waters of the Arkansas and Fountain rivers pouring through and over the streets and railroad yards of Pueblo, Col. During Friday, June 3, these rivers had been slowly rising, swollen by the melting snows of the Rockies and rain-storms of almost unbelievable violence on the mountain slopes. But early warnings were apparently disregarded, and thousands of people barely escaped with their lives when in the evening a yellow torrent came pouring through like a tidal-wave from the north and west, filling the streets to a depth of from six to fifteen feet, toppling over houses, tossing freight- and passenger-cars about like chips, and putting railroad, telegraph, telephone, sewerage, water-supply, electric, gas, and fire-protection systems out of commission. Thunder-storms added to the terror of the night; flaming buildings struck by lightning set fire to masses of floating lumber and wreckage. Aviators flying above the city next day compared it to ruined towns of the French war-zone. As the floods abated the people of the city set to work to "dig out" and count their losses, while State militia patrolled the streets and Red-Cross and Salvation-Army workers administered relief. A week after the flood began sixty-six persons were known to be dead and 127 were missing, and the damage was roughly estimated at $20,000,000.

The floods were general all along the eastern slope of the Rockies in Colorado, ruining the crops on thousands of ranches.

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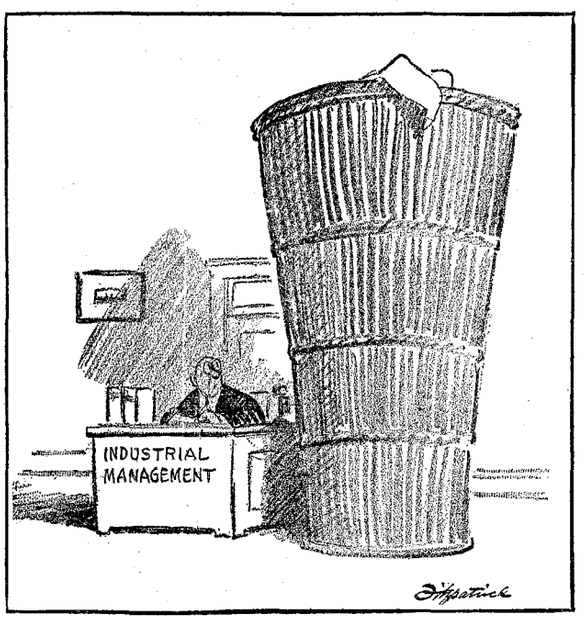
HUGE NATIONAL LOSS FROM WASTE

PLENTY HAS BEEN HEARD about industrial waste arising from the inefficiency of labor and the efforts of unionized labor to reduce output. The shoe now appears to have been placed on the other foot, as the saying goes, by the report of the American Engineering Council Committee which Mr. Hoover appointed almost a year ago to investigate waste in industry. For, says the report, responsibility for more than 50 per cent. of the waste which is causing enormous annual losses to the nation can be placed upon employers of the country, while labor is responsible for less than 25 per cent. That there are startling wastes in industrial processes, resulting in



WHERE THE ENGINEERS FOUND THE WASTE-BASKET.

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

enormous annual losses, is generally known, but the editorial writers of the country appear to have been dumfounded at the definite figures of the Hoover committee. "If these figures are correct, the comparative amount of blame that should be visited upon management is greater than that suggested by the percentages given," declares the Baltimore *Sun*, "for management is supposed to contain the great bulk of the brains of the country, and, because of that fact, more proportionately should be demanded of it than of labor."

"This is manifestly a report which has behind it intelligence instead of demagogy," notes the Brooklyn *Citizen;* "the men responsible for it are widely distinguished from the mere agitators in either labor or capitalistic circles who have been so much in evidence during the past few years." According to a dispatch to the New York *Tribune:*

"The report showed that the margin of unemployment amounted to more than a million men; that billions of dollars were tied up in idle equipment; that high labor turnover was a rough index of one of the commonest wastes, and that waste of time and energy and money through duplications and estimates and bids in building trades ran into millions annually.

"Both employer and employees restrict output, it was said. Both capital and labor are blamed for existing abuses, but the annual losses through waste by conflicts between them is much less than popularly supposed."

The building industry, continues the report, is about 60 per cent. efficient; the waste in the shoe industry is approximately 35 per cent.; in the ready-made clothing industry there is room for a 40 per cent. increase in efficiency. For instance, in the latter industry a 25 per cent. reduction in production possibility is said to occur when an establishment adopts even a slight change in the style of coat lapel. The committee, therefore, would standardize clothing styles along with automobile tires —of which the Topeka *Capital* says there are 216 different sizes —and drain-tiles, of which the same paper avers there are 319 different sizes and lengths. Let the fashions be standardized and everybody will be just as happy, the committee evidently presumes. At the present time, no doubt, this would effect a saving in dress-goods, remarks the Boston *Transcript*, but, it adds, "suppose the ideas of the fashion engineers had been put into effect in the days of the bustle and the crinoline! Instead of conservation, there would have been reckless waste of material." Continues *The Transcript* in more serious vein:

"There is much to be said against frequent and frivolous changes in fashions as well as against the styles that are extreme and bizarre. It is probable that the engineers have pointed to a real means of preventing waste, and that they have in contemplation only reasonable precautions against needless changes. But, nevertheless, we are glad that no body of men succeeded in standardizing and perpetuating the styles of the middle years of the nineteenth century, and we are quite sure that those who come after us would object mightily were they forced to adopt some of the styles in vogue in this first quarter of the twentieth."

The clothing industry, however, is merely one of the nine industries and two hundred plants investigated. The report represents a thorough study into industrial conditions and methods, the object being to find out what is responsible for current wastage, spasmodic production, and slipshod handling and marketing of products. "The case which the committee makes challenges attention, and it is to be hoped that it is only the opening gun of a campaign," notes the New York *Evening World.* Some of the recommendations made by the committee, as summarized by the New York *Call*, are:

"That a national information service be established to report on industrial conditions.
"That a national statistical bureau be established to cover employment requirements.
"That a national health policy be adopted.
"That a national policy be adopted for handling labor disputes.
"That industries standardize and adopt efficiency methods.
"That trade associations help standardize their lines.
"That labor yield some of its acquired rights to better production.
"That the public distribute its purchases through the year to stabilize production."

"Wastes and losses from strikes are great, but not as great as wastes and losses from a high labor turnover and idle machinery and other causes directly traceable to bad management," asserts the New York *World*, which further declares that "it is about time for the industrial managements to withdraw their accusations against labor and turn them for a time against themselves." Although the New York *Tribune* tells us that "the management of American industries is conceded to be the most efficient in the world," the Hoover committee finds that there is plenty of room for improvement in industry. *The Tribune* is glad to note that "once more the human family is getting back to the main road of progress." In fact, the Manchester *Union* interprets the report of the committee as a call for cooperation "to supersede personal or group individualism" which has been "engaged in a frantic and in many cases futile and exceedingly wasteful competition." Continues *The Union:*

"There is not one word in these proposals that savors of socialism, nationalism, communism, or any of the 'isms'—not a word. But every word is keyed to the pitch of cooperation.

"In our judgment, the strength of this report lies right at this point. The report may produce no immediately visible result, but it points the right way, and it will turn some eyes in the right direction. Get enough eyes turned that way and the driving forces of life will impel men to serve their own interest by working together to necessary ends."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

AT any rate, two can fliv as cheaply as one.—*Baltimore Sun.*

LIBERTY bonds may be retired; but not liberty itself.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE trouble at the conference table is the con.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

ONE good thing about a nickel cigar is that it's usually fireproof.—*Toledo Blade.*

IF a list of profiteers were published it would look like a directory.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

AS the Peace Dove flies, it's a long, long way to Tipperary.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE German war criminals are finding that the war is not yet over.—*Boston Transcript.*

"SOUNDING other nations on disarmament" has a hollow sound, so far.—*Wall Street Journal.*

GERMANY should cheer up. The first hundred billions are the hardest.—*New York Evening Post.*

EUROPE is more interested in what America falls for than what she stands for.—*Washington Post.*

THERE ought to be something divine about a peace that passeth all understanding.—*Wall Street Journal.*

PEACE is now more than two and a half years old, and there is very little of it for its age.—*New York World.*

ARMY shoes cost the Government $6.73 a year ago; now, $3.43. Do you find yours cut in half?—*Forbes (New York).*

BURIAL charges have come down 10 per cent. in some places, but they are no bargain at that. Wait a bit.—*Seattle Argus.*

THERE are 35,000 divorce suits pending in the courts of Paris. Is the world getting Americanized?—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

SPENDING 93 per cent. of our tax money on the dogs of war is one way to drive us to the bow-wows.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

IF Nippon really wants to get out of China, somebody should tip her off to the fact that all she has to do is to get out.—*Marion Star.*

IT is the theory that shooting stars do not shine until they hit the common atmosphere of earth. This is also true of budding literary stars.—*Baltimore Sun.*

CIRCUMSTANTIAL evidence may be defined as the impression created when a coal man moves from a $5,000 home into a $100,000 one.—*Ohio State Journal.*

MR. HUGHES says Russia is an economic vacuum, but there can be no vacuum where there is so much hot air.—*New York World.*

IF America insists on separation, Europe will doubtless expect big alimony.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

LOOKING at it from the economist's view-point, the United States is better off with Bergdoll's money than with Bergdoll.—*New York Herald.*

IF they would cut the cables, Yap would be a fine place to which to banish the principals and witnesses for the trial of some of those New York divorce cases.—*Indianapolis Star.*

NEW YORK bridegroom fainted while on his way to his wedding. What will happen to him when he begins getting the household bills?—*New York Evening Mail.*

STATUES representing Truth and Wisdom have been placed at the entrance of the New York Public Library. It's the New York idea that the two are seldom identical.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"AS a melting-pot," Ambassador Harvey assured England yesterday, "we have never lost our perspective." A melting-pot without perspective would be hamstrung indeed.—*New York Evening Post.*

ACCORDING to a chemist, Yale's weakness in athletics is due to the exhaustion of the nutritive qualities in Connecticut land, and he asks State aid for soil improvement. Then, when Yale bites the dust, it will get a square meal.—*The Liberator (New York).*

THE real white man's burden is war-debt.—*Saginaw News-Courier.*

THE little red schoolhouse is better than the little-read citizen.—*Boston Herald.*

THE wake of self-determinism in Ireland is marked by other wakes.—*Dallas News.*

THE building grafts are mainly what ails the building crafts.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

SOME of the aliens who are knocking at our gate should be given it.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

OUR foreign policy appears to be patterned closely on our weather policy.—*Boston Herald.*

BURNING the midnight oil doesn't help much if it is cylinder oil.—*Baltimore Evening Sun.*

THE rainbow having faded, Germany finds the pot of gold at the end of her rope.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

BERGDOLL may not be so popular in Germany when his remittances stop.—*Indianapolis News.*

THE lesson of most strikes is that one can't make "dough" out of a loaf.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

JAPANESE will leave Siberia at the earliest possible moment, to be selected by Japan.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

A NEW YORK surety company says husbands are more honest than bachelors. They have to be.—*Dayton News.*

THE most inviting objective for that proposed drive against London fogs is Downing Street.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE Bergdoll family may or may not have buried gold, but its brass is very much in evidence.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

DARWIN, the British golf-player who put out two Americans, evidently does not believe in missing links.—*New York Evening Post.*

WHEN the President wants a public declaration of foreign policy he had best let Charles, not George, do it.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

WE gather that Colonel Harvey thinks we signed the Declaration of Independence in the hope that it would lower the price of tea.—*Dallas News.*

WHEN talk is loose and money tight,
There must be something wrong, all right.
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

FORD is going to manufacture his own parts, but, unfortunately, he seems to have no intention to provide separate roads for the Fords.—*New York American.*

THE Allies can't complain if the color of Germany's money is the same as that of her statesmanship.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

EINSTEIN has sailed away, leaving America relatively no wiser than when he arrived.—*Washington Post.*

THE people who object to Colonel Harvey in England are the same ones who objected to him at home.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

THE bonding companies say fat men are honest, but thin men say it is because fat men can't run.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

GERMANY is almost ready to admit that she lost the war, but it will be long before she admits who found it.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

GERMANS Clamor for Silesia.—Headline. What a come-down for the proud Germany that once clamored for the world.—*Philadelphia North American.*

A NEWS item says bagpipes are shown on a Roman coin of 68 A.D. History records that Nero killed himself the same year.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

JACK DEMPSEY is going to wear a forget-me-not beneath his belt when he meets Carpentier in the squared circle. The Frenchman will also attempt to place one on his chin.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

THE best risks, according to a representative of an important surety company, are profane men, fat men, and above all married men. A profane fat man who has just been convicted of bigamy ought not to have to give bond at all.—*New York Evening Post.*

Protected by George Matthew Adams.

WHO SAYS THE AGE OF CHIVALRY IS PAST?

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

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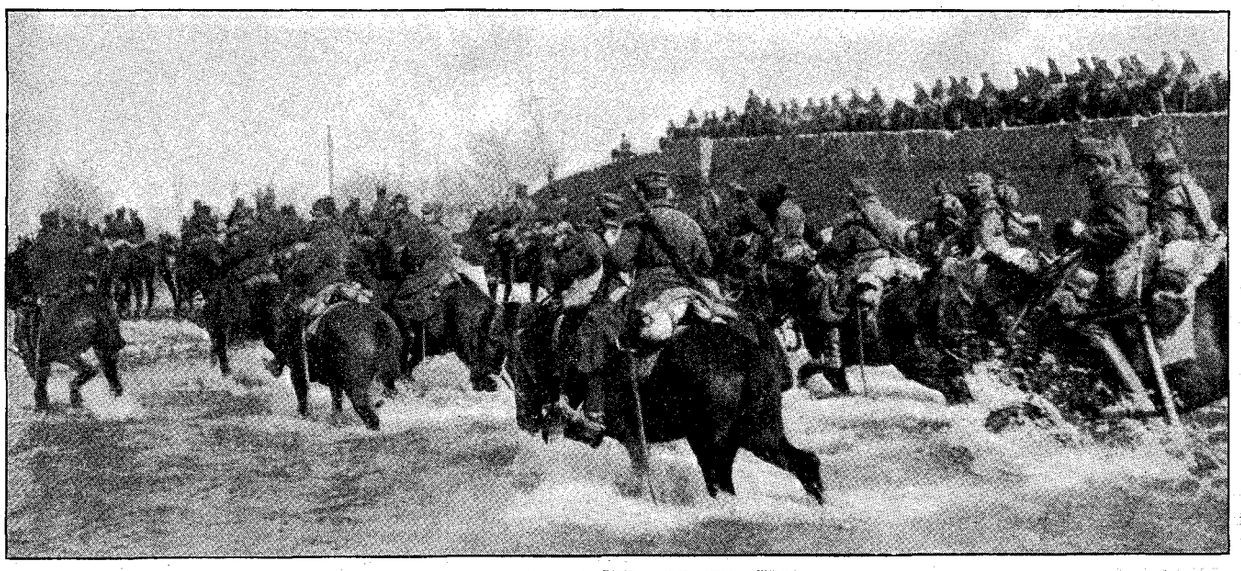
FOREIGN COMMENT



WHEN THE GREEKS ARE WINNING.

Greek cavalry pursuing Turkish troops in Asia Minor, in the war "out of which Greece must come either utterly victorious or utterly defeated."

CONSTANTINOPLE THE RUSSO-TURKISH GOAL

NEITHER BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA nor the remnants of the old Russian Imperial régime; now scattered all over Europe, have abandoned their dream of Constantinople, is the excited warning of some Greek newspapers, who are trying to rouse the Allies to the unimaginable possibilities and perils implicit in the Russo-Turkish alliance to retake the ancient city, now under Allied control. Meanwhile, London dispatches inform us that the attitude assumed by the Kemalists, the followers of the Nationalist leader Mustafa Kemal Pasha, is causing the British and French governments grave concern. The Turkish Nationalists have run amuck with the armistice agreement reached with the Allies at the London Conference in March, and Great Britain is said to be ready to act alone against the Turks to strengthen Greece, whatever France and Italy may decide. A New York Greek daily, *Atlantis*, publishes a London dispatch, "based on official information," in which we read that "at the end of May a combined Turkish and Russian Bolshevik force was ready to make a sudden drive on Constantinople." Large Russian forces were massed on the Black Sea littoral, we are told, and a Bolshevik fleet of transports waited outside the Bulgarian port of Varna, which is slightly more than a hundred miles from Constantinople. The Russo-Turkish move, it is said, was calculated to coincide with the departure of the Allied fleet from the Turkish capital, according to the recent decision of the Allies to make Constantinople and the Straits neutral during the war operations between Greece and Turkey. Premature disclosure of the scheme prompted the Allies to reconsider their first intention of neutralizing the danger zone of the Straits, and the London *Morning Post* points out solemnly that "for the first time in history England faces a Russo-Turkish alliance whose aim is the control of Constantinople against all the interest of the British Empire." An Athens correspondent of this London daily reports a new treaty between Kemal's Angora Government and Moscow, under which the Kemalists will not have the right to conclude peace with Greece except with the consent of the Soviet Government. Moreover, a Constantinople correspondent of this newspaper announces the formation of a new party of "irreconcilables" in the Angora Parliament, of which Mustafa Kemal Pasha has accepted the presidency. An Angora journal states the party's views as follows:

"We expected nothing from the London Conference, and based our hopes on Moscow. The excellent results of our recent conference at Moscow proved finally the harmony and interests which exist between our two peoples. The Entente diplomats in London, being hostile to Russia, were naturally also hostile to Turkey. Russia and Turkey stand inevitably in similar relations to the Imperialistic Powers of Europe, and the more we stiffen the struggle in common the more we shall ultimately gain. The sole object of the Angora Government is to defend Turkey against aggression. To attain this object the Government has now definitely rallied to the side of the Bolsheviki and has separated itself from the Entente."

An Athens daily, *Promahos* (Defender), warns the Allies against the dangers of a Russo-Turkish alliance, and yet is satisfied to a degree that the Kemalists, having rejected the treaties negotiated in March between their envoy Bekir Sami and the governments of France and Italy, should "come out in the open with their Bolshevik alliance, whose avowed purpose is war to the bitter end against the Entente." In an account of the details of the alliance, the Athens *Politeia* explains that it covers a wide scope, including activities from Afghanistan to Mesopotamia, as well as in Egypt, Palestine, and India. This Greek daily puts special stress on the fact that the Turkish Nationalist Government in Angora has taken full charge of that branch of Bolshevik agitation which affects Islamic countries. Such discoveries explain to the Athens *Nea Himera* why Greece, the only country carrying on war against Turkey, on a large scale, "was not only never deprived of British support in her struggle, but also has never had that support so solid and sustaining as at present." This daily tells us further that "without British assistance Greece would

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be unable to carry the daily growing burden of her military operations, could not proceed to issue so much new paper money, and could not move in the entire Mediterranean, Ægean, and Marmora Seas."

Other Greek dailies declare that the war Greece is waging against Turkey bears the character of a continuance of the Allied struggle against the combined Angora and Constantinople régimes, with the added strength of Bolshevik Russia. They tell us also that King Constantine, "whose departure for the front was repeatedly delayed, out of deference to the sensibilities of certain Allied Powers," is now reported to be on his way. The Greek Government organ, *Kathimerini*, avers that "we have a strong army and a strong resolve, and we need only to give to this army the proper direction and the proper material needs in full understanding of the fact that in Asia Minor we are staking our all." Similarly, the Athens *Protevousa*, speaking for Premier Gounaris, asserts: "Our army is in a position to accomplish its task. It is in a position to deal a deathblow to the enemy, and to crush all pro-Kemalist influences. This army is going to win because it has the will to win." Equal enthusiasm for the national intention appears in the columns of the Greek Venizelist press. Thus the *Patris* affirms that this war is the "most critical in which Greece has ever engaged her national forces, and out of which she must come either utterly victorious or utterly defeated. There is no alternative. This is a war for all of us, and fortunately the nation is as one in favor of this war, and with the help of the Almighty will carry it to a successful conclusion." Then the Venizelist *Hestia* remarks that "all the Opposition wants is to have the present government—and for that matter any Greek government which conducts the struggle—to maintain itself in a position commensurate with the demands of the situation."

WHEN THE TURKS ARE WINNING.

Greek refugees in Asia Minor fleeing before the Turks, who are said to be allied with the Russian Bolsheviki for the purpose of taking Constantinople.

Meanwhile, the Turkish historic quiescence suffers unmistakable qualms in expectations shadowed forth in the press that somehow or other Europe will step in at the opportune moment and save the Turks. The Constantinople *Peyam Sabah* observes that the "much-advertised Greek offense is an empty boast." Moreover, the present "troubles of the Turks are not the outcome of the Greek war, but the result of the Great War, and therefore the situation will improve through an understanding with the Allies." On the other hand, *Ileri*, an intensely Nationalistic paper of Constantinople, says that "even should Greece be established on Ottoman soil she would be a continual menace, whereas Turkey, which has maintained the peace for more than two hundred years, will always be more reliable," and we read:

"The ancient Turks were for five centuries the absolute masters of the Orient. But not only did they allow the peoples whom they conquered to preserve their languages and their religions, they also gave them the right to carry on commerce and to develop themselves all over the Empire. If during the first years the Turks founded their Empire by means of the sword, in the course of the latter centuries they have established their sovereignty by granting equal rights."

ELECTION SCANDALS IN CHINA

OCEANS OF TALK about election scandals in China might be taken as "a sign of intellectual advancement among the people," say some Chinese editors with sly humor, but as a matter of fact election conditions there mainly reveal the "futility of attempting to create a sound parliament in the near future." A representative organ of the Chinese press, *Chung Hua Hsin Pao*, affords Western readers illumination on this subject when it explains that, first of all, the country is without a proper census, and secondly, the number of those qualified to vote, but who fail to vote, is exceedingly great. So when politicians do not "send out agents for the purchase of votes" the whole election campaign is at a standstill. In cases where persons have been prosecuted for corrupt election practises, we are told, the plaintiffs are mostly persons who have been eager to capture votes for themselves, and the prosecution has been actuated "more by self-interest than by the nobler motive of purifying the election system." In some places, we learn further, the people have refused to share in the elections, giving as the reason their disgust because members of parliament previously elected had failed to meet expectations. Of course, the remedy lies in a better selection of candidates, according to this newspaper, which points out that without a parliament the country would remain in its present precarious state when unscrupulous officials and cruel militarists could abuse the national revenue as they willed without any effective check by the people. But, the great difficulty is that—

"No genuine parliament could be brought into existence within the period of ten years because it will be a herculean task to combat the existing indifference of the masses toward the election, which is due to their ignorance of the privileges and responsibilities of republican citizens. Shall we then carry on our republic without a parliament when this is a vital constituent organ of a republican government? No, it is necessary to devise means that are immediately practicable. Instead of centralizing the administrative powers in the hands of the Peking Government, the provinces might be given a much fuller measure of administrative authority for self-government. In Peking a legislative organ might be created to be composed of members delegated by the provinces on a basis similar to the United States Senate. In lieu of parliament, let there be a national assembly composed of picked men whose process of nomination will be one of examination with qualifications duly specified. Instead of individuals, industrial bodies of a truly representative character should become the election units which are at present influenced by geographical considerations. The fact to be borne in mind is that the will of the people must be effectively asserted in supervising the national expenditures and in agreeing to or protesting against any new tax that the Government may desire to impose. Since a parliament in the sense understood in the West is at present not feasible in China in view of the insuperable difficulties of a genuine popular election, then a good substitute must be found and this with the least possible delay."

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BOLSHEVISM'S FATAL DEFECT

GOVERNMENT BY FIRE AND SWORD in Soviet Russia might horrify the world outside, at which the cynical Lenine and his followers could afford to laugh, but when Soviet Russia fails to function as a business proposition, it is beginning to be said, then the laugh is on Messrs.

OPEN FOR BUSINESS.

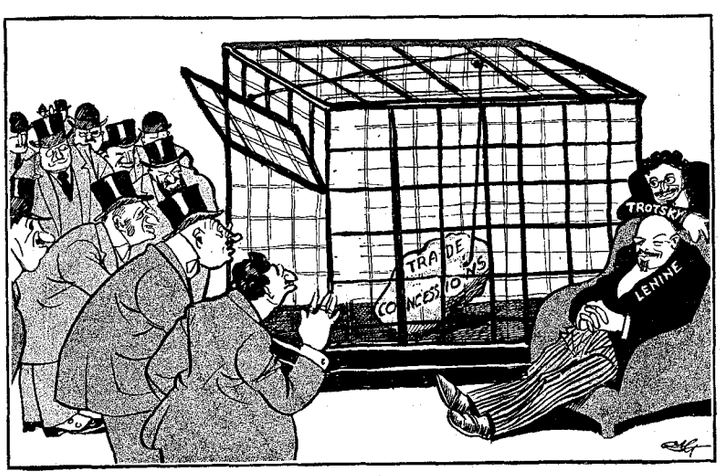
BOLSHEVIK SALESMAN—"If you don't see what you want, ask for it. All goods guaranteed made in Soviet Russia." —*La Victoire* (Paris.)

Lenine and Company. This is one interpretation of the action of the Communist Party Congress at Moscow at the end of May in adopting a policy to encourage small capitalists. The Government will retain control of transportation and big industries, and the unions will fix wages. The peasants are to pay taxes in kind, by giving the state about one-third of the crop, and it is remarked in Riga dispatches that Lenine gained a victory over the irreconcilable elements in his entourage by his success in pushing the new program through. The two-thirds of the crop left after the deduction of the tax proportion, we are told, is to remain at the disposal of the peasant for trading through the reestablished cooperative societies, whose power is to be extended. Formerly the peasant could keep only a small quantity of grain for his personal use, it is recalled, and the state forcibly took the rest, with the result that the peasant remained a good healthy foe of Communist practise. The second feature of the new program, we learn, is the retention by the state of the largest industries and means of transportation. Mention is made in particular of the leather, salt, and textile industries, which are turning out the manufactured goods most needed by the peasants. The workers are to be encouraged to increase production by various inducements, including a bonus system. The third innovation is the encouragement of small and medium-sized cooperatives and private industries. Riga dispatches relate that factories will be leased to these smaller industries, and even financial assistance will be given, and we read:

"In the course of his speech Lenine said that the development of capitalism, through the small industries and agriculture, was not to be feared, for the reason that the proletariat always held firmly in its hands all the large sources of industry. It must be remembered, he went on, that the peasants' economy could not be stabilized without certain freedom of barter and without those capitalistic relations connected with barter."

Meanwhile the Paris *Figaro* reports a convention of three hundred Russian leaders of industry and commerce, who met in the French capital instead of at Moscow or Petrograd, "for obvious reasons." These men have been chased out of Russia in a mass by the Bolshevik terror, we are told, and their purpose in getting together was to probe ways and means by which the economic situation of their country might be redressed. One of the speakers, who did his best to steer clear of politics, at length found himself launched into a much-applauded peroration, of which we have this part: "The march of events will end with the downfall of the tyranny that is strangling the will and energy of the peoples of Russia, and in turn we shall have a system of economic activity and a public order that one may name in a word as a democratic bourgeois régime." Other speakers were equally positive in their predictions of the collapse of Bolshevism through pernicious economic anemia, and the *Figaro* quotes one as saying that from 1913 to 1920 the production of iron in Russia fell to 1.4 per cent. of what it had been; of gold to 2 per cent.; of cotton textiles to 4 per cent.; of soap to 3.8 per cent. The financial deficit of the Soviet régime, which was 31 milliards in 1918, rose to 75 in 1919, and reached 1,000 milliards in 1920. It will be recalled that it was some time in the latter year that Lenine and his friends discovered the magic solution of their financial problems to consist in the utter abolition of money. The Paris *Démocratie Nouvelle* observes:

"The economic reconstruction of Russia will prove to be a big job that can be done only slowly and by successive stages. The destruction wrought in a few months by the revolution may require half a century to repair. Let us admit that the reestablishment of Russian industry and agriculture can be expedited by the help of foreign capitalists. There still remain other social problems to be met. The social revolution in Russia will have this final result: it will have suppressed the Russian bourgeoisie in order to supplant that social body with an aristocracy of foreigners. The Russian people will become a people of employees, working for the interests of German, English, and American capitalists, who, associated with the Bolshevik politicians, will share with them the profits from the sale of the land and of Russian labor. Is it possible that so abject a régime will be endured for any long period? Inevitably there will be an awakening of Russian national feeling and a movement of revolt to run the foreigners out of the country."



THE RAT-CATCHERS.

"If that golden bait doesn't fetch those capitalists nothing will." —*Hvepsen* (Christiania).

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CHINESE FEARS OF A PACIFIC WAR

CHINESE HOPES FOR WAR between Japan and America have turned to dread now that the Chinese fancy a war in the Pacific is unavoidable, and so they are "extraordinarily nervous with unrest and fear." Thus remarks the Tokyo *Yomiuri*, which explains that if a Japanese-American war should break out, the position of China for supply depots would be even more important to the belligerents than the position of Belgium was in the European War. So the Chinese are concerned lest their country should be blockaded and occupied by the Japanese Army and Navy. But, this Tokyo daily points out, in the consideration of such an eventuality "geographical distance counts for more than the relative strength of the belligerents," and it adds:

THAT AMERICAN "DISARMAMENT" PROGRAM.

THE MAN WITH THE HAMMER—"This is no sort of Peace for me!"

—*The Bulletin* (Sydney).

"Comparing the number of American airplanes and submarines, some Chinese seem to think that Japan need not necessarily be feared because of her propinquity. At the same time, some Chinese also fear lest Japanese influence should spread from Korea, Manchuria, and Shantung to North China, as a whole. They seem to think that even if military action is not taken by Japan for that purpose, her object may be attained by penetrating North China by political, diplomatic, and economic power, and then entrusting the task to the Northern militarists.

"The present nervousness of the Chinese over the strained relations of Japan and America may be beyond the comprehension of Japanese and Americans, but at a time when even some people in Japan and America imagine a Japanese-American collision to be unavoidable, it is no wonder that the Chinese should be nervous.

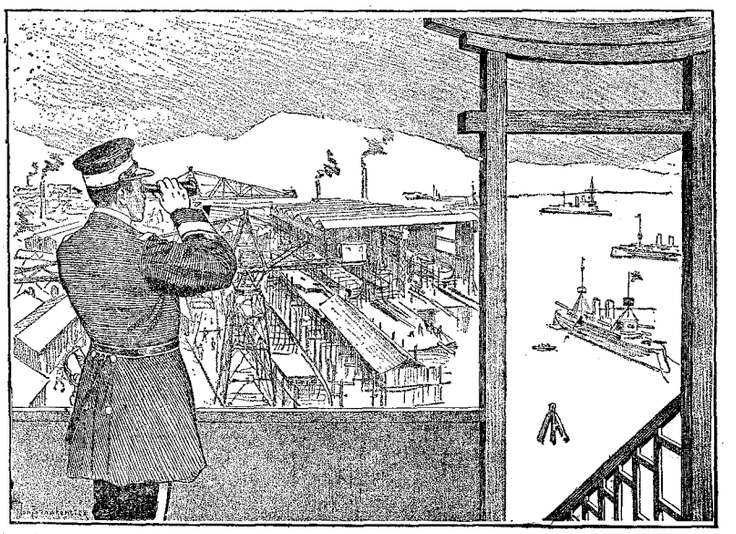
"It follows, therefore, that unless Japan and America solve the Far-Eastern and Pacific problems by peaceful means, the nervousness of the Chinese will become further intensified, and they will, perhaps, come to the conclusion that their relations with Japan, as well as the fate of China herself, can only be decided upon according to the result of Japanese-American war."

Therefore, this daily judges it a service rendered to call this situation to the notice of Japan and America, because it makes Japan "all the more anxious for a peaceful settlement of Japanese-American relations." At the same time—

"It is to be hoped that sufficient care will be exercised in regard to our attitude and utterances concerning China, especially with reference to our relations with Manchuria, Mongolia, and the Northerners of China. If Japan's policy toward China at this moment should lead the Chinese to think that Japan is again inclined to assist the Northerners, or has any new projects in Manchuria and Mongolia, it would make some of them try all the more earnestly to rely on the support of America in order to oppose Japan, and it is to be feared that China's relations, both domestic and foreign, will become more and more complicated. There has lately been talk of a change in Japan's policy toward China, and it is reported that some persons are active behind the scene with a view to the readjustment and revival of the so-called Nishihara loans."

The settlement of Japanese-American relations and that of Chino-Japanese relations are as cause and effect to each other, according to this newspaper, which believes the Chinese are of the opinion that it is "not necessary for them to decide on their attitude toward Japan until a settlement has been reached regarding the Japanese-American relations, whether by peace or by war." Despite the fact that this tendency has been discernible in the relations between China and Japan, and between China and America since the Shantung question was discust at the Paris conference, the Japanese Government "has not taken any determined action," with the result that—

"The Chinese claims and American opposition have become more unreasonable and outrageous, so that the Shantung issue has developed into the question of repudiating the Chino-Japanese agreement covering Shantung. Indeed, some Chinese and Americans, it is reported, contemplate going further to repudiate the renewal of the lease for the South Manchuria Railway, Port Arthur, and Dairen, with a view to destroying the *status quo* in Manchuria and Mongolia. While the Japanese-American relations centering on China are thus becoming aggravated, the Yap question, added to the still unsolved question of California, is causing further tension between Japan and America. Moreover, the naval expansion fever of America, and her proposal to concentrate her Navy in the Pacific, is provoking greater ill-feeling between the two countries. The question as to whether a Japanese-American war is possible or not is worthy of no sane consideration, but, in fact, it seems that the popular minds of Japan are obsessed by extraordinary unrest, and the notion seems to be gradually spreading that if the present state of affairs is allowed to continue, no particular steps being taken to relieve the threatened danger, war will be unavoidable."



TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

JAPAN'S FOREIGN MINISTER—"The Japanese Government is giving special consideration to the question of disarmament."

—*De Amsterdammer* (Amsterdam).

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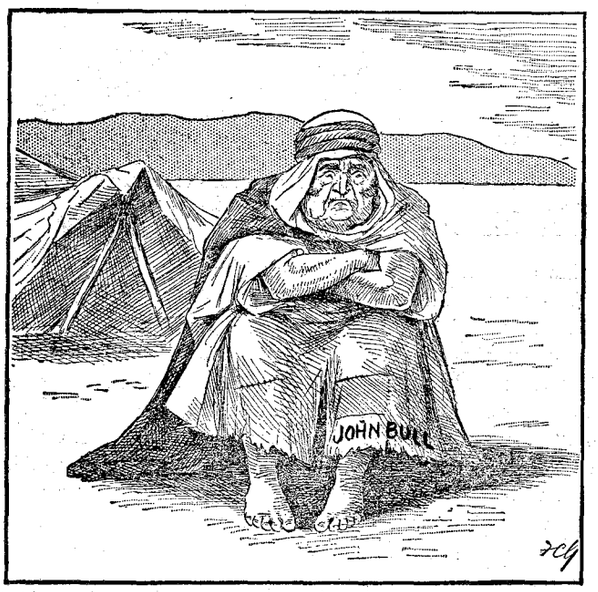
A BRITISH CALL FOR RADICALISM

THE WORD "RADICAL" enjoys slight esteem in the United States, it is noted by some of our foreign critics, who point out that Americans no longer use it in its essential meaning. So it may seem surprizing that a distinguished Liberal editor in England should come out with an



HE SHOULD WORRY?

J. JOB BULL—"Ireland! Mesopotamia! Russia! Poland! Coal strike! Pile it on! Don't mind me!"

—*The Westminster Gazette* (London).

appeal for "a radical revival" in order to rescue England from the "ravages of the Peace." He is Mr. A. G. Gardiner, former editor of the London *Daily News*, and now a distinguished British publicist, who gives an inside view of political conditions in England which is illuminating in relation to the problems that have drawn the eyes of the world to Lloyd George and his government. One of the chief causes of the "devastating course of events" in England since December, 1918, is the "failure of opposition and criticism," Mr. Gardiner writes in the London *Nation and Athenæum*, and he points out that the presence of an effective and organized opposition is as essential a part of the Parliamentary institution as the presence of a ministerial party. The opposition not only influences the Government, but serves to clarify public opinion, we are told, by stating alternative policies and educating the country. The calamity of its disappearance in England has been aggravated by the "changed character of the press, which in passing into a few hands has ceased to be the guardian of public interests, and has become the instrument by which the Government manipulates public opinion." But the failure of opposition has not been wholly due to "the skill with which Mr. Lloyd George has exploited an unparalleled opportunity," and Mr. Gardiner continues:

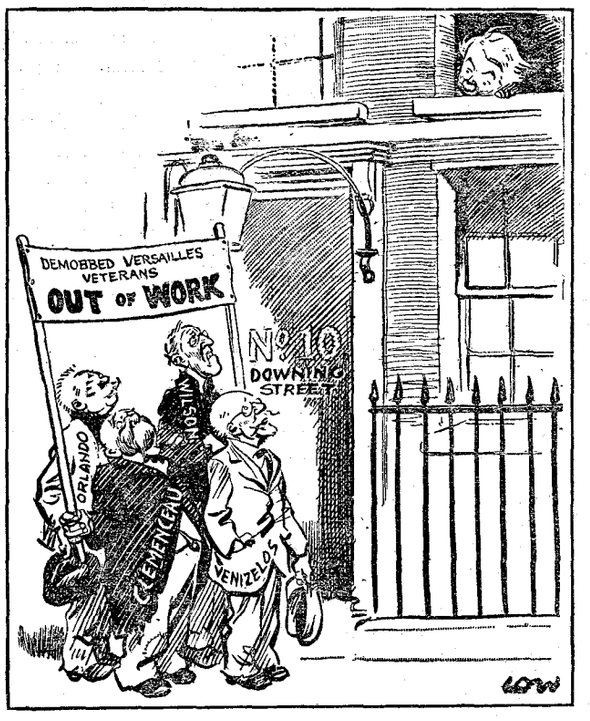
"He has been helped by the unhappy conflict between Liberalism and Labor, and so long as that conflict continues it is difficult to see how his sinister influence on affairs can be overcome. The effect of this conflict has been apparent both in Parliament and in the country. In the country it has broken up the forces of opposition into factions, divided, not on the issues involved, but on an abstract idea that had no relevance to those issues. The result has been that the mass of opinion opposed to the government policy on such subjects as Ireland, intervention in Russia, the Peace Treaty, the sandbagging of the League of Nations, and the subservience to French aims in regard to Germany has had no coherent expression and no cumulative effect on Parliament. In the House the same antagonism has paralyzed criticism."

The irony of the situation is that on nine-tenths of the immediate issues of politics there is little essential disagreement between the view of Labor and the view of Liberalism, Mr. Gardiner goes on to say, and there is complete disagreement between the view of both and the policy of the Government. But their conflict appears on the issue of the control of industry, and he explains:

"On the one side it is assumed that Liberalism stands rigidly for the extreme individualism of the old Manchester school, on the other that Labor stands rigidly for the complete socialization of industry. Neither assumption is correct. The most vital element in the Liberal party, that which looks to the new Manchester school for inspiration, is the slave of no economic theory, holds that the public ownership and control of monopolies is in the true spirit and tradition of Liberal thought, and is prepared for any industrial changes that are found to be necessary in the interests of the consumer and for the well-being of society. It holds a brief neither for Capitalism nor for Socialism. It holds a brief for the community, and it judges of the claims both of Capitalism and of Socialism by the requirements of the common interest. . . . . ."

"I think the answer is that the nation needs a Radical revival which will liberate and give expression to the living forces of Liberalism, and at the same time bring within its movement that body of advanced opinion which, while rejecting the Socialist theory in its universal application, and finding in the Labor party a tendency to class politics, wants an instrument of policy unencumbered by any homage to class interests in the other direction.

"It was the Radical revival that drew its inspiration from Cobden which converted early Victorian Whiggism into Gladstonian Liberalism, and it was the Radical impulse of Chamberlain and Dilke in the seventies that directed the current of Gladstonian Liberalism into social and industrial channels. We need a new interpretation of Liberalism to-day, a new adjustment of its principles to social conditions that have been profoundly changed by the convulsion of the past six years. It is as the symptom of such a revival, not stimulated from above



REFRAIN OF THE DOWN-AND-OUTERS.

"You're next!"

—*The Star* (London).

by the mandarins of politics, but emerging from the thought, necessities, and instincts of the rank and file, that the new Manchester movement is charged with promise. It is a popular impulse that is needed, and when it comes we shall not lack the voices that will formulate it."

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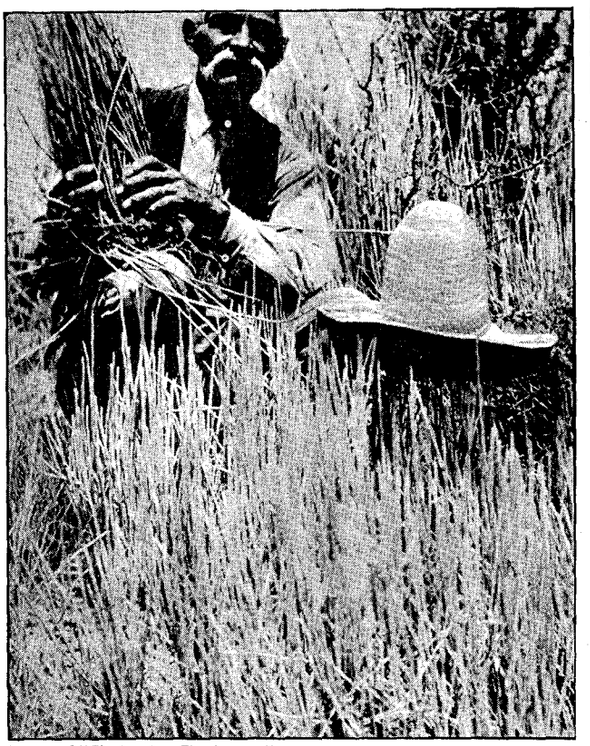
SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

WAX WORTH MILLIONS FROM WEEDS

FOUR MILLION TONS of a wax-bearing plant, with market value of $40,000,000, are waiting in Texas annually for some enterprising person to pick them up. The opportunity is being grasped, of course, and wax-factories are already in operation in several Texas towns. The candelilla plant, which is the wax-producer, is by no means unknown. Its wax was an important product of Old Mexico in less troublous times. The Mexican works have shut down, which is the opportunity of Texas; for whole counties of the Lone Star State are overgrown with it. W. D. Hornaday, who writes on the subject in *The American Thresherman and Farm Power* (Madison, Wis.), tells us that the plant would doubtless grow under cultivation in any of the Southwestern States; but why cultivate the candelilla when we have not yet completely utilized the natural supply? Mr. Hornaday estimates that there are not less than three million acres of land in the upper border region of Texas upon which the wild plant grows in profusion. He writes:



Courtesy of "The American Thresherman."

CUTTING THE WEED THAT YIELDS THE WAX.

"The industry of making a high-grade wax from the candelilla plant has made considerable strides during the last few years in this region. There are at this time about six factories situated in different parts of the candelilla-growing country, and each of these plants is turning out large quantities of the wax.

"In San Antonio, a large factory is devoted to the refining of the crude wax, but much of the product is shipped to New York, where the impurities are removed from it and it is placed upon the market in its finished state. Candelilla wax is used in making candles, phonograph records, wood and leather polishes, floor waxes, varnishes, pharmaceutical preparations, and for electrical insulation, and in the manufacture of celluloid, rubber compounds, linoleum, and various other articles and commodities.

"Besides the large acreage in Texas upon which this wild plant grows, there are many millions of acres in northern Mexico. At the time the revolutionary period in Mexico began, the development of the candelilla-wax industry in Mexico had attained a place of considerable importance. Several factories were in operation in the Monterey and Torreon districts, and exportation of the crude product was being made regularly to Germany, England, France, and other European countries, as well as to the United States. The wax was coming into such demand, it is stated, that it threatened to take the place of the canuba wax of South America, which had heretofore borne the reputation of being the highest-grade product of that character. On account of the disturbed condition of affairs in Mexico, all of the candelilla wax-factories in that country, so far as known, are now shut down, and have been during the last three or four years.

"It was through the experiments in the matter of extracting the wax from the candelilla plant which were conducted near Monterey about eight years ago by Oscar Pacius, a well-known chemist, that the method that is now in use was discovered. It had long been known that the candelilla plant contained a wax that burned readily, and the native Mexicans in the region where it grows utilized the wild growth for fuel."

The candelilla has a rapid growth and reproduces itself annually when cut off at the roots, so that the permanency of the industry is assured. It is indigenous to the poorest kind of land, and the ranchmen used to regard it as a nuisance. In some localities it is so thick upon the ground that it is not unusual for a yield of ten tons per acre to be obtained. We read further:

"The cutting and baling is done by Mexican laborers and at an extraordinary low cost. The factories that have been established up to this time are capable of utilizing only a small proportion of the valuable supply of the wild plants.

"The candelilla plant grows from one to three feet high, and as many as five thousand and more stems come from the same root. Hundreds of thousands of acres of the land upon which this weed grows are owned by the State of Texas, and some of it has been leased for the purpose of utilizing the plants. Recently J. C. Morgan, of New York, made an investigation of the extent of the producing area in Texas. He found that the weed existed in such vast quantities as to be almost incredible. He said:

" 'The candelilla growth begins at the mouth of the Pecos River and extends to Sierra Blanca, covering all of the southern part of the counties of Terrell, Brewster, Presidio, and El Paso. These counties are larger than some of our States. Taking an automobile, we traveled about one hundred miles in a southerly direction, and in a few hours we were in the midst of candelilla. For miles and miles we were never out of sight of this plant; it is growing very thickly, and in the distance on the mountains appeared as shingles on a roof, about one to ten tons growing to each acre of ground. We were told that we could ride overland and for six continuous days would never be out of sight of the candelilla plant.'

"The process of manufacture is, as a rule, that of boiling and steaming, although the mechanical method of beating the weed is sometimes used.

"Although no effort has as yet been made to utilize the by-products it is proved by tests that they are of much value. A high grade of paper can be made from the fibrous refuse or pagasse. Nearly all candelilla wax-factories now obtain their fuel supply from the residue that is obtained after the product is extracted. Although no effort has been made as yet to cultivate the candelilla weed, due to the fact that it is to be had in such enormous quantities in its wild state, it is not doubted that it could be propagated and successfully grown in almost any part of southwestern Texas, southern New Mexico, and southern Arizona. It occupies in its native state practically the same region as that of the wild guayule shrub, which has proved of such great value as a producer of raw rubber."

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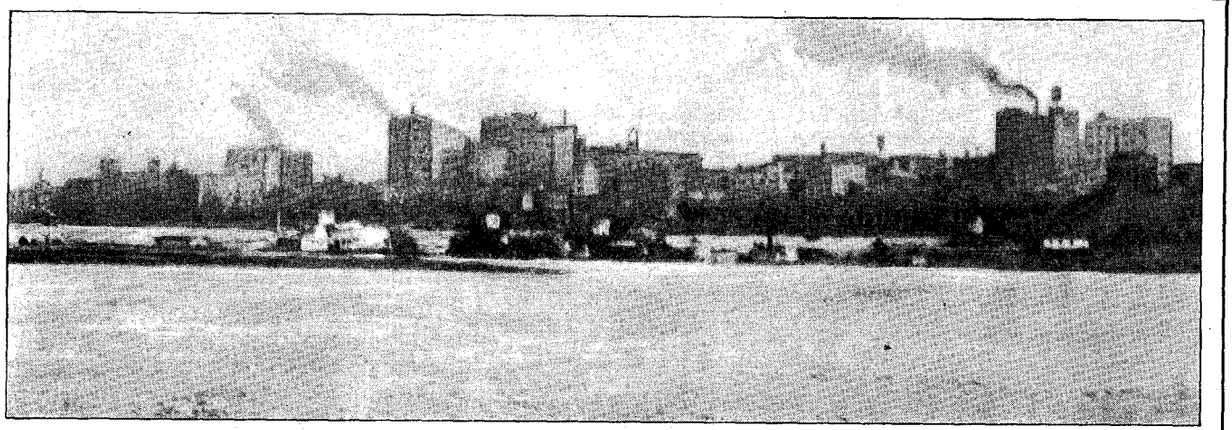

THE "ISLE OF MUD," IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, CREEPING ACROSS THE HARBOR OF MEMPHIS.

DYNAMITING AN ISLAND

THE HARD CLAY FOUNDATION of a sand island in the Mississippi River, opposite Memphis, Tenn., is being broken up with charges of dynamite so as to permit the current to wash away this obstruction to river navigation. The island, which is of recent formation, is the result of rapid sedimentation at this point, we are told by P. H. Williams, of Chattanooga, writing in *The Hercules Mixer* (Wilmington, Del.). About eight years ago, he says, a little gravel bar was noticed in the Memphis harbor. To-day the island covers a good many acres. It has almost caused boats to abandon the harbor, with a consequent injury to Memphis shipping. The Mississippi River Commission have been using every known means to keep this harbor open, employing dredging-machines and comprest air, but with only partial success. He goes on:

"In December, 1920, the writer received a demonstration order for one ton of 20 per cent. Farm Dynamite. The idea was to break the hard clay pan under about thirty feet of sand, so that erosion, assisted by dikes on the other side of the river, would wash the obstruction away. To do this, holes were placed thirty-five feet in the ground. These went about five feet into the hard clay foundation. It was necessary to use a well drill, loading the holes through an eight-inch pipe. The dynamite was tied in bundles of seven sticks each, and the holes were filled within five feet of the top, requiring from 220 to 250 pounds each. The holes were staggered, first ten feet from the face of the bank, then fifteen, with a distance of twelve feet between holes. The results were excellent, for the hard pan was broken to a layer of quicksand and the bottom could not be found. Eighteen holes, loaded with 250 pounds each, blasted a 315-foot section 65 feet wide and broke the ground all around for 100 feet farther back.

"It is believed that by later loosening this island with dynamite, the river, assisted by dikes on the opposite side, will cause the so-called 'Isle of Mud' to wash away. One of the local newspapers (issued in January, 1921) referred to the work as follows:

"'It was announced by engineers several weeks ago that the point projecting into the river at the first bend off Hopefield was to be dynamited before another high water. It is believed a heavy current will be set in by the removal of a clay bank and will aid in washing away the "Isle of Mud" that has interfered with the Memphis harbor since 1910.

"'The work of the engineers has been quietly going on for several days. While there were other charges of dynamite exploded, none were so severe as that of yesterday, and none, it is said, did as much work as the last.

"'Tons of dirt were thrown into the air by the explosion. The hard clay, which had resisted the mighty Mississippi River and turned its current for more than four years, is now giving way under dynamite blasts, and the engineers are confident their work is going to bring satisfactory results.

"'When high water cut through Old Hen Island in 1911, creating a new channel for vessels and resulting in the river's changing its course in 1912, the current was driven against Hopefield Point by a hard clay bank, found in the remaining projecting land, which river men named Tennessee Point.

"'Engineers have battled with this clay point for more than eight years. They were unable to make much headway until dikes were constructed opposite the point where they wanted the banks to start caving. These set a heavy current in toward the Tennessee shore, but failed to cave the Tennessee bank as rapidly as desired. Another dike was built and the end of the old one extended. This started some caving.

"'It is believed that when the depth of clay is dynamited by engineers, the current will rapidly eat its way through the point and, by striking the "Isle of Mud" about where Wolf River formerly emptied into the Mississippi, eventually wash away this obstruction.'"

ANTHRAX IN SHAVING-BRUSHES

WHAT A SCIENTIFIC PAPER calls "the menace of the horsehair shaving-brush," already noted in these columns, is becoming so threatening, it thinks, that a national prohibitive act against these articles is called for. It will be remembered that many of them have been found to be infected with the germs of anthrax, or malignant pustule, a peculiarly virulent and fatal malady. This applies mainly to the cheaper grades of brushes, it seems, and manufacturers and boards of health are cooperatng to eliminate the danger. This world seems to be getting more and more dangerous to live in, complains *The Scientific Monthly*. We are, it says, beset on all hands with enemies, the deadliest of which are minute organisms, whose insidious methods of attack and the subtle means by which they gain admittance to our bodies are so many and varied that absolute exclusion is well-nigh impossible. The precautions we must take are growing more and more irksome and have added materially to the complexity of living. It goes on:

"One of the first of these minute organisms to be isolated was the anthrax bacillus. The chief field of operation of these militant microbes is in the bodies of herbivorous animals, both domestic and wild, and through the domestic animals the bacteria gain access to man. Indeed, anthrax used to be a dread scourge of human populations.

"Recently an unusually large number of cases of anthrax were reported in New York City, and a search was instituted to discover the breach through which the deadly germs had broken in. Eventually the search narrowed to an apparently innocent toilet article, the shaving-brush. To be sure, shaving-brushes in insanitary barber-shops will carry disease from one patron to another, but here the case was much more flagrant. New brushes that had not previously been used served as the medium for introducing the dread disease. The brushes were of a cheap class, made from horsehair. Examination of the brushes revealed the fact that they carried the spores of anthrax. Evidently the hair had been taken from diseased animals and had not been properly sterilized. The shaving-brush, altho the chief offender, was not the only one; other brushes also stood convicted with the criminal evidence upon them. Fully 80 per

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cent. of the brushes tested were found to carry anthrax, and the spores were also discovered upon cloth and braid made of horsehair. Articles made from hog bristles are not liable to be infected because the process of treatment which they undergo removes the contamination.

"During the war a great many hides were brought into New York City, and also a large amount of horsehair, which evidently had not been thoroughly inspected. Out of thirty-four cases of anthrax in New York City, eighteen were traced to the use of infected shaving-brushes, and of these nine were fatal. In addition to this there were a number of operatives in factories who were infected with the disease during the manufacture of shaving-brushes and also in the treatment of hides. One case was traced to the use of a table crumb-brush, which proved to be infected with spores of anthrax.

"As a result of these cases the Board of Health of the City of New York has adopted regulations requiring that all hair used in the manufacture of brushes and cloth be sterilized under processes prescribed by the Board. The sale of brushes is also forbidden without having the word 'sterilized' permanently and clearly branded upon the article, and this word can not be applied to the article until it has been sterilized under the direction of the Board of Health.

"The spores of anthrax are particularly difficult to destroy. They resist ordinary disinfecting; they will actually pass through tanning and bleaching solutions and still retain their activity. Mercuric chlorid, 1:2500, with 1 per cent. of formic acid has been used to destroy the germs, also forty-eight hours' exposure to 2 per cent. hydrochloric acid with 10 per cent. sodium chlorid, but these measures have not yet been proved absolutely reliable.

"In view of the difficulty of destroying the spores, and also in view of the difficulty of eliminating contaminated horsehair from the market, there is need for a national prohibitive act banishing horsehair shaving-brushes, and requiring all manufacturers using horsehair thoroughly to sterilize the product before making it into toilet articles."

Illustrations by courtesy of "The Hercules Mixer."

BLASTING AWAY THE MEMPHIS MUD BLOCKADE.

Dr. Hubbard, of the New York Board of Health, gives us this interesting information:

"Before the war shaving-brushes were commonly made of goat's hair, cow's hair, badger's hair, camel's hair, and human hair. The best ones were made of badger's and camel's hair. Brushes at that time sold for from 50 cents to $5 or $6, but during the war it became necessary to produce a cheaper brush, and accordingly the manufacturers began to make a 10-cent brush. This brush they made of the trimmings of cow's tails, horse manes, tails, and fetlocks, goat's hair, and various other sorts of hair, uncleaned. That is, they put the hair into the brushes just as it came to them, without any process of cleaning or sterilizing. When these brushes were found to be the source of infection in the majority of anthrax cases, the manufacturers began to clean and sterilize the hair, and the cheaper brushes were therefore done away with, as the manufacturer could not afford to sell at the former price.

RUSTLESS STEEL—Rustless steel seems to be a completely established fact and it should be looked into for employment in various industries, according to *The Compressed Air Magazine* (New York). Says this publication:

"It is reported on German authority that the Krupp works are paying special attention to the production of such steel. The metal contains a large amount of chrome and is said to be remarkable for its hardness and strength. Its resistance to chemical action is such that it is not affected by boiling in nitric acid. It is used as a substitute for nickel-plated metal in the manufacture of instruments. The firm is also studying the question of using rustless steel in the manufacture of plates for artificial teeth in place of the gold or vulcanite now generally employed."

DISEASE IN ART

ARTISTS WHO LOVE TRUTH sufficiently to paint things exactly as they see them frequently delineate disease without knowing it. That much information about health conditions in former times and in alien lands may thus be gleaned by the medical investigator, we learn from an editorial article in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago). In 1861, we are here told, the medical historian K. F. X. Marx published an essay on medicine in the graphic arts, containing the first list of paintings and engravings relating to medicine. Unnoticed in its time, this pamphlet opened a new pathway of research which has since been retraced and extended by many investigators. The subject is one of interest, for paintings and engravings, old and new, tell more about the physician's social and professional status in the different periods than does printed literature. Many diseases have been accurately represented in the paintings and sculptures of the past. We read:

"At a meeting of the Medical Society of Hamburg, November 30, 1920, Dr. Wilhelm Weygandt gave an exhaustive account of the illustration of neurology and psychiatry in the graphic arts. His lecture was illustrated with about 100 lantern-slides. Even prehistoric and primitive artists, he points out, noted pathologic appearances now regarded as characteristic of civilization — for example, the obesity of the 'Venus of Willendorf,' the representation of facial paralysis and of the act of trephining in Peruvian pottery, and micromelia in the Egyptian god Bes and in the bronze figures made by the African savages of Benin. The Japanese employed for decorative purposes such pathologic motives as hydrocephalus, dancing lunatics, 'running amuck,' etc., motives which are lacking in the art of classical antiquity. In the middle ages, the hysterical *arc en cercle* in the figure of Salome, on the bronze door of San Zeno (Verona) is noteworthy. Figurations of this kind are abundant in the multiform art of the Renaissance period—for example, the representation of ecstasy in Raffael's 'Transfiguration,' Ribera's picture of unilateral paralysis in a beggar boy, the cretins, idiots, and hydrocephalic dwarfs of Velasquez, Dürer's 'Melancholia,' Careño de Miranda's fat girl, and Rubens's representations of epilepsy, demoniac possession, microcephalus, and alcoholism. Drunkenness is a favorite theme of all the Dutch painters, and latterly of Hogarth. Gerard Dow's love-sick girls have sometimes the facies of exophthalmic goiter.

"Insanity is featured in the works of Goya, in Kaulbach's '*Narrenhaus*,' and by Géricault, Wiertz, and Riepin. Modern decadent art has for its avowed aim the purposeful deformation of objects in order to intensify emotional expression. The subjective visual phenomena (entoptic appearances) of Purkinje and Johannes Müller are objectified in the paintings of Picasso and others. It is known that the drawings of the insane are singularly like those of primitive man, and the paintings of Cubists and Futurists, Weygandt thinks, have features common to the art productions of children and of primitive and insane people. The use of insignificant objects, such as newspaper clippings, buttons, thumb-tacks, and baby-carriage wheels, as decorative motives, Weygandt regards as further evidence of artistic impotence and mass-psychology, particularly of the snobbish tendency of artists, critics, and exhibitors alike, to encourage any eccentric thing that seems in 'the spirit of the times.'

"A complete inventory or card index of the graphic illustrations of neurology, along the lines of Weygandt's paper, and inclusive of such little-known pictures as Rops's drawings of neurotics or MacCameron's wonderful absinth-drinkers in the Corcoran Gallery, at Washington, would be an interesting line for some art-loving neurologists to follow up."

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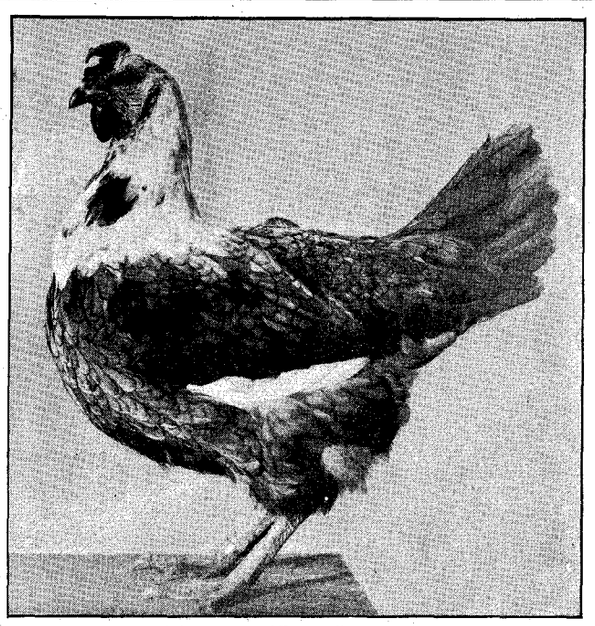
A HEN THAT CHANGED COLOR

THIS IS THE STORY OF A HEN that was originally blue but at last accounts was snowy white. The change she effected by the simple process of exchanging a few blue feathers for white ones every time she molted. In the intervening period, of course, she was mottled, a little whiter and a little less blue at every molt. But the oddest part of the



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Journal of Heredity."

THE HEN WHO DECIDED TO BECOME A BLONDE.
As she appeared on December 20, 1917, evidently thinking about it.

tale, which is not one of H. G. Wells's "Thirty Strange Stories," but a matter-of-fact contribution to *The Journal of Heredity* (Washington), by W. A. Lippincott, is that after the hen had turned completely white she still bred as if she were blue. In other words, she is "genetically a blue Andalusian," although perfectly white. Which is like saying that a white man may have negro children because he is "genetically black," and would seem to be merely a recital of the facts in technical terms, without explaining them. Says Mr. Lippincott:

"The particular interest in the case in hand arises not alone from the fact that the subject changed color but that in addition her ancestry and breeding performance are known.

"When blue Andalusians are mated with each other they produce blacks, blues, and white-splashed, in the ratio of 1 to 2 to 1. The white-splashed individuals are splashed with blue, and sometimes referred to as blue-splashed.

"During the spring of 1917, before the hen had exhibited any tendency toward a color change, she was mated to a blue Andalusian from the University of Wisconsin flock. But five chicks were hatched, of which one was blue-splashed and four were blue, the theoretical expectation being 1.25 splashed, 2.50 blue, and 1.25 black.

"The following year, 1918, while changing to white she was mated with a white Wyandotte. Twenty-eight chicks were hatched, of which thirteen were blue and fifteen were black.

"The next breeding season, 1919, after she had become pure white, she was mated to a white Plymouth Rock. Twenty-five chicks were hatched, of which seven were blue and eighteen were black.

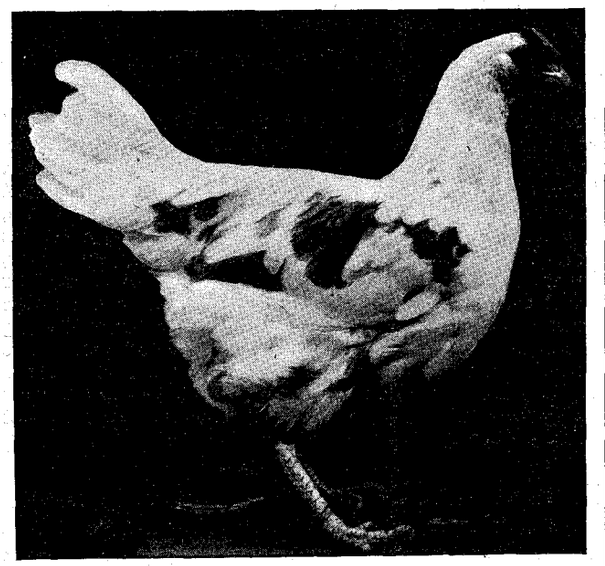
"It is evident that the hen, though snowy white, was continuing to breed as a blue Andalusian. A genetically 'recessive' white female mated to the white Plymouth Rock used would have produced only white chicks. Other possible combinations might be suggested, but none fits the case except the assumption that she is genetically a blue Andalusian though a beautiful snowy white in appearance."

WHEN AND WHEN NOT TO BE A DOCTOR

IS THE PRACTISE OF MEDICINE worth while? This question, the subject of discussion recently before the Pennsylvania Medical Society, at a meeting held at Pittsburgh, was answered as follows by Dr. Spencer M. Free, of Dubois, Pa., as reported in *The Pennsylvania Medical Journal* (Harrisburg, Pa.). Dr. Free believes that it depends on what one considers worth while; in other words, on his ideals of life. He says:

"If your ideas in life are money, ease, fame, the praise of your fellow men; if you want to have a good time, if you want to be in society, if you want to marry a woman and make her happy instead of uncomfortable and miserable—keep out of medicine. If you want to live the ideal life, if you have that in your soul which fixes your eyes upon the stars, if you have in mind the great Man of Nazareth, than whom no greater has lived in the history of the world, who caught the inspiration of the Golden Rule, who placed service above self, who gave up his job and wandered through all of that country teaching his ideals, who said to his disciples, 'If you would be the greatest of all be servant of all,' if you have these ideals and do not care for the accumulation of money, do not mind missing meals frequently, do not care what people say about you, then the practise of medicine is worth while. If you want a home you can not have it without some real woman. If you can find such a woman, present the matter fairly and squarely to her, tell her what she will have to endure at your hands, that she must go through life without the silks, satins, and furs of other women, that she must do without social life and the many things that are attractive to her. If she is then willing to stand with you and be a helpmeet, marry her. There is no man on earth who stands so close to Almighty God as the honest doctor who has the inspiration of souls to heal as well as bodies to heal. Ours is a double office. People lie to everybody but to the doctor, and sometimes to him. But we get nearer to the truth, we know more about the skeletons in closets and about the inner history of the man, woman, and child in a family. We ought to know; it is the secret of our heart, and that gives us power.

"If, in addition to all the labor, self-sacrifice, self-denial, loss



"DOING PRETTY WELL, DON'T YOU THINK?"
Eight months later, August 7, 1918.

of fame, and everything of that kind, you are still willing to take the abuse that comes to you and yours, then the practise of medicine is worth while. Will you be abused? Undoubtedly. You all know it. You will be misrepresented and lied about and, like the Great Physician of Nazareth, after you have done your best you will be crucified. But it is worth while. Wouldn't you rather to-day be the Man of Nazareth than all the Alexanders,

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Cæsars, and Napoleons? In the history of the world, where are they now compared to Jesus of Nazareth, the Great Physician, who went about doing good without a home—indeed, without a place to lay his head and without a meal arranged for in advance? If these are your ideals, to serve constantly to the best of your ability, to sacrifice everything—sometimes even your health and life—if you have before you the opportunity to be of some good in this world and to make the world a little better, a little more fit for others, then what matters everything else?"

WHY DOGS CHASE THINGS

WHY DO DOGS RUN after carriages, automobiles, and even railway trains? This question, asked by a contributor to *The Youth's Companion* (Boston), is answered by the editor of *The Guide to Nature* (Sound Beach, Conn.). The querist cites an interesting special case of the chasing mania, which he thinks is the strangest thing he has ever seen an animal do, and there seems to him to be no satisfactory explanation of it. He writes:

"There is a fine, well-fed dog in Indianapolis that spends the largest part of each day, rain or shine, in running alongside certain electric cars. Many dogs run after cars and automobiles, of course, but this dog keeps up with the particular car he chooses, and never loses it; at each stop the dog is at the front of the car, barking, and biting the fender.

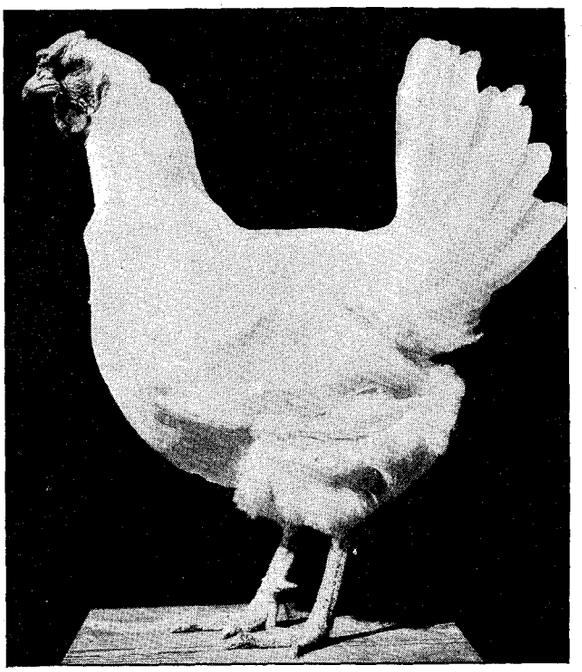
"He does this only on the Pennsylvania Street line, and usually he sticks to one car; but occasionally he will change from an up-town to a down-town car in the middle of his run and stay with the latter during the rest of the day. For months he has never failed to appear somewhere along the line and start his day's run. None of the car men or passengers owns him, but every one who travels on that line knows his antics well.

"His tireless pursuit of the car is remarkable, not only because he is so persistent and methodical in it, but because of the astonishing physical endurance that enables him to keep up the chase. He is never behind the car; usually he is ahead of it, ready to greet it with joyful barks when it stops. In summer and winter I have watched him running wildly along at all hours of the day. The most inclement weather does not stop him; I have seen him at times with his shaggy front covered with ice from his breath.

"Was there some one on one of those cars at one time whom he loved and whom he expects to see there again? Or is it just his way of enjoying himself?"

The explanation of *The Guide to Nature* is as follows:

"Dogs, human beings, and other animals enjoy doing the things that are primitive and natural. The dog is primarily a chaser, and he chases the trolley-car because chasing is deep in his nature. For the same reason a golfer likes to tramp over hill and dale, the hunter shoulders his gun and goes through the field and forest. The fisherman goes to the pond or the brook because of original primitive instincts along those lines. It really is amusing to note how sometimes primitive instincts are displayed. They seem to go astray along divergent lines, and that is why we notice the dog and laugh at his antics. But the cat plays with the mouse or with the spool of thread for exactly the same reason that the dog chases the trolley-car."



"HOW DO I LOOK NOW, GIRLS?"

Photographed September 21, 1918, a snowy white. She has since remained perfectly white, says the report, "is in apparent good health, and lays occasionally." Her chicks show her former color, however, and give away mother's change of complexion.

CURIOSITIES OF SCENT

THAT BIRDS SMELL WITH DIFFICULTY; that the Ainos of Japan can follow scent like a dog; that hounds follow a trail best on a damp day—and that these and other odd facts have some chemical basis that has not yet been worked out, are some of the things brought out in a recent note by a correspondent of *The Daily Mail* (London). This writer, we are told editorially in *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering* (New York), found three or four hens pecking over a rubbish heap on which some calcium carbid had lately been thrown, and while the place reeked of acetylene the hens did not seem to mind it. He observes that the olfactory bulbs of birds are small, and that in some, such as the frigate-bird, the nostrils are obliterated. On the other hand, he declares that the half-savage Aino of north Japan can track game like a dog, by the nose alone. We read further:

"Dean Buckland, the geologist, when riding once with some friends and the party lost their way and were overtaken by night, alighted from his horse, picked up a handful of earth, smelled it, and at once declared they were near Uxbridge. He knew the geology of the land and the smell of the soil.

"Of dogs *The Mail* correspondent says that the opinion prevails that they are better able to follow scent on a dull, damp day than in the bright sunlight when dry air prevails, but that even this can not be put down as a hard-and-fast rule. Scent may be good in the morning and bad in the afternoon, and *vice versa*, and hounds that are at fault in the morning may run hard later in the day. The powers of scent of such dogs as setters and retrievers vary greatly at different times. On a September afternoon, he says, a famous hunter shot and wounded no fewer than ten partridges, which were running in that condition, altho his retriever could not find any of them. He then waited until the cool of the evening, brought her back to the same spot, and within ten minutes she had tracked down every one of the birds.

"'Why,' the correspondent asks, 'are cats so strangely fond of valerian? Why are stoats and weasels attracted by the oil of musk?' The answer is probably entangled in sex phenomena, while his declaration that a vixen with her cubs hardly leaves any scent behind her has at least the odor of a kind of provision of nature. When he asks, 'Why are rats so keen on aniseed and rhodium?' we acknowledge ourselves beaten, more particularly in regard to rhodium. If they have such a passion for rhodium they can hardly be indifferent to platinum, and an ex-president of the Electrochemical Society suggests a real use for rats in this connection. He proposes that they be used in prospecting for platinum and as an aid to detectives in locating stolen crucibles. We wonder what the London writer wrote that the printer mistook for rhodium!

"But where is the chemistry of all these curious reactions? What is scent, anyway? What happens when we smell? What are the carriers of odor? What's the use in talking big about chemistry when nobody can tell us of the process of smelling? How many atoms must a molecule contain to have the olfactory quality? Dr. Thomas H. Durrans, an English investigator, has exprest the opinion that odor is due to unsatisfied bonds within the molecule. That may be true, but the rest of us do not seem to know enough either to confirm or to deny it. The subject is unstudied, and it needs attention."

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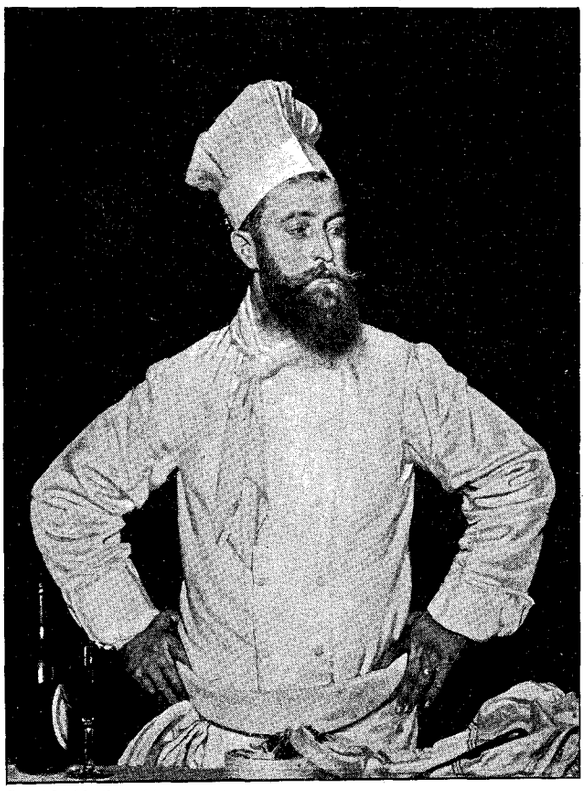
THE FRENCH *CHEF* IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

A DECIDED TENDENCY to take a shy at most of the notable figures seen both at the front and at the Peace Conference was noticed in Mr. Orpen's recent book on the war. But the painter seems to have emerged from his war experiences with one hero in his bag, and he puts him—the chief cook at the Hotel Chatham, Paris—on view at this year's Royal Academy. Perhaps the attitude of assured competence sets people hungering for the chops that lie before the *chef*; at all events, something in the picture has made it the most talked about in the show; not even the election of Mr. Augustus John as an Associate, culminating his patient waiting, seems to furnish so much food for talk. The burden of the portrait department in the show is thus sustained, inasmuch as Mr. Sargent, who used, says "J. B." in the Manchester *Guardian*, to send "six tall duchesses," now sends "one picture, and that an indifferent portrait." The same writer thus deals with Mr. Orpen:

"The most important is not his half-length of Marshal Haig, but the half-length portrait 'The Chef de l'Hôtel Chatham, Paris,' a monumental confident figure with cap and apron painted with the skill and respect of a Moroni. It is clear here that Sir William Orpen at last has found some one that he could respect during the war and the peace negotiations. Unlike Moroni, he does not tell us very much about the man, except that he desired to commemorate him importantly and that he was an important man. As in his other portraits, this artist darkens the hands, perhaps to increase the emphasis on the lighting of the head, but here it is carried further than usual, and this also throws the two uncooked chops in front of him rather out of tone; but despite this the skill and mastery by which Sir William has done everything he wanted to do are very impressive. Sir William Orpen's *chef*, is indeed a *chef-d'œuvre*. His other portraits are Sir William McCormack, Mr. Sidney Boulton, Mrs. Melville, and Miss Jenny Simson. The two portraits of ladies against what looks like a lacquer background are in the form of exclamatory portraits in which the sitter and her very modish dress loudly declare their presence, and that is the end of it."



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"CHESTER" WITH HIS CHOPS.

The *chef* of the Hotel Chatham, Paris, painted by Orpen, is Eugène Grossriether, but gets his nickname from his dislike for cheese.

In *La Liberté* (Paris) a critic gives a humorous account of the subject of the portrait, derived from an interview with him. He dispels the first impression by saying the picture is "not the last incarnation of the Prince of Wied, ex-King of Albania," but merely the *chef* of the grill-room of the Hotel Chatham, and continues in this vein:

"Inspiration is a capricious thing. It came to Newton while he was watching the ripe apples fall. He discovered the universal law of gravitation, and ate no apples because his enthusiasm was so nutritious. It came to Sir William Orpen while he was waiting for his rare beefsteak at the Chatham. He conceived a masterpiece. But he ate the beefsteak, and perhaps also he ate apples. . . . . .

"Mr. Chester is a modest man. He appears to be ignorant of the reasons that prompted Sir William Orpen to choose him as a model. But they are easy to guess. Mr. Chester is handsome and has a grand air. He has a clear, ruddy complexion, good, healthy skin, done to a turn by the flames of his fires. His carefully tended beard is made up of tones of clear gold, of dark gold, of bronze and honey shades. It is lightly and evenly waved. If there were more pride and irony in his black eyes, Mr. Chester would resemble a Medici. All that he needs is the vest of velvet, the neck-chains, and the sword.

"His costume also is designed to interest a painter. The white of his jacket with its double row of buttons, his cap of heavy folds, and his *serviette* tied about his neck in a sailor's knot form a subtle harmony with shades and reflections that are difficult to capture and most seductive to the *virtuoso*. But a French artist would have, perhaps, tried to make Mr. Chester picturesque. He might have amused himself by trying to trace the play of the kitchen flames on the white torso of Mr. Chester. Mr. Orpen was serious, confining himself to black and white. He included only one diverting detail—namely, the bottle of stout with which Mr. Chester strengthens himself against the exhausting heat of the grille.

"'The great painter had me pose for him seven times,' we are informed by Mr. Chester, who added: 'My, but it is a beautiful portrait. He studied me a long time. Sometimes he sat here, sometimes at table number four. He observed that when I turn round to give a dish to the waiter, the knot of my *serviette* slips over to the right. You see, he's painted it just like that in the picture.'

Evidently Mr. Chester is happy, his head does not turn when he reflects—if he does reflect—that now he is a neighbor in glory of Balthasar Castiglioni and Mona Lisa.

"'Mr. Chester,' I asked him, 'how does one tell when a chop is cooked to the proper degree?' 'By touching it, sir.' 'With the finger?' 'Yes, with the finger. There is no other way to tell.'

"It is a fine thing to know one's *métier*. There is no higher virtue."

"Mr. Chester's" real name is Eugène Grossriether, but it was his dislike of cheese that earned him a nickname, instead of his fame for steaks and chops.

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THE JANGLED NERVES OF ART

SMALL COMFORT is given the artist of to-day who imagines himself a leader of revolt, and takes credit for being misunderstood, which means persecuted, by the multitude. All his self-gratification must go at the word of Mr. Wilson Follett that his, along with "every great attempt at revolt, is turned by the outcome into one of time's laughing-stocks." The artist, in spite of himself, reflects his age, we are told, and the revolters of to-day, who term themselves "futurists," or, more definitely, "imagists," are only the producers of a neurotic art for a nervous age. Mr. Follett contends that "society is now afflicted with a case of bad nerves; that in the most striking of the ultra-modern tendencies in art and literature the neurotic element is uppermost, and that the rapid vogue of these ultra-modern tendencies is simply the answer of a nervous, overwrought public to art, in which it finds its own neurotic impulses perfectly reproduced." The artist, it is shown, is the "first to suffer from any social disorder, because his nervous organization is of the most sensitive kind." Then "the nervous mania of the public and that of the artist presently become interacting." So all become "futurists," unless something like Mr. Follett's warning be heeded, that "we shall all be losing control of our nerves, and shrieking dementedly and throwing things about." In *Harper's* for June Mr. Follett writes:

THE ORPEN ROAD.

MRS. P. TEER (before Sir W. Orpen's "The Chef")—"Teery, we must 'ave *our* cook done!"—Will Owen in *The Sketch* (London).

"Fundamentally, of course, the neuroticism of both artist and audience had its origin in the maddening complexity of modern affairs. Civilization has grown involved on our hands faster than our ability to administer it could grow; and as a result we are driven to the brink of hysteria, as a man is when harassed by more private worries than he knows how to cope with. When Mr. J. Smeaton Chase explains the imagists, futurists, cubists, and their kind by saying that 'Civilization has got on their nerves, and they simply have to scream,' he clearly implies that these highly specialized artists express what the inarticulate crowd merely feels. But, tho the general feeling and the special expression do indeed hark back to the same fundamental cause, it is still true that that cause has operated in one way upon the artist and in another upon the common man. The great classes of society have succumbed to the actual physical conditions of modern life and to the nervous unrest which these conditions breed. The artist is even more sensitive to this general tension, and his balance would probably have been upset by it in any event; but the ostensible and immediate cause of his overwrought state is an insidious and false theory—a scrap of perverted science which he has invoked to dignify a weakness by parading it as a strength. So, while society is afflicted with a nervous panic of which it is barely conscious, and which it would resist if it could, the ultra-modern artist has been busy inventing a philosophy to prove that his own case of bad nerves is really quite normal. He has glorified his own debacle; he has used his intellect to justify the disuse of it; he has frankly committed himself to the theory that pure neuroticism alone can be valid in modern art. . . . . .

"In analyzing the basis of the 'new' esthetics, it is neither possible nor desirable to separate literature from the other fine arts. Futurists, cubists, vorticists, pointillists, imagists, spectrists, and the rest are all attempting to accomplish the same impossibility and overcome the same limitation in whatever art they occur. They are all serving the same theory and imagining that they can make it serve them. At the most various, they are simply parallel currents in the broad stream of tendency, which is best named post-impressionism. This movement began in painting and sculpture; it spread into music; it captured, and now threatens to dominate, poetry; it has definitely invaded parts of the theater, notably the ballet; and it is in process of invading the novel. Of the major fine arts, architecture alone is comparatively immune."

The basic theory of these new art cults is, Mr. Follett claims, "an unauthorized borrowing from science." The hypothesis is that "all the operations of consciousness are one, and that they can eventually be fused together," but science itself does not affirm its proof or disproof. The arts take it wholesale. It excludes from art "everything except raw sensation." In other words:

"It is the imagist's avowed ideal to think with his sensory apparatus alone; and, having thrown away all his normal inhibitions, he is free to treat every random grotesquerie that comes out of him as a thing sacred and inviolable, which to alter or censor were to profane. In other words, the imagist and his *confrères* not only justify the neurotic element in art; they have no toleration for anything but the neurotic element. . . . . .

The futurist poets are using a telephone system which has plenty of individual transmitters but no receivers. They excrete sensations and secrete everything else, including the meaning of the sensations. The imagist always means something intensely satisfying to himself, but he means nothing to me when, for instance, I hear him

> frankly
> admitting i have been true
> only to the noise of worms
> in the eligible day
> under the unaccountable sun.

That is the sort of thing which comes of the neurotic pseudo-scientific theory now used to define perfect art as just the content of somebody's consciousness at a given instant."

Architecture furnishes a pragmatic test that makes the post-impressionist take a sidestep. "No one wants to live in a house or work in an office which is merely the content of an instant of consciousness, or a crisp organic squirm, or an aquatic plant unfurling." Poetry alone almost seems to be the postimpressionist's happy hunting-ground. The neurotic theory leads the artist "by degrees into the exact state of a man whose nerves are set twitching and jangling by a combination of overwork, worry, insomnia, and black coffee." Thus:

"He can not long focus his thought on one thing or work a laborious problem through to its solution. His mind, as well as his body, is fidgety. He can not work against resistance; when a problem increases in difficulty he shoves it aside for something

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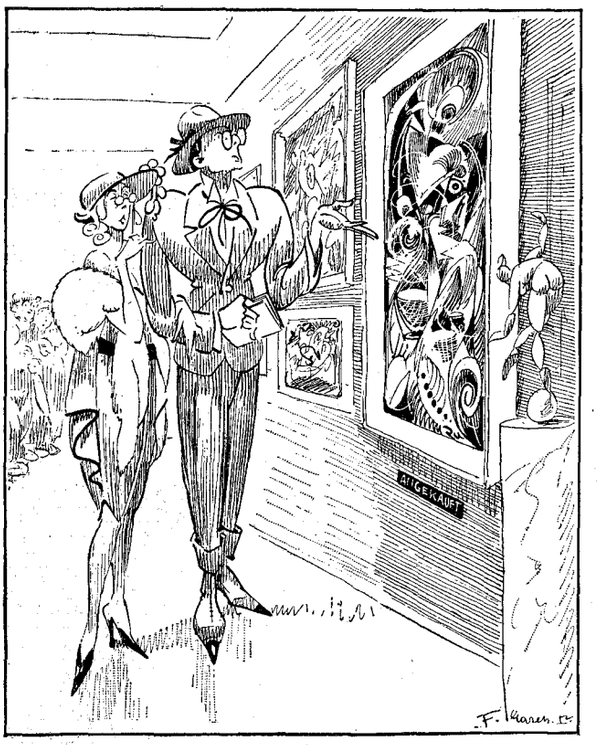
easier, and forgets ever to return to it. He achieves fragments rather than wholes. He loses his sense of proportion, of relative importances; he loses his sense of humor, which is often the same thing. At one moment everything seems to matter enormously, and he is stung and harrowed by the most ludicrous trifles; at another moment nothing seems to matter at all, and he sends everything flying in disgust. He very easily persuades himself that everything is leagued in a conspiracy to make him uncomfortable or unsuccessful. This is the beginning of delusions of persecutions, which are one beginning of mania.

"Is not this a very close parallel to the condition of the futurist poet? He, too, has a capricious and spasmodic attention; his creativeness is nervous and impatient and short-winded.



METAMORPHOSIS.

"This is a fine picture. It was painted as 'Still Life,' exhibited as a landscape, and sold as a portrait."

—F. Garen in *Die Muskete* (Vienna).

He is a fidgety performer to a fidgety audience, and his longest opus can be reread twice in the space of half a cigaret. Even within the single poem he is prone to skip inconsequentially about. He drops his design impatiently without finishing it; he darts off into a parenthesis and never comes back. After he has left the most essential things unexplained, he curses you for a dullard because you do not understand him. In a word, his behavior shows all the symptoms commonly associated with the loss of coordination, which is the penalty for abusing one's nerves and throwing on them a greater weight than they were meant to bear.

"But the most hopeless fact about his condition is that he himself is trying desperately to be proud of it."

The public, meanwhile, has, momentarily at least, accepted futurist art, with special reference, of course, to imagist poetry. The writer adds some words that will arouse sympathy for all poetry editors:

"Persons who, fifteen years ago, could not have been bribed even to read verse of any kind are now writing verse of the sort called 'free,' and getting it published, too. This 'new' poetry, besides having invaded the established magazines, has called into being a flock of new magazines, as well as volumes uncounted. The anthologies of the new poetry published during the past five years would make a small library; no movement was ever so prolific of anthologies. Almost everybody seems to be writing *vers libre*, and the remaining few seem to be reading it. If there is any one left who does neither, he at least reads parodies of it. As a natural and timely butt for the jokesmith, free verse now ranks with national prohibition and the Ford automobile, to the temporary neglect of college professors and mothers-in-law."

"CHARLIE ON AVON"

IF SHAKESPEARE and grand opera can't pay the bills of such houses as the Stratford Memorial Theater and the Grand Opera in Paris—why, one thing may be depended on to help them out. This is the movies. When they are installed in these two great temples of the highest art of the stage, then their apotheosis has been accomplished. But what of the houses themselves? Mr. Rouchet, of the Paris opera, declares that he sees no other way of paying his bills, and the directors of the Memorial Theater are apparently unmoved by the cry of sacrilege. Professor Saintsbury thought to kill the project by sarcasm, and is reported as saying, "The proposal set me to thinking what an excellent night club St. Paul's Cathedral would make." Norman Wilkinson is also represented as saying in behalf of the governors of the Memorial, "I have seen performances of Shakespeare's plays that would make a Charlie Chaplin film seem innocent and beautiful." The New York *Times*, in taking up the matter, seems to imply that it is all a matter of Charlie, and argues on to lift Charlie up to a Shakespearian level. First, however, it disposes of Mr. Norman Wilkinson:

"One wonders whether the reference is to Granville Barker's production of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' with all the fairies gold-painted in the best manner of a steam-radiator, for which Mr. Wilkinson himself designed the costumes. Probably not. When there is question of Shakespeare outrages the field of comparison is unlimited. Mr. Wilkinson might have begun at home with the Memorial Theater itself, which belongs to the far-flung Victorian school of the Albert Memorial in London. Then there are the portraits of Shakespeare championed by the well-meaning brewers who preside over the destinies of Stratford as a shrine for traveling Americans. One of these, which was long guarded within the Birthplace with the mummery of a fireproof iron frame (while the little house itself, with all its priceless treasures of remembrance, was open and inflammable), proved to be a product of the eighteenth century—a banner carried in a street pageant. When shame forbade its further exploitation, the so-called 'original' of the Droeshout print prefixt to the Folio was set up in the Memorial Building, where it still imposes upon the multitude, including several editors of Shakespeare, tho it is a hideous travesty of any human being and a proved forgery."

John Drinkwater, the *Times* tells us, "deposes magisterially that there are strong arguments on both sides of the Memorial Charlie," and it continues:

"There are; but we confess yielding to a gust of unbalancing instinct—and for once siding with Bernard Shaw. He says: 'Shakespeare would have delighted in Charlie Chaplin.' There is a kernel of truth in this, of real knowledge and sympathy, as there is in most of Shaw's Shakespeare paradoxes. Chaplin is the prince of low comedians, unapproached in the modern theater for the breadth of his humor, his subtle intuitions, his wistful sweetness; while Shakespeare is, among other things, the world's master of low comedy, approached only by Aristophanes and Molière, and the peculiar vein of his comedy is of a piece with the spirit of Charlie.

"Whether Chaplin could play *Bottom* may be doubted. That greatest of all low-comedy parts, with its infinite sweep of rustic character, racy of the soil, and its unfathomable profundities of psychology, must be held beyond the scope of any actor who has not actually mastered it. The tragic *Fool* in 'Lear' might also be beyond him. But he would probably make a *Touchstone* far more truly Shapespearian than the modern world has seen. As the *Nurse's* servant, *Peter*, in 'Romeo and Juliet,' he should be supreme. It would be well worth reviving the play for that performance alone.

"If this is done—or let us rather say when it is done—that little scene should be restored to the text in which the 'Servant,' *Peter*, mixes up with '1 Servant' and '2 Servant'—mere supernumeraries who are preparing *Capulet's* feast. The learned editors, one and all, have been so neglectful of low comedy as to change 'Servant' of the Folio, the name by which *Peter* is designated, into 'Third Servant,' thus degrading him to a super. But it is the priceless *Peter* who blusters about *Antony* and

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Potpan in one breath and in another meekly begs the favor of marchpane for his lass, *Nell Grindstone*. It is a scene of busy Marcellining such as we used to witness at the Hippodrome; but it is much more than that, for by depicting *Peter* below stairs it rounds out his character, enlarges and humanizes it. And it positively cries out for Charlie to rescue it from the sacrilege visited upon it by century after century of so-called Shakespearians."

ABBOTT THAYER, "FATHER OF CAMOUFLAGE"

IT IS TRUE that the French gave us camouflage; both the word which finally rolled from everybody's tongue, and the thing which has not yet disappeared from unused ships and memorial cannon. But how much of this safety-securing device is owed to the painter, Abbott H. Thayer, whose death was recently reported at Dublin, N. H., future historians of art will perhaps tell us. This painter is generally credited with the discovery of the law of protective coloration in the animal kingdom, and his record as an artist will probably always vie with his reputation for this service and for the personal application his efforts secured for it during the late war. The New York *Herald* reviews his career mainly in this light:

"The results of investigations, first made public in 1896 and published the following year in Smithsonian reports, led to considerable discussion and the subsequent publication by Mr. Thayer of a more complete exposition of his theories. The word camouflage had not then attained the general use which it did afterward, but when Mr. Thayer successfully applied his knowledge of coloration to protective work in the war he was sometimes referred to as the father of camouflage. It is doubtful, however, if Mr. Thayer approved of such a title, for he knew from his own studies how early in history the principles of coloration were employed in wars as a means of deceiving the enemy.

"Mr. Thayer was one of the successful American painters of portraits and figures of the last quarter of a century. He supplemented his art course in this country by studies at the Beaux Arts, Paris, and work in the studios of famous Parisian artists. His early canvases were mostly landscapes, but he will be best remembered by his figures; one of these, 'Caritas,' in the Boston Museum, has been frequently reproduced, as have been also his canvases of 'A Young Woman' at the Metropolitan Museum and 'Winged Victory' at Buffalo.

"These paintings all showed him a colorist of distinguished ability. He has made the effect of color in combination or in masses an especial study from a painter's as well as a scientist's view-point. From these studies he developed the law which he believed prevailed in nature's way of protecting birds and animals by marking them with the colorings which blend most easily with their environment. The memorable discussion between Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Thayer grew out of the extreme statements of Mr. Thayer's overenthusiastic disciples. It was too much for a big-game hunter such as Colonel Roosevelt was to believe that the flamingo was adorned in its gorgeous dress so that a crocodile on the Nile would mistake it for a sunset and not snap at it. He doubted, too, if a zebra would deceive him by appearing as the evening sky against a foreground of reeds, and he had still more doubts if a hungry lion looking for a meal could be thus fooled.

"Early in the Spanish War Mr. Thayer offered his plans for making war-vessels semiinvisible to the Navy Department at Washington. The scheme was somewhat similar to that used during the world-war. He received little encouragement and he did nothing further at the time.

"At the beginning of the war Mr. Thayer went to Europe and presented his principles before the British and French governments. Some advance had already been made in the development of war camouflage, and he was able to do considerable work toward adapting to the uses of the Allies and America the mysteries and secrets of nature's concealing coloration.

"Many of his devices and formulas, according to the French report citing him for honors, reappeared in real service on the European battle-front and in the disguising of war and merchant vessels. His long hours of work and exposure at the time were too much for a man of his age—he was almost seventy years old."

The American Art News (New York) says that as early as 1897 Mr. Thayer contributed an article on "The Law Which Underlies Protective Coloration" to the annual report of the Smithsonian Institution; and in 1910 appeared the large book, from the hand of his son, Gerald H. Thayer, "Concealing Coloration in the Animal Kingdom." Copies of this were avidly seized upon by military experts all over the world, and its exposition forms the basis of military camouflage. Further:

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

"A YOUNG WOMAN."

The Metropolitan picture by Abbott H. Thayer.

"Mr. Thayer found that 'animals are painted by nature darkest on those parts which tend to be most lighted by the sky's light, and *vice versa*,' and the earth brown of the upper parts, bathed in sky light, equals the sky-light color of the belly, bathed in earth yellow and shadow."

Born in Boston on August 12, 1849, Mr. Thayer, while a student in Paris, worked with Gérôme and Lehmann. He has been president both of the Society of American Artists and the National Academy of Design. Besides works already mentioned are "Florence Protecting the Arts," at Bowdoin College; "Portrait of a Lady," at the Cincinnati Museum; "Portrait of a Young Girl" and "Roses," at the Worcester Museum, and ten oil-paintings in the National Gallery, Washington.

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RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE CHURCH AND "SOCIAL REVOLUTION"

"BEFORE HIGH GOD," the ministry "is not for sale," recently exclaimed the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick in charging that certain interests would apparently rather "buy" the Church than submit to the "social creed" adopted by various ecclesiastical bodies and the Y. W. C. A. The Church is infected with radicalism, retorts *The Wall Street Journal*, and all this talk about bribery "sounds like a certain protest of virtue from the gutter, and carries about the same implications." Millions of people, it adds, are registering their objection to having the churches "used for the preaching of anarchy and rebellion by 'broad-minded' clerical friends of Bolshevism." When such charges and counter-charges proceed from the pulpit and the press, and when, in addition, two Episcopal bishops fall out over whether the Church shall actively concern itself with political and economic issues, the occasion naturally revives controversy as to what really should be the proper attitude of the Church toward the great industrial problems of the day. "That there are commercial associations in the field ready to buy off or threaten those church organizations which have begun to take an active interest in the problem of justice for the laborer, nobody who watched the growth and collapse of the Interchurch Movement can doubt," says the New York *World*. "The Interchurch campaign progressed excellently until its leaders sponsored a report on conditions in the steel industry which dared to indict the companies for the prevalence of inhumanly long hours, low wages, and strong-arm tactics to prevent organization." Then the Movement failed, and "it failed, specifically, for lack of financial support, and it lacked support among the well-to-do because it was too annoyingly honest in scrutiny of their sources of income." Yet the publication of the report is the sort of courageous action which will rally to the churches "the popular support they have been losing and place in their hands the power to permeate American life with their ideals." The prevalence of Christian principles, as Dr. Fosdick says, "would be the best insurance we could have against social revolution." On the other hand, it has frequently been charged that the Church is infected with radicalism, and that it oversteps its boundary in adopting an industrial program. After refusing to support the Y. W. C. A. because of its social program, as reported in these pages on April 9, the Pittsburgh Employers' Association says in a subsequent letter that "religious bodies can hardly expect us to give them money for the purpose of manufacturing weapons with which to destroy industry." As it is, "the radical and Bolshevik elements in the churches seem to be cooperating through the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and many of our members are expressing themselves as determined to discontinue financial support of the Federal Council." Summed up from an article in the New York *Evening Post* by Samuel McCrea Cavert, the "Social Creed of the Churches," as adopted by the Federal Council, includes: the right of employees and employers alike to organize; adequate means of conciliation and arbitration in industrial disputes; one day off in seven; gradual and reasonable reduction of hours of labor to the lowest practicable point; a minimum living wage, and a "new emphasis upon the application of Christian principles to the acquisition and use of property, and for the most equitable division of the product of industry that can ultimately be devised." Similar utterances have been made by the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the National Council of the Congregational Churches, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, the Social Service Committee of the Northern Baptist Convention, and by the Anglican Bishops at the Lambeth Conference. The "social ideals" may, therefore, we are told, "rightly be regarded as the common voice of the churches." Yet, said Dr. Fosdick, who is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, New York, in an address to the alumni of Union Theological Seminary, the Pittsburgh employers "apparently propose to settle the matter of the social application of the principles of Jesus by money." He "looks with fear" upon the announcement of the Pittsburgh employers, for, as he is quoted in the press, "this letter indicates the surest and swiftest way to land this country in violent social revolution." His warning was:

"NOT FOR SALE!"

Says Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick on behalf of the ministry to those business interests which refuse to contribute to church organizations because of their "social creed."

> "Repress the endeavor to apply the principles of Jesus to the social order; repress the Young Women's Christian Associations in their interest concerning the life and labor of the young women of America; repress agencies that seek the amelioration of human relations in industry; try to keep the economic situation static in a dynamic world; and when you have long enough represt the possibilities of orderly social progress you will get the inevitable consequence, disorderly social revolution. You can not keep anything static in a dynamic world, and when we forward-looking, liberal Christians pray and work for the application of Jesus's ideals to our social, economic, and international life, we are not disruptive; we are salutary. The application in a thoroughgoing fashion of these social ideals of the Federal Council of American life to-day would be the best insurance we could have against social revolution."

Bishop Charles D. Williams, of Michigan, president of the Church League for Industrial Democracy, apparently places an interpretation on the attitude of business toward the Church similar to Dr. Fosdick's. He asserted in the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York City, that business organizations feared the result of the application of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to industrial problems and would not support religious and welfare associations that would attempt such an application. From the same pulpit, Bishop W. T. Manning, of New York, a week later repudiated the charges of his brother bishop, and asserted that the Church "is not commissioned nor endowed with special wisdom to pronounce upon specific political and economic programs." This view is strongly supported by financial papers,

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the Boston *News Bureau* asserting that now "there is less attention and market for the pseudo-'liberality' that flirts with socialism. Church and state are sundered here; and the pulpit is no place for partizan politics—or for class economics. Both congregations and the public are weary and resentful of such attempts." Tho Bishop Manning was speaking for his own Church, says the Detroit *Free Press*, "the attitude he takes is supported by very important considerations. It is true of churches as of men that they may try to do too many things. They may weaken their power for good by spreading it out too thin, and they may discredit their intelligence in those things they really understand by trying to act in matters that they do not understand." "For the pulpit to deal largely in political and economic issues is to hazard its influence and its leadership in greater things," says the Minneapolis *Journal*.

Turning for a moment to the religious press, we find that *The Presbyterian* thinks that "when the minister undertakes to lead in business, he usually runs over the bank. The work of the minister is to declare the gospel of the grace of God, that men may be saved and built up in a holy character." When he "undertakes abstract social questions and ignores the work with the individual, he not only fails in his work, but he does mischief."

However, the New York *Globe* thinks that Dr. Fosdick has made a concise statement of the situation, and says that "the churches are indeed working to avert violence while capitalists like the (Pittsburgh) Employers' Association members are unconsciously doing their best to provoke it." While clergymen continue to express thoughts such as Dr. Fosdick's "they will be sure of a support from the liberal elements of the nation sufficient to make them independent of any disciplinary measures that misguided groups of employers may seek to apply." What labor thinks of the stand of Bishop Williams and Dr. Fosdick may, perhaps, be best exprest in the words of the Schenectady *Citizen* (Socialist), which says:

"While most of the preachers are unconsciously swayed in their opinions by the interests and desires of the more wealthy pewholders in their churches, . . . occasionally we find members of clerical brotherhoods possessing the courage of the ancient Jewish prophets, who are ready to defy the financiers, bankers, and capitalists of our day, just as Jesus did those of his day, when he scourged and drove the money-changers out of the temple."

However, "let not labor mistake the nature of the sympathy and support thus far received from the churches," warns *The Congregationalist*. As it explains:

"The churches do not stand for slackness or violence or greed or selfishness in the ranks of labor any more than they do for those things in the ranks of capital. The churches believe that men must earn their living by the sweat of their brow—brain-workers and manual workers alike—that every man must do as big and honest a day's work as he can do, that he must treat the people who will have to buy the goods which he is helping to produce and treat his employer and his employer's tools and property as he would want to have them treat him were they in his place."

By courtesy of "The Survey."

A SCHOOL FOR PEACEMAKERS.

The International People's High School, Elsinore, Denmark.

TO END WAR BY TEACHING LOVE

FIRM IN THE FAITH that "love of God towers above all differences between peoples," and believing that close relationship will tend to wipe out mutual misunderstandings, several Danish citizens are soon to open the doors of an International High School for pupils from many countries. Especial effort is to be made to bring pupils from the nations engaged in the world-war. This ambitious project, we are told by Marius Hansome in *The Survey* (New York), is the result of the tireless efforts of Hegermann-Lindencrone, son of the former Danish Ambassador to the United States, now in the Danish Ministry of Education, and Peter Manniche, principal of the school. Denmark is considered to be eminently fitted to receive students from the nations which participated in the war, because of its location between England, Germany, and Russia, its neutrality, its areal insignificance, and its "non-political ambition," and much is hoped from the school. An outline of the principles upon which the school is founded is given by the writer, who is a native of Denmark, but long resident in this country, as he obtained it from Mr. Manniche:

"Spiritually considered, the school is built upon three fundamentals—namely:

"Love of neighbor spreads its influence over national boundaries.

"Love of God towers above all differences between peoples.

"Society is like a human body whose separate parts work each in its peculiar way toward a common existence.

"In harmony with these fundamental considerations our practical aims are these:

"The school will receive pupils from foreign countries and endeavor to awaken in them a mutual understanding and sympathy that they will carry to their homelands.

"The school will not exact any sectarian affiliation of its teachers, but it will seek to employ those who are led by a belief in a rebirth of the Christian philosophy, in a democratic direction, of a supra-national spirit, as a means to a regeneration of our social life.

"While the school will be independent of any political party, it will emphasize the importance of working together toward a just solution of social and international problems.

"Fairly mature young people, regardless of sex, religion, or politics, with a good common-school education will be admitted without examination. Students from trade-unions, cooperative movements, Y. M. C. A.'s, and other societies will be especially welcome. It is expected that such students will plan on at least one year's stay.

"In its method of work, the school will continue the traditions which the Danish High School has created. Those traditions, simply stated, amount to this:

"The school is ethical in purpose, personal in its methods, and individualistic and liberal in principles, with social understanding kept constantly in view.

"The English dormitory system will be used to house the pupils. In this way it is hoped to cultivate a wholesome fellowship.

"The course of study will be broad, inclusive, practical, and elective, except in the following subjects, a study of which will be a common requirement: language, psychology, history, civics, hygiene, and international problems.

"Living expenses and tuition will be 100 kroner a month to each pupil. However, those studying scientific agriculture will have ample opportunity to earn part of their expenses."

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Among the internationally known persons who have pledged financial, moral, and teaching aid are, we are told: Arnold Rowntree, of England, who has promised an annual scholarship of 2,000 kroner for three years to an English pupil; Sir Michael Sadler, rector of the University of Leeds; Prof. Charles Gide, of France; Sir Oliver Lodge; Prof. Edward Lehmann, of Lund University, Sweden, and Dr. Harald Hoggding, of Copenhagen.

The school is now under the roof of a manor-house just outside the city of Elsinore. Surrounding the manor are five acres of park, and forty acres of land to be devoted to agricultural purposes, the proceeds from which will be applied to financing the institution. Besides its main building, which contains twenty-six rooms for classes and living accommodations, the school owns a lecture-hall, dormitory and residence for teachers, and several agricultural buildings. These were made possible, says the writer, by philanthropists—the East Asiatic Company of Copenhagen being the largest single contributor.

EUROPE'S CHRISTIAN LABOR MOVEMENT

CHRISTIAN LABOR-UNIONS are fighting the spread of Socialism in Europe, and are, we are informed, soon to confront the various communistic organizations with a Christian Internationale. Repudiation of Moscow is to be carried to a repudiation of every atheistic doctrine represented by the "Reds." Textile-workers from Germany, France, Holland, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Hungary, and Czecho-Slovakia have founded an international association of unions, writes Dr. Frederick Funder for the National Catholic Welfare Council's News Service, and other organizations are in process of formation. A congress of Christian agricultural workers is to be held at Coblenz, and an international association of Christian garment-workers will be organized. Similar associations are to be created among the metal-workers, the railway men, the employees of the leather industry, and others. International associations of the Christian unions of printers, of workers in tobacco-factories, of those engaged in the manufacture of food and of those in the building trades already exist. The development of the Christian labor movement comes at a time, says the writer, "when the Christian workers of Central Europe are exposed to a persecution quite without parallel." We read further:

"Socialism, which feels the ground shaking under its feet, is attempting by main force to hold its sway in the factories. There have been numerous strikes in Austria and in Czecho-Slovakia during the last few months because of the refusal of the Socialists to work in the same shop with fellow employees who belong to the Christian organizations. It required all the energy of the Austrian Government to overcome the strike which was precipitated for the same reason among the workers in the mint in Vienna.

"There is inherent antagonism and the certainty of a clash between the doctrines of Socialism and Christian teaching. It is fortunate that the ranks of the Christian workers are filled, thus making it possible for the international movement to succeed. Perhaps the trials and sufferings of Central Europe during the last two years were necessary to arouse the spirit of the people. There never was a Christian labor movement worth mentioning in Hungary until after the devastations of Bolshevism. Now there is a strong organization there.

"Thus, after the storm which has shaken it most violently and has carried off many withered branches, the old tree of the Catholic people in Central Europe puts forth new shoots, which are fresh and green and promise young, vigorous life once more."

Jugo-Slavia is proving a fertile field for this Christian workers' movement, relates the writer, and in Czecho-Slovakia the results are especially satisfactory. In the latter country the Christian workers have fourteen large associations and a powerful organ, *The Trade Union*. Great benefits are also expected from the organization of the agricultural workers in Austria, where—

"The peasant landowners have been afraid that the good understanding between themselves and their employees might be disturbed by the formation of unions among them. The Catholic peasants were effectively organized, but the agricultural laborers had scarcely any organization. Now that the siren song of Socialism is reaching the ears of these laborers, and serious conflicts have arisen between proprietors and their employees, the peasants perceive the need for a Christian organization among the laborers. It will help to keep its members free from the destructive demagogy of Socialism, and, while it will contend most energetically for their rights, it will not overlook the material and spiritual solidarity of all classes of Christian society."

OUR JOYOUS CHARITY STUMPS BRITAIN

SINCE "THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS" is recognized in the Declaration of Independence as one of our primary inalienable rights, it seems natural enough to Americans that a large part of our charitable effort should be devoted to providing amusement and recreation for those who can not obtain it without help. But a British social worker who has been making a careful study of American charities is led to wonder at the amount of energy and money we spend just to provide pleasure. Our strenuous activity for such an end seems to the British worker somewhat misplaced or misdirected. Yet she does not care to criticize too strongly, since a foreign observer "can not grasp all the conditions which require mitigation nor the history which led to their formation." Moreover, she remembers the rebuke administered to the too practical-minded disciple who lamented because the alabaster box of ointment was broken at the Master's feet instead of being sold for the benefit of the poor. Mrs. S. A. Barnett has, with her husband, been "doing her bit" in Whitechapel, London, for thirty-three years, and she reports thus, in the London *Daily Telegraph*, on American charity:

"One of the most striking facts is the amount of energy and money that is expended to provide pleasure. Even the Government uses its machinery to instigate recreation clubs in public schools, and some municipalities spend vast sums on playhouses, playgrounds, and recreation parks. The example is followed by organizations such as the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., which extend from the Pacific to the Atlantic and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. They adapt their work to the needs of many climates and to varied conditions, but never banish nor ignore as a leading note the provision of pleasure. In this pursuit many of the churches and the settlements join, as well as isolated societies, whose *raison d'être* is freely to offer non-injurious amusement. In one report the following passage occurs: 'A dime for the "movies" is not always to be had for the asking. There are thousands of New York tenement children who could never see Charlie Chaplin throw a custard pie or know the thrill of Bill Hart's exploits were it not for the free "movies" provided by "the Hudson Guild." Fifteen thousand is considered a small night's crowd at Chelsea Park, the "stamping-ground" of New York's congested lower West Side, where free entertainments are provided on Monday and Friday nights during the warm weather. The police say they have been having "a soft time" of it in the district since the "movies" have been drawing the trouble-makers off the streets.'

"A report of a large church organization shows that out of five of its aims, three are to provide recreation, games, dances, dramatic entertainments, and the majority of the items in a list of 'need' which the charitable are asked to supply are the funds or implements for amusement. That philanthropic people approve and support this form of charity there can be no doubt, but seeing the multitude and the magnitude of things waiting to be reformed in large towns, one wonders if pleasure provision is quite the most useful channel in which to direct so much power. On the other hand, it may be the precious alabaster box of spikenard ointment, which needed a Christ to recognize its power as a human restorative. The strenuous pace at which the people work and the rapidity of the life they lead may necessitate more pleasure. But the more radical treatment would be to secure better homes, higher education, and shorter work hours, thus enabling the people to live less feverishly."

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CURRENT - POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

THIS department holds in this issue some things that might make an Old Home Week. We exclude all alien voices and devote the space to ourselves. We are not so concerned with the poetic quality of the selections as with the thoughts that prompted them, for they seem to give us a hint of the way the mind of the country was turned on Decoration day.

In the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* are these lines by a boy who prefaces his poem by some words of autobiography:

"I am a high-school boy and have been a reader of your splendid paper for a number of years. I gloried in the fight you made to uphold the principles of Wilson. I have just read—and with a feeling of shame—Ambassador Harvey's speech, which he delivered in London. I believe that he can not and does not represent America. I also believe that in years to come, when the sunshine of love, truth, and understanding has dissolved away the mists of doubt, jealousy, and party hatred, President Wilson will stand out as the first great international statesman. To my mind, America, in rejecting the League, faltered when she might have led the world."

WILSON'S PRAYER

By Dow Edgerton

Lord of Nations,
For this sick and wasted body
I do not pray;
Keep sacred my country's honor
Just for to-day.
Make her pledges inviolate
All through the fray;
May thy precepts guide her statesmen
For these I pray.

Lord, for this tired and thought-worn mind
Ne'er would I fret;
But the blasted hopes of a world
Would I regret.
Let not that peace dream sink in dust
Or fade away;
For it was born on Calvary's Tree
And not to-day.

Lord, for this still and withered hand
I do not care;
Nor for the acid cup of hate
That I must bear.
But for the bleeding hearts of men
Who grope to-day
For the peace and love that is not
For these I pray.

"It must not be again!" 'Tis a phrase to conjure with; but how? One answer comes from the Middle West, the country that gave us the President, as Mr. Harvey avers. It is voiced by the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

"IT MUST NOT BE AGAIN"

By Miller Hageman

"It must not be again,"
So say the ghosts of men,
Whose lives they freely gave,
Democracy to save.

"It must not be again,"
The mothers of those men
Sigh, as the cost of war
Comes home to them once more.

"It must not be again,"
What is more natural, then,
Than that this mandate went
Straight to the President?

"It must not be again,"
The President hears when,
From prejudice apart
He listens to his heart.

"It must not be again,"
Challenges every pen
And every voice to give
The League a chance to live.

In the Far West is Pullman, Wash. If our end of the continent hears of it for the first time through the Pullman *Herald*, so much the worse for us. But, by the same token, we find the bond that unifies us:

MEMORIAL DAY, 1921

By Carl Philipp

Standing Guard on the River Meuse—
Here a squad and there a platoon;
There in the mist a lonely lad
Watching beneath the silent moon,
Eyes to the east, but heart at home—
Tell me, ye winds, that nightly roam:
Who are the boys on the River Meuse?

Answer the winds: "These shiver no more
When we carry the snow from an icy shore;
They dread not steel nor shell nor wave,
They are standing each man above his grave—
Michigan, Texas, Virginia, Maine,
Golden California—these are your slain,
Columbia's slain on the River Meuse."

Are they sighting the enemy bold,
A crafty marksman in yonder wold?
Are they awaiting the break of day
To meet the Prussian in bloody fray?
The haughty guards lie stark and still,
They've made their bed on marsh and hill,
They fight no more on the River Meuse.

Columbia's fallen, spirits free,
Past life's rancor and bitter hates,
See the dread enemy in you and in me
That batters against America's gates!
There is a Prussian in us all
Since the day of our father Adam's fall:
They are watching him on the River Meuse.

They are watching the boy who heeds no law,
The maiden sipping the poison bowl,
The slacker sneaking through the dark,
The soul-blind, money-grubbing mole,
The worker who sows not and wants to reap,
The rich man stealing the poor man's sheep;
They're watching them on the River Meuse.

Pale figures fade as the morning breaks,
Faint voices are wafted across the deep:
"Buddies, we're weary and crumbling away;
Who'll mount the guard so the dead may sleep?
Who'll grip the rifle and beat the drum?"
March, Legion, march, thine hour has come!
Bring peace to the boys on the River Meuse!

By the sound of bells in its lines this poem in the New York *Times* seems to answer the one from Washington and in a way cements the hand-clasp across a continent:

OUR SOLDIER DEAD

(A PROTEST)

By Herman Montagu Donner

Come toll
For the dead;
Not for their soul—
That has not fled!
Chant dole
For him who said
Death's toll
And our nation's dread
Were paid for a poor and selfish fear,
Ard not for mankind before Freedom's bier!

What! Did we send
Our stalwart sons
Paid help to lend
Greed's myrmidons?
Did we defend
Against the Huns
Some baser end
That knighthood shuns?
To-day are weeping kin bereft,
With such poor solace cheated, left?

If so,
Bow down the head;
Bend low,
And fresh tears shed!—
Oh, wo!
Less for the dead
They flow
Than those base-bred,
Who doomed them for aught lesser gain
Than rescue for a world in pain!

Nay, nay,
It is not true!
None may
Bid us to rue
That day
When Freedom's residue
Through sacrificial clay
Again to power grew!
O'er these, our offspring's hallowed remains,
We bless them for redemption's bitter pains.

Then ring
The muffled bells
That ring
Calm to the breast that swells
At slander's uttering.
Strike dumb the tongue that tells
So vile a thing
As that her children's lives Columbia sells!
We, their survivors, know these were her gift
That prostrate Liberty again her brow might lift!

So this Memorial Day,
Above their moldering clay
We rise to call them blest
In their eternal rest.
Their mortal part heroic bled o'er seas;
Their spirits light the Immortal Verities!

Toll, toll
A proud and solemn knell;
Each soul
Acclaim with reverential bell;
With iron tongues unroll
In mankind's ears,
Adown the years,
The inspiring rune these dead may no more tell!

In a page of verse of *The Christian Century* we find this—whether originally published or selected we can not tell:

DEBTOR

By Sara Teasdale

So long as my spirit still
Is glad of breath
And lifts its plumes of pride
In the dark face of death;
While I am curious still
Of love and fame,
Keeping my heart too high
For the years to tame,
How can I quarrel with fate
Since I can see
I am a debtor to life,
Not life to me?

A poem called "Poppies," quoted in our issue of May 14, was by an error attributed to *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang*, which evidently quoted it from *Everybody's*, where it originally appeared.

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GULBRANSEN Player-Piano

(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)

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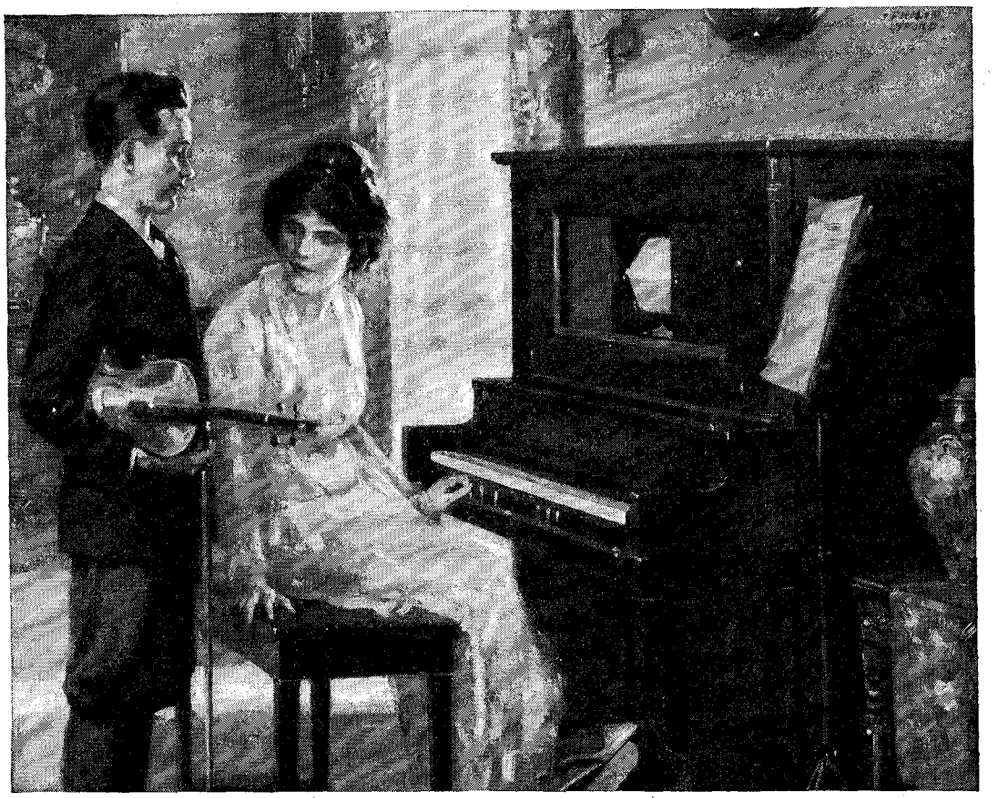

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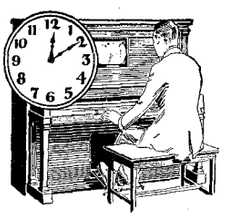

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PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

THE "LITTLE PRESBYTERIAN ELDER" IN THE CABINET

WILL H. HAYS, recently the conductor-in-chief of one of the most successful political campaigns that ever swept the country, now Postmaster-General in Harding's Cabinet, is an elder in the Presbyterian Church, doesn't chew, smoke, or violate the Eighteenth Amendment, goes to church "a lot," and is known in Washington as the "human perpetual-motion machine." So says Louis Siebold, recent winner of the Columbia prize for the year's best piece of journalism, who has been introducing the members of the Harding Cabinet in a series of articles in the New York *World*. He reaches Mr. Hays the fifth in his series, and finds the new Postmaster-General especially appealing, it appears, by contrast with his predecessor. In fact, says the journalist, Hays's "main job is to repair the damage Burleson left behind." The new Postmaster-General got on the job immediately. His energy, his apparent ability to be several places at once, suggested perpetual motion. Estimates of his weight do not range much above 115 pounds, and his height is probably not far from five-feet-two, says the writer:

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Frueh, in the New York "World."

"KEEN, CHIPPER, CONFIDENT, UNAFRAID, FRIENDLY, EFFICIENT."

These are some of the adjectives which totally unbiased newspaper correspondents apply to Mr. Will Hays, the new Postmaster-General, here shown both in an ordinary photograph and in an "interpretive caricature." He is also called "The Live Wire of the Administration," and is said to be known in Washington as "The Human Pepetual-Motion Machine," titles suggested by his very dynamic personality.

But there are tons of relentless energy packed away in the boy-sized frame of the new Postmaster-General, and somewhat more than the usual amount of gray matter lodged between the rather large ears that, with the piercing, restless black eyes, constitute the most conspicuous features of the elder's make-up.

He is the sort of little body that is frequently described as "dynamic," or of the "whirlwind" type. Nobody ever saw Hays in repose. Even when he is sitting still his keen eyes are searching out objects of interest and reflecting the activity of the brain behind them. He has taken possession (because that is the only suitable word) of the Post-office Department with the same vigor with which he directed the political battle that resulted in the election of Mr. Harding.

Within forty-eight hours after tackling the job Elder Hays was operating "all over the lot," as it were, which means that he had been in every room in the Post-office Department, conferred with the chiefs of every division, and mapped out a plan for a personal inspection of the post-offices of Pittsburgh, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Boston, and Baltimore.

He announced at the very outset that he was going to try to restore the Post-office Department to its legitimate function; make it a going business, and give the people their value for the money they have invested in the Department. Within a week he had established direct or indirect contact with every one of the 300,000 employees of the Department, and there has been no let-up since he "took possession."

Even when a bad cold that would have sent most men to the hospital compelled him to keep to his apartments at the Shoreham Hotel, Hays had a bunch of secretaries shedding orders from their typewriting machines all over the Department. He also kept two or three telephones buzzing uninterruptedly from morning till night. There is no question but that Hays is a fast worker. That is his chief indoor and outdoor sport. He can work with equal facility in a Pullman car, on a bucking steamship, in an airplane, or at his desk.

Some of his critics, and there are many of them, are unkind enough to say that there is a lot of "lost motion" about Hays, but none of them has ever charged that he is lazy, or even hinted at it. Hence the term "perpetual motion." When not "on the wing," or confined to his hotel, the new Postmaster-General is at his office at nine o'clock in the morning. He has that disagreeable habit of making appointments between eight and ten, which is a very unpopular period in official Washington for business. And when he is at his desk Hays is working "like a steam-engine" all the time.

He has that breezy, Western faculty, that almost amounts to genius, of making it appear that he has lots of time to talk with visitors and that actual work is a genuine pleasure, which, of course, is pure fiction.

I saw him the other morning in full play. He was shooting out orders and dictating to stenographers with pretty much the same precision as a modern printing-press reels off the sporting editions of an afternoon paper. Yet he found time in between frequent interruptions to discuss plans he has mapped out for the reform of the postal service.

The most important of these plans to the long-suffering victims of the Burleson system is that Hays is going to try to have letters delivered the same week, within a reasonable area, reduce the burdens on the taxpayers, and make a Herculean effort to restore the service generally to popular favor. He has in mind plans to accomplish these wholly desirable results that appear to be neither visionary nor impractical, and which seem to have been worked out along definite and logical lines. If energy will put them over, there is little question that it will be possible for the average citizen to speak of the Post-office Department without violating the Third Commandment.

Hays is an apostle of direct action. He approaches a thing with the air of a man who frankly wants to find out all about your grievance, and lends a sympathetic ear to your requests or suggestions. But whether he is sitting at his desk or skyrocketing up the street or riding in a Pullman car, he seems always to carry his work with him and to have something on his mind.

Not all of Mr. Hays's duties are of official character. He divides with Attorney-General Daugherty "the responsibility for looking out for the political interests of the administration," and also, as chairman of the Republican National Committee, he "comes in for most of the disagreeable consequences of the political victory." That is to say, "he has to make good, or explain why," on numerous obligations. He finds time to listen to the job-hunters in his apartments at his

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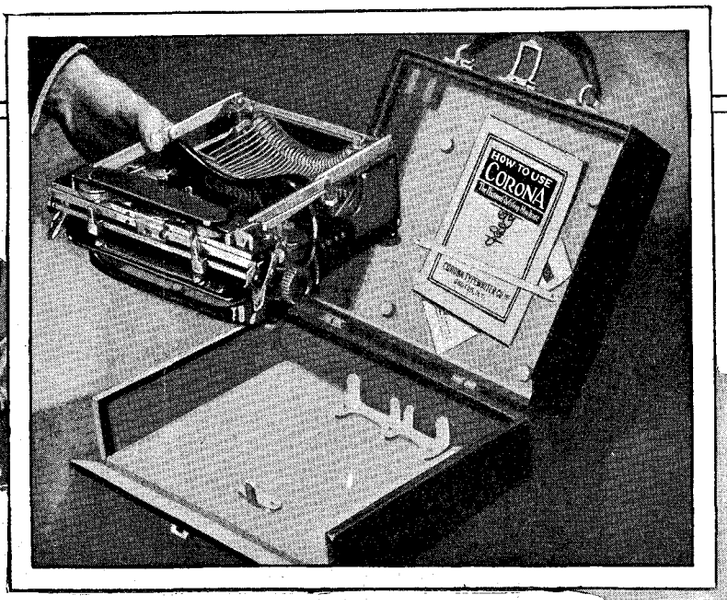

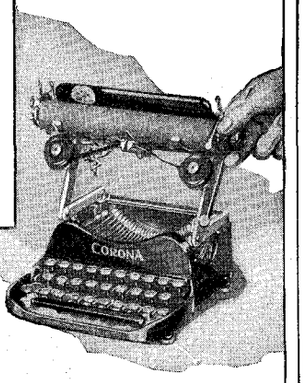

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YOU wouldn't carry a jack-knife open; nor a book, nor a traveling bag, nor a fountain pen. When you want to use them they're open, when you carry them they're closed.

Merely as a contributor to your convenience Corona's patented folding feature would be tremendously worth while. But there is another and more fundamental reason why it is of so much importance to you.

In no other way could you have *all* of the advantages of a normal, practical typewriter without the weight and bulk of a "standard" machine.

Take the type-bar as a specific instance. It is the same length as the type-bar of "standard" machines and it travels through the same 90 degree arc. Hence the same speed as a bulky machine, and the same lightness of touch.

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Ask him to show them. Open the case, unfold Corona and write —how responsive its action, how easy its touch. Fold it up, slip it back in its case and close the cover —now you'll understand the reason why Corona folds.

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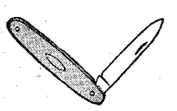

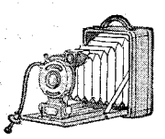

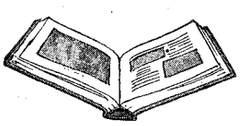

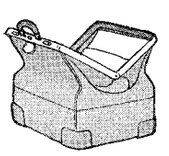

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hotel. The writer proceeds, in this sympathetic if slightly skeptical vein:

He further devotes most of his evenings to the same dubious occupation. Of course he'll tell you, as he did me, that no pledges were made during the Presidential campaign to appoint any man to any kind of a job.

That's what every politician who wins a battle always says. Perhaps Hays is right about it; nevertheless, the job-hunters daily line up about his apartments or maintain a vigilant eye upon the elevators to intervene as soon as his diminutive form flashes through the doorway. Of course there are a lot of complaints that Hays has "not made good," or that he is not as sympathetic as he should be to "fellows like us that won the election." That is also a consequence of a political victory.

The soreheads also charge Hays with passing the buck to Harry Daugherty, or the President himself, who does not entirely escape accusations of "ingratitude." But as a whole Hays manages to appease or placate the job-seekers without losing their friendship.

He works hard enough to get them what they want, and it is quite probable that his failure always to do so is the result of circumstances which he can not control. The professionals generally accord him with a sincere interest in urging the distribution of jobs with an exact sense of fairness. He does not always, of course, succeed, mainly because other members of the Cabinet who control the awarding of patronage have plans and candidates of their own.

Most of the trouble experienced by Hays is in trying to comply with the wide-spread demand for the cancelation of the executive order promulgated by President Wilson requiring competitive examinations for post-office jobs, which has the same effect as a civil-service regulation.

Members of Congress generally are opposed to a revocation of the order, because it will save them a lot of trouble with their constituents. Experience has taught Congressmen that it is much safer to place the blame for their failure to land a constituent in a post-office on an executive order than it is to have to discriminate between several competitors for it.

Wherefore, they cheerfully pass the buck up to Hays and let it go at that. Whether Hays is really in favor of perpetuating the Wilson merit system is probably known only to himself. It is a fair assumption that he is in favor of it because the perpetuation of it will constitute a highly protective barrier against trouble for himself as well as members of Congress.

He has to face a certain amount of criticism directed against his political methods, especially "in conducting the crusade against the Wilson Administration." However—

His friends assert complete justification on the ground that "you have to be tricky in Indiana politics or you won't get anywhere." Hays, who is ostentatiously frank (as all good Presbyterian elders should be), seems to be content to let the critics harp.

He is Postmaster-General and still chairman of the Republican National Committee, both of which offices carry with them a highly important degree of prestige. He is going to quit his job as the national boss in a week or two and devote himself entirely to "reestablishing the Post-office Department in the good graces of the American people." There is no question that he will work hard enough to do so, because any change in the Burlesonian method is certain to meet with popular approval.

If Hays has any fads or outside diversions he sedulously keeps them under cover. He doesn't appear to care for anything but work. He doesn't play golf; rarely, if ever, goes to the theater; doesn't know one card from another; neither smokes, chews, nor violates the Eighteenth Amendment. He is a keen student of public affairs, an omnivorous reader of newspapers, and when not actually at work likes to talk international politics.

He is the youngest member of the Cabinet, having just passed his forty-first birthday. His one habit is going to church. The only medal he ever won was for constant attendance at Sunday-school. He is married and has one child, a boy of six.

A rather more intimate and chatty, and equally friendly, view of the new Postmaster-General is presented by Edward G. Lowry in the *New Republic*. "Will Hays doesn't belong in the Post-office Department," says Mr. Lowry—

He ought to be out at the Bureau of Standards in the case in the vault with the meter bar and the kilogram from which all our standards of weights and measures are derived. For Mr. Hays is a standard of measure and of value himself. He is the 100 per cent. American we have all heard so much talk about. Submit him to any test and you get a perfect reaction. He doesn't even stain the litmus paper. Apply any native or domestic standard and he complies with it to a hair-line. He is as indigenous as sassafras root. He is one of us. He is folks. As such I like him and as such I sing him. . . . . .

You must have read a paragraph, as I did, in the newspapers the other day telling how Postmaster-General Hays has hung his office latch-string out in fact. The word "private" has vanished from the door, and you just walk in when you want to see him. Inside you'll find a huge room with Mr. Hays at his desk in one corner and a lot of chairs scattered around. Mr. Hays will hand you his engagement list for the day, and you can see for yourself how he is fixed for time, pick out your own slice of any not already appropriated, and then camp in a chair across the room until your time comes. Conferences are held in sight, if not in actual hearing, of everybody who happens to be in the room, and there is no usher, secretary, confidential clerk, messenger, or other functionary to deal with.

This procedure does not apply to Senators, but, then, no rule or procedure does apply to them in Washington.

You must have read also how Mr. Hays dictates to three stenographers at once and how he arrived at his office one day before any of the clerks had reported. Well, it's all true. I thought it was press-agent stuff, and the most perfunctory and conventional press-agent stuff at that, until I went down to the Post-office Department to find out for myself. But the performance is actually put on as advertised. Any one may come in. Seats free; strangers welcome. . . . . .

Mr. Hays is at least a contemporary, if not a modernist. He believes in the form of government of the United States of America, the Presbyterian Church, of which he is an elder, as was his father before him, and the Republican party. He accepts and concedes the advantage of such modern things as stem-winding watches, self-starters, and demountable rims. He is not hide-bound. And if I may venture to introduce our native speech into these undefiled precincts, I'll tell the world that he wears snappy clothes. Not all the young men in all the spring-clothes advertisements have anything on him as a nobby dresser.

He honestly believes, too, in the freedom of the press, and does not fear that Max Eastman or anybody else can make a dent, much less impede, retard, or impair the institutions and principles he cherishes. The day that I called upon him to verify his open-door policy he was considering the case of the *Liberator*, and we talked about it.

Mr. Hays was clearly puzzled to discover a reason or rule of action that made a publication unfit to associate in the mails with other second-class matter but mailable at a higher rate of postage. It was no surprize when he restored the *Liberator* to the second-class privilege and refunded the excess postage that had been paid. Also I came away with the impression that Mr. Hays has not forgotten what he learned in his schoolboy days, that gas, hot air, or steam commonly are not dangerous or destructive unless confined and compressed. Given a vent, they are just vapors and will do us no harm. Mr. Hays very plainly does not want to be a censor; he is sure about that.

Mr. Hays couldn't be other than what he is—a typical native product—for he comes from what Joe Mitchell Chapple would call the great, throbbing heart of the country, meaning Sullivan, Sullivan County, Ind., which is right on the edge of the center of population. He is not a rustic. But neither is he urban. Certainly he is not suburban, as I once thought. Groping for the right phrase, I should say he is more like a visiting Elk who knows his way about. He is forty-one years old. He has been in politics all his life. He is interested and engrossed in the game every day in the year. He was a precinct committeeman before he was twenty-one. Being a Republican chairman of something or other has been his life career. He has been chairman of his County Committee, State Advisory Committee, speakers' bureau of the State Committee, district chairman, and chairman of the State Central Committee, and now he is chairman of the Republican National Committee. He has come to the end of the chairmanships his party has to offer. He has played out the string.

While I have not read every page of it, I know that his life is an open book, for he has been in nearly every big factional fight in Indiana for twenty years, and I have known fights out there so bitter and so searching that they were willing to go back to a man's great-great-grandfather, and what he had done to the Indians, to get something on him. Hays has come through as clean as a smelt. He is a shrewd, lively, industrious, average human being, having a very good time out of life. He is not a great man, but, then, who is here at Washington—or anywhere else? Mostly they seem to be running in the medium sizes these days.

Mr. Hays is doing a good job in the Post-office Department. He is restoring its morale and its efficiency by great leaps. Presently, by your leave, I hope to make a detailed report on that. It is a story that deserves telling.

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Twenty-three years ago radium was unknown. Today, thanks to constant laboratory work, the power of this most unusual of elements is at your disposal. Through the medium of Undark, radium serves you safely and surely.

Does Undark really contain radium? Most assuredly. It is radium, combined in exactly the proper manner with zinc sulphide, which gives Undark its ability to shine *continuously* in the dark.

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The next time you fumble for a lighting switch, bark your shins on furniture, wonder vainly what time it is *because of the dark*—remember Undark. *It shines in the dark.* Dealers can supply you with Undarked articles.

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Because of its richness, if served "straight," Welch's should be sipped from small glasses. It is a wholesome fruit course for breakfast and a valuable addition to all menus.

For all social gatherings, Welch's is the foundation of many tempting beverages. The Welch Hi-Ball is a favorite at Fountain or Club. Welch's gives most attractive color, body and taste to a punch. Welch's may be blended with ginger ale or lemonade, or be diluted simply with plain or charged water. It should be served cold, always.

Remember that Welch's is a pure fruit juice. Its cost is based on the cost of fruit. Its value is the value of purity and healthfulness.

Order Welch's by the bottle from your grocer, druggist or confectioner. Three sizes, quarts, pints and juniors. Tell the children to ask for the Welch Hi-Ball at the Fountain. Welch's has been the grape juice of known quality since 1869. Say Welch's and get it.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

"THE BITTERNESS OF LIFE" ON THE ROAD TO ULSTER

TRENCHES and holes, made to serve the same purpose they served in France during the war, "pock-mark" many Irish lanes. A young Englishman who recently walked most of the way from Dublin to Belfast became so used to these signs of warfare that he refers to them as "the usual trenches and holes," in his descriptions of the country through which he passed. Shooting, it appears, is almost always going on somewhere within the hearing of a traveler. Men walk abroad in "hourly peril of their lives." The bitterness of life in Ireland to-day, says this correspondent, is far greater than at any time in his memory. The writer himself, who contributes his account to the London *Times*, is introduced by his paper merely as "a young Englishman, unconnected with the staff of any newspaper, who determined, on his release from his military duties, to visit Ireland and form his own opinions." His story runs in part:

The abiding impression of Limerick is of the soldiers walking through the streets in their curious patrol formation. A line of six men in fighting order with arms at the trail comes first, followed by a file of men on opposite sides of the street, then the officer and his senior N.C.O. in the center of the roadway, another file of men, and another line.

In Limerick more than elsewhere there was strongly present a sense of sinister and subterranean forces at work—tho, indeed, this feeling is prevalent throughout Ireland. The brooding shadow of the mayors, O'Callaghan and Clancy (and of less notorious deeds which will never see the light of day), still lay upon the place. I was particularly impressed with this impending quality when walking back from the northern outskirts one hot evening. Soldiers and girls were strolling arm in arm under the new-flowering lilacs and chestnuts, white-clad young men and women were playing lawn-tennis in gardens, old men were smoking and talking on the veranda of a club that overlooks the river. A more peaceful scene could hardly be imagined. . . . At each end of the Sarsfield and Thomond bridges pickets of soldiers with fixt bayonets were posted. A military band was playing somewhere near, and I found it eventually huddled away in a yard up an alley, nobody taking any notice except a sentry, who stood at the entrance. And even as you watched the river scene and the red houses on the farther bank warmed by the sunset, the sound of shots came—as usual at that hour—from across the Shannon.

Nor was my visit to Limerick without insight into what can only be called the bitterness of life in Ireland to-day. I talked with the Corporation on the morning of their Mayor's arrest, talked with the General and the military who walk abroad, armed and in hourly peril of their lives, talked with two leading rebels in Limerick Jail, talked with an English Protestant who, two years ago, was kicked by Sinn-Feiners at Newcastle West, and whose fate as a result is a slowly creeping death. I learned of the decay of the city, of the abso-

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lute lack of buying and selling, of the markets that can not be held, and of the country people who on market-days are turned back from the gates of the town.

I took train for the northeast, being entertained throughout the journey by one of those merry old Irishmen who, *per se*, proclaim "Ireland a nation." All the way he talked and sang songs, telling one anecdote after another, telling a friend of how he used to play the "carnet" in the local band and of how his father had told him (early) that "he'd a voice like a crow or a bridge falling."

Once he opened a Dublin paper: "Ah! John Traynor—they've hanged him." He took off his hat. "He's joined the souls of those who've died for Ireland."

Dundalk, in Louth, is a hotbed of Sinn Fein, but at Newry, just inside Down, you find the true gate of Ulster, with a population almost exactly half and half. The turnpike between is the main one from Dublin to Belfast. Where the woods came down to the road at Ravensdale, a bridge had been damaged, and for three or four miles the telegraph wires had been systematically cut. Beyond Newry, however, over the thirteen miles to Banbridge, conditions were normal, except for an extraordinary absence of traffic. At Banbridge I noticed three ruined houses, and was informed that they had been the property of Sinn-Feiners and had been burned to the ground by the Protestants after the murder of a local man in Cork.

My first experience of Ulster folk was in a little town which must be nameless, but in which I found two cordial and hospitable friends, who long after curfew ran the blockade of the police with a bottle of whisky for my especial benefit. In a little office at the back of a shop, lit by a candle and surrounded by all manner of strange wares, we sat discussing the Ulster question far into the small hours.

"We won't go under Dublin," was their constant refrain. "They simply want our money. It's all very well to talk about safeguards now, but this is a question that involves our whole future. We never wanted the present Act, but, rebels and murderers as they are, we'll meet them on the Council of Ireland, and when they show they know how to behave themselves, perhaps we'll think it over."

I afterward retracted my steps to Newry, and was reminded of a far-off September day when I had marched in that very long procession of Border Protestants, one and all determined to sign the covenant in the presence of their leader, Sir Edward Carson, Captain Craig, and the present Lord Chancellor. To-day — how different! Sometimes a man, seeing you were English, would come up and talk to you in the street out of friendliness; at the same street corner a group would scowl at you in the old way. In a garden a white-bearded old man walked up and down all day long as one who bears up against grief. His sons, I was informed, had been arrested among those accused of throwing bombs at the police in the previous week and were awaiting their trial; he himself had been fined ten pounds for having their revolvers, unwittingly, hidden in his house.

My last evening in Ireland was very wild, very strange. . . . Rain swept up at dusk and, driving over Newry's gray roof-tops, lashed furiously the mountain-tops of Mourne. The Black and Tans were more than usually active after curfew—there had been trouble out Carlingford way—and every few minutes the Crossley cars, with their dark green freights, rushed past, firing shots as they went.

June Joys

Don't let your children miss them

Mix Puffed Rice with your berries. These flimsy, flavory morsels add what crust adds to a shortcake. Any fruit dish is made doubly delicious when you blend them in.

Garnish ice cream with Puffed Rice. The grains are like airy nut-meats. Use them in candy making. Scatter either Puffed Grain in your soups.

Douse with melted butter for hungry children in the afternoons.

Puffed Grains are not mere breakfast dainties. They are food confections—airy, flavory, toasted tidbits, to be used in many ways.

But with all they are whole-grain foods, with every granule fitted to digest. Every food cell is exploded. Every atom feeds.

These are the best-cooked cereals in existence. They are the best-liked cereals, too. In summer, serve them morning, noon and night. No other method supplies whole-grain foods in such hygienic form.

Invented by Prof. Anderson, the food expert. Made by causing 100 million steam explosions inside every kernel.

Puffed Wheat
Toasted bubbles of whole wheat

Puffed Rice
Puffed to 8 times normal size

At Night

The ideal dish is Puffed Wheat in milk. It means whole wheat made easy to digest. And every airy grain is a tidbit.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

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THE BRIGHT SIDE OF PEONAGE, BY A MAN ON THE SPOT

"A NATIONAL ATTITUDE OF MIND calculated to bring about the most satisfactory possible adjustment of relations between the races," said President Harding in his first message to Congress, is one of the most immediate needs of America. Among the points of view that must be taken into consideration in making up such a national attitude is that of "a Georgia cotton farmer," who writes "a personal testimony" in *The Independent* (New York). He goes so far as to defend the institution of so-called "peonage," as practised in parts of the South. It is the abuse of this system, in his estimation, and not the system itself which works hardship. His attitude in the matter, he writes, in the course of a temperately phrased little article, is based on the belief—which he presumably shares with thousands of other Southerners living in the midst of a situation that the rest of the country views from a distance—set forth in the following explicit paragraph:

White men are ruled by reason and race pride; black people by their affections and sense of loyalty. My belief in my white point of view leads me to take a stand that may not look just or even reasonable to outsiders, but all of us farmers feel the same way; we live in the midst of a situation and must meet it day in and day out. I never have had a cruel thought toward any negro, and I deal fairly with them in every relation of life. And yet I must be firm in my control of them, to some extent.

The terrible lessons of the "Reconstruction Period," right after 1865, make me absolutely deny them any sort of political equality, law or no law. We say that they shall not vote, and they don't; that's final. Why, there are 9,000 of them in my county and only 5,000 whites, so you see that white supremacy can only be maintained in my way—and it surely is.

The writer's statement of his attitude appeared shortly before the Tulsa race war came to emphasize the lessons of the so-called "peonage" cases in Georgia. It came when such liberal newspapers as the New York *World*, and such liberal critics as Rollin Lynde Hart, author of a number of articles on the present status of the negro, were proclaiming a new sort of negro, one who was no longer "docile and easily lynched," as Mr. Dooley once described him. The war is said to be largely responsible for this new variety of colored man. *The World* declares: "He is asserting his right to live under the white man's law and have the privileges and immunities and guaranties of that law." To this attitude the Georgia cotton farmer is, by training and experience, especially by association with a large negro population, thoroughly opposed. The Georgian thus begins his presentation of a Southerner's point of view:

I am a Georgia cotton farmer, and my family has lived on and tilled my lands ever since the American Revolution ended; our first titles were in compensation for military services rendered in that struggle. We were slaveholders from early colonial times to the end of the Civil War, and believed that there was a great difference between white and black people—and I do, too. I say this in no harsh sense, but in a belief that only by recognition of that as an absolute fact, legally, socially, and morally, can any solution ever be found of the problem that will be either just or lasting.

The newspapers have recently filled the public mind with the "peonage" cases in Georgia, arising out of the trial and conviction of Williams for the murder of eleven of his negro farm-hands in my neighboring Georgia county. They make much of the fact that a sort of involuntary servitude exists in Georgia; and our able Governor, Hugh M. Dorsey, has published a pamphlet detailing about 150 cases of white outrages against negroes that he claims have occurred in my beloved native State. Maybe he knows what he is saying, but then again maybe he is like the Federal slacker list—talking only to be contradicted.

The writer desires that the negroes be protected in their lives, property and domestic relations, and their freedom of religious belief, but he "will not accept them either as political or social equals," and he doesn't believe that the vast majority of them want either condition. He admits:

I feel that they do not have a square deal in many ways, particularly regarding their health, and will gladly do all I can to get it for them, for they are a weak, trustful, easily led people, and have no sense of race cohesion and are thus easy victims.

Whatever the centuries to come may bring forth, the present is problem enough, and can only be solved by calm-thinking men right here among us, not by Federal legal interference or outside social pressure.

They are here to stay and must be protected against many things.

"Peonage" is a word that somebody got up to mean getting a negro out of jail and making him work on a farm for little or no wages or return to prison. This is partly true. Ordinarily it works this way: Big Sambo gets into trouble and is arrested and jailed, wants to get out right away, and sees his only hope in "his white man," since very few negroes can make a bail-bond, or will, for anybody. So he sends for the man he works for, or rents land from, or obtains credit from at a country store. The white man is willing enough to sign the bond—much smaller in negro cases than in the same grade of offense by whites, of course—but very naturally asks some sort of security for his money risk; any bondsman asks that. The negro has only his future labor to pledge, and he promptly agrees to "work it out," which means that he agrees to return to work, stay there, and devote much of his earnings to paying this debt, first and above all others.

Under this condition he merely goes on working, while the charge against him is usually not pressed, but merely results in the bond being forfeited and the sum paid, in lieu of a regular fine levied by a judge, after regular trial.

"Our reason for omitting trial in negro cases is this," the anonymous writer explains: "We are a poor little agricultural community, and can barely raise enough money to run the county very cheaply and give a good education to white and black children alike, patch up the muddy old roads, and hope for better times some day." It is a situation hard to get around, for, as he continues:

If we should have trials for even two hundred criminal cases a year—and if we actually carried out the letter of the law against black people in the same strict way we deal with our white residents—we would have many times two hundred annually. The expenses would be impossible.

Furthermore, if we convicted even one hundred negroes annually, we could not possibly raise, by taxation, the $65,000 which the chain-gang keepers tell me it would cost to guard, feed, and clothe them for a year. All the work that they could do on our roads would not equal that in value, even if we could raise the money. So you see we can not strictly execute white men's laws against black men for a very good reason. Poverty prevents us from having a parole system, so we arrange otherwise.

We can not allow them to even have one another arrested just because they want to swear out a warrant; for experience has taught us that they merely desire to use the criminal law to annoy by having somebody locked up and then never pressing the case to trial. Therefore our magistrates and grand juries exercise discretion.

Our critics usually charge that this is closing the courts to negroes; well, our critics don't have to pay the bills for those courts. We temper the laws of Georgia to the negro's weakness, and where he gets six months or a fine of $50, a white man would get two years or $500 fine for the same offense. It would be a cruelty that I could not endure being practised to hold them to the same accountability to the law as a white person.

"Peonage" at its worst is mighty bad and is about like this: some white farmers want to make more money, and they make an agreement with the "courthouse ring," as we call the combination of petty county officials who live around the courthouse, so that when any wandering negro man is jailed this farmer will be sent for in much the same way that the professional bondsman in the city is called in. The poor darky, friendless and anxiously desiring to get out, willingly avails himself of the bondsman and agrees to "work it out," and is straightway transferred to the farm where he works at whatever little wages are doled out to him for a very long time. Meanwhile, the "case" is called, the bond forfeited in regular form of the law and promptly paid, and the accused declared a fugitive from justice. But no effort is then made to find him, for the game isn't played that way.

If he fulfils his obligation nothing is ever heard of the "case," if he attempts to run away or fails in his work, why the majesty of the law suddenly wakes up, and he is arrested as a fugitive and jailed. Then he can take his choice between the chain-gang or returning to work under a doubled burden of such debt.

Under such conditions it is only natural that the officers of

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LINCOLN ARC WELDER

You Trust Your Life To Arc Welding

Today and every day you are trusting your life to electric arc welding.

As you read these words, crowded railroad trains in every corner of the land are making mile a minute speed and depending for safety on locomotive frames, boiler sheets and other vital parts made or repaired by arc welding. Automobiles by the million are carrying their human loads safely on axles, frames and drive shafts which are made by the intense heat of the electric arc. Steamships, motor trucks, street cars, all make constant use of this process in their manufacture or repair.

Yet, many of the same men who daily trust their lives to this wonderful process have never thought to investigate it or apply its remarkable money- and time-saving possibilities to their own work.

Are you overlooking these possibilities?

Here are facts which may enable you to judge.

Wherever iron or steel parts—plates, sheets, tubes, bars, forgings or castings—are joined together to make a product—

Wherever breakage or wear of metal parts calls for replacement or repair—

Wherever slight defects or errors in manufacture cause scrapping of castings, forgings or stampings—

In every such case it is more than likely that electric arc welding will pay handsome dividends.

Twenty Lincoln Welding Engineers

are working every day—inspecting plants, estimating costs and reporting to the management *without expense* the possibilities for arc welding. In one month they found 381 such opportunities, which plant owners had overlooked.

Why wait for these men to get around to you? Send for one of them and let him look over your shop. We will stand behind any welding work he recommends and guarantee results.

72-Page Welding Book—illustrated with several hundred welding jobs—sent on request to any firm

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If Falling Hair *Hurt—!*

IF pain were caused by every hair that falls nobody would need to be warned against growing bald. But thinning hair is already thin before the fact is realized.

Nature trusts us to care for the hair and scalp without pain warnings and provides natural help—the help of the elements which are blended together in Packer's Tar Soap.

Packer's Tar Soap is made from healing and stimulating *pine* tar,—fragrant of the pine forests from which it comes, from glycerine and bland vegetable oils. And yet, with these beneficial ingredients, it is not, after all, so much what the soap itself does, as what it assists Nature to do by cleansing and by gently stimulating natural processes. The fullest benefits come from using it regularly according to the directions. Why deprive your hair of these benefits for a single day—buy Packer's (cake or liquid) from your druggist now.

For forty-nine years Packer's Tar Soap has had the distinction of extensive use by the medical profession.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

(CAKE OR LIQUID)

Send 25 cents for these three Samples, or 10 cents for any one of them

Half-cake of PACKER'S TAR SOAP, good for several refreshing shampoos — 10 cents. Your druggist has the full-size cake.

Liberal sample bottle of the finest liquid soap we know how to make — PACKER'S LIQUID TAR SOAP — delightfully perfumed — 10c. Or buy the full-size 6-oz. bottle at your druggist's.

Liberal sample bottle of PACKER'S CHARM, a skin lotion of peculiar efficacy — 10 cents. Sold in one convenient size, by most druggists.

The "Packer" Manual (free.)

A wealth of practical information is presented in our Manual "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp." This Manual, now in its fifth large edition, reflects current medical opinion and sums up what the makers of Packer's Tar Soap have learned about hair health during almost half a century. A copy of the Manual will be sent free on request.

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Dept. 84F, 120 West 32nd Street New York City

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

the law obligingly arrange it so that a supply of cheap farm labor is handy for their white friends or actual partners.

There was "a leading young lady" in the writer's own county, we are told, "who just broke the Federal peonage law all to pieces." He says: "I will tell you the story and leave you to judge what you would have done in such a case if she had been actually arrested and you were one of her jurors." This is the situation:

Billie is a fine type of young negro farmer. He got into a fight one Sunday near his church, and that resulted in his being jailed for assault and battery and carrying concealed weapons, for a rusty old pistol fell out of his pocket. He appealed to his sister and she "saw her white folks" (she was the cook), and this lady went on Billie's bond for $200, and he moved to her farm and agreed to work it out. This resulted in his receiving $30 monthly (good wages down here, where house, food, fuel, and spare-time earnings are included), and $10 monthly was deducted until the sum was paid off, tho the lady had advanced it in cash to get him out of jail.

That was years ago, and never have I seen a better negro than Billie has turned out to be. Yet the way it all "worked," including Billie's daily knowledge tha if he attempted to run away or idled, or was at all troublesome, all the lady had to do was to tell the sheriff and Billie would immediately find himself jailed as a fugitive from justice, s as I tell you.

Prohibition, the low price of cotton, and the revived Kluklux Klan also play a considerable part in the situation, for, as we read:

Recently the prohibition law has resulted in negroes doing most of the whisky-making, heretofore strictly the privilege of the small white farmers. You see, heavy losses in cotton, dropping from forty to ten cents last year, drove farmers, merchants, and bankers to resort to distilling to make up. It was found best in every respect to have darkies do the actual work, mainly because white men know that it goes hard with them before the Federal courts, and their bonds, too, are very high. Our State officials rarely interfere to enforce the Volstead Act, and, one way or another, are often interested parties in those stills. Illicit distilling used to be held to be a disgrace, but times have changed.

I know a fine young white farmer, an "A. E. F." soldier with a record for bravery and soldierly qualities; he tried hard to make a cotton crop in 1920, but came out deeply in debt, so he turned to run off enough corn whisky to pay up and save his little farm. Somebody operating a negro still got the idea that he was competing and had him arrested. I gladly helped bail him out. Some families refused him social recognition and some stood by him; that split the county as nothing has in fifty years. The old-fashioned people "cut" him, while the boys and girls who had fought or done war work stood by him. His friends denounced the "whisky ring," and then shots were fired at darkies running stills for white men, and things got pretty hot. Some people took up this new cry of "peonage" and wrote to the newspapers, and Federal agents appeared to investigate. Then came the newest element in our troubled community, the Kluklux Klan.

It seems that there is a new fraternal order, with headquarters in Atlanta, Ga.,

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which calls itself "The Invisible Empire of the Kuklux Klan." Colonel Simmons is the "Imperial Wizard," and it has branches now all over the United States and numbers its members by tens of thousands. This is not the old-time Kuklux Klan of the post-Civil-War period; that largely ceased to exist in the seventies.

Well, when some folks here found that shooting at the negroes, breaking up their stills, and scaring them did not stop them, the real Kuklux of old days seems to have revived, for two reasons: to protect the young white distillers, and to stop the negroes from making whisky for themselves or any one.

Then this new Kuklux seems to have done a little amateur night-riding. People tell me that once they were having a ghostly parade of men and horses, such as you all have seen in that film, "Birth of a Nation," along moonlighted roads, when they were amazed to see another band of hard-riding Kuklux dash right across their path. This caused the new ones to beat a hasty retreat.

I know that the old Kuklux is, and yet is not, affiliated with this new fraternal order, and so it turns out that the Kuklux, whatever sort they are, are absolutely known to be "out" for two purposes, as the rudely scrawled signs which people find on their door-steps show: to protect the independent young white distillers, and to stop the making of whisky by negroes, for themselves or for white men.

The Klan proposes to stop the negroes without recourse to the courts, while the type of men who really carry on "peonage" desire also to stop them, but prefer to have them arrested, and thus get them back to work as farm-hands, deeper in debt and more easily controlled—such is their fear of Federal cases—than ever before.

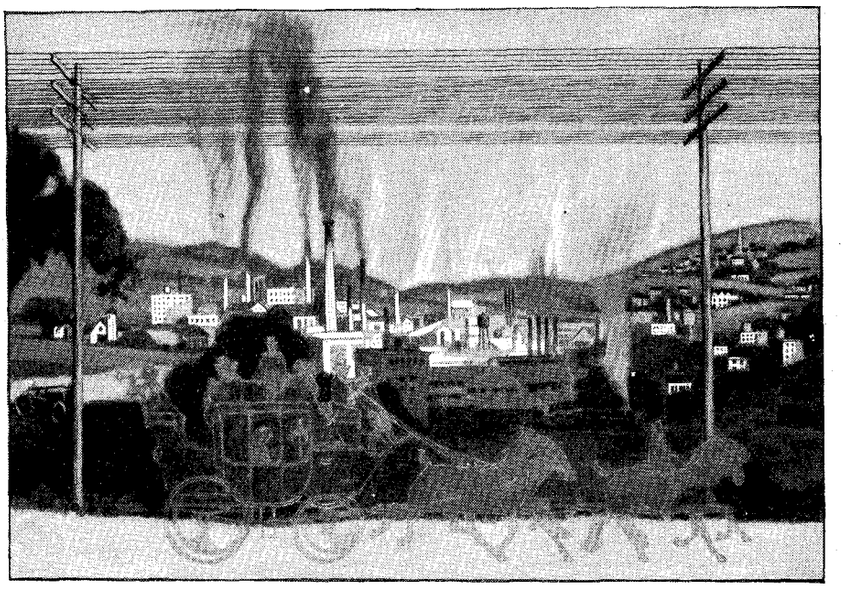
I know that the present low price of cotton also has its bearing, in that cotton can only be raised at to-day's prices, or for less than thirty cents a pound, for that matter, by mighty cheap negro labor; and this peonage game is one sure way to get cheap labor.

May I say that I saw the whole war through right here at home, and bear my testimony to the devoted patriotism and sturdy manhood and womanhood of the American negro? Every call made by their country they met, and did their full duty. I find that the negro boys who went overseas have returned to us bettered by that trip; they are happy to be home and at work, and nobody can complain that having lived under other social conditions than those here in the South has had the slightest tendency to make them troublesome in any respect.

In view of their race's valiant services in the Great War, surely some means that is practical ought to be found to protect them, alike from themselves and from those of the white race who care more for money than for human happiness, black or white.

A good many commentators, stirred by the race riots in Tulsa, disagree with the writer's observation that the colored attitude is unchanged since the war. The war raised both the economic and social status of the negro, *The Rocky Mountain News* points out, and ex-President Taft, writing of the Tulsa riots, concludes, in the Washington *Post:*

Race pride and confidence in the prowess of negro veterans of the late war have been stirred to aid in the incitement.



". . . places far apart are brought together, to the present convenience and advantage of the Public and to the certain destruction, in time, of a host of petty jealousies, blindnesses and prejudices, by which the Public alone have always been the sufferers."
From Charles Dickens' Preface to Pickwick Papers.

The Advance of Understanding

Even romance of sixty brief years ago could not imagine the great advance heralded by the passing of the stage coach. The railway and telegraph were coming into their own; but the telephone had not been so much as dreamed about.

Yet the wise men of that day saw the imperative need. They saw the value of every step which brought people into closer communication with each other. They knew this to be the one way to increase understanding; and to eliminate the "host of petty jealousies, blindnesses and prejudices, by which the Public alone have always been the sufferers."

Then came the telephone. And with its coming time and distance are swept away and a hundred million people are made neighbors.

Places far apart are brought together by 34,000,000 conversations a day over the Bell System.

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One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

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Some Men Swear—Others Just Smoke

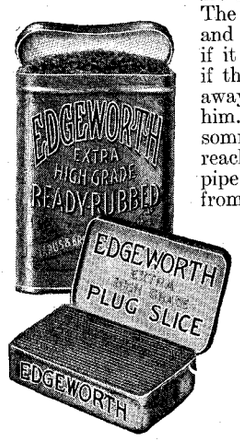
This is just another fisherman's story. A pipe and tobacco have something to do with it. Somehow when a man's in the worst luck, a few pulls at the little old pipe help to buck up his courage, make him able to grin and yell, "Next!" But the story:

The late William Marion Reedy went tuna fishing off the Pacific Coast. "The tuna are kept in a roundhouse somewhere over near Japan," he wrote, "and one of them is released every so often to make the round trip of the Pacific."

Out in a motor launch with a boatman, he finally hooked one—a sixty-pounder—no, by Jove, an eighty-pounder. The boat had to do a merry-go-round to keep the line from going under the keel. He reeled and unreeled to keep the line from parting. For 1 hour and 11 minutes man and fish fought. Then the tuna seemed tired out; it began to come in, when:

"The boatman stoops for the gaff and the fisherman raises the pole to an approximation of the perpendicular—crack! The line parts like a fiddle-string and one end whips around the pole. The fish sinks like a stone.

"The fisherman looks at the boatman, who looks back one glance, then turns to his levers. Not a word! The fisherman sits down and looks at the sea as if it were not there—as if the tuna had plunged away with the life of him. Wearily, almost somnambulistically, he reaches for pouch and pipe and fills the latter from the former and strikes a match."



Some men swear —others just smoke.

It helps a lot to have the right tobacco at hand in times of hard luck.

That may be Edgeworth.

Only you can tell that.

Without making any foolish claims that it *must* be the right tobacco for you, we invite you to try it and judge it.

Simply send us your name and address on a postcard. If you will add the name of the dealer to whom you will go for more in case you like Edgeworth, we would appreciate that courtesy on your part.

We will despatch to you samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is formed into flat cakes and then sliced into thin, moist wafers. One slice rubbed for a second between the hands furnishes an average pipeful.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is already rubbed for you. You pour it straight from the can into the bowl of your pipe.

Both kinds pack nicely, light quickly, and burn freely and evenly.

For the free samples which we would like you to judge, address Larus & Brother Company, 5 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

POTÉ, MURDER-SUSPECT, MILLIONAIRE, SUICIDE, AND "BOSS" OF CUBA

"A STRANGE, a sinister, and a dominating figure," in the words of a newspaper correspondent, more truly, it might appear, the fantastic creation of a fiction-maker's brain than a man of real flesh and blood, was the Cuban millionaire called "Poté," who died the other day in Havana. A murder was the foundation for his career, and his suicide ended it. He was reputed, a year ago, says E. de Laureal Slevin, who writes a brief biography of him in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, to be the richest man in Cuba, yet he chose to live "in magnificent squalor," and his "miserable ending" fitted his way of life. Collarless, coatless, and hatless, "he was accustomed to call on Cabinet members and legislators and give his orders." He was a remarkable example, says his biographer, of what can be accomplished by the constant, ruthless application of all one's power to a single purpose. He got what he wanted, at least till the recent turn in the sugar market reduced his fortune to little more than $10,000,000, but the irony of his success came out in his confession, shortly before his death, that "the wealth which had cost him forty years of unremitting toil had not yielded him one hour of happiness." Mr. Slevin writes of him:

"*Ferve el Poté*" (the pot boils) was his watchword, his motto, his invariable form of salutation, expressive of the constancy with which his mind dwelt at every moment upon money-getting; and so he came to be called Poté (Po-tay), a name familiar to millions to whom José Lopez Rodriguez would have meant nothing—the name which appeared in the big head-lines announcing the suicide of Cuba's most famous millionaire, the maker of other millionaires and the breaker of many, the man to whom all went for help in time of sorest need, to be given it or the *coup de grâce*, as best suited Poté's book.

Not more than five feet in height, Poté had the powerful, thick-set frame typical of the Gallegan peasant. His large head was set on a very short neck between heavy, humped-up, rounded shoulders, reminding one of a snapping turtle, a resemblance not belied by the cruel, wide mouth and glittering little black eyes. His nose was long, thin, and predacious. The coarse black hair, which he wore clipped short, stood erect like bristles, until grizzled and thinned by the years and driven back from the sloping brow and temples. Until, in very recent years, his large activities in the banking world caused him to visit New York, where he was forced to a certain recognition of the conventions, he went about Havana collarless, coatless, and hatless, his costume consisting of coarse shoes, ill-fitting trousers held up with a narrow strap in lieu of belt, and a blue "hickory" shirt. So attired, he entered the offices of the leading lawyers, merchants, bankers, and even invaded the Presidential palace and the departments to give his orders to Cabinet ministers who owed him money. So attired, he received in his own house Congressmen or Senators, for whom he had sent, to demand of them legislation that he desired or to warn them against the enactment of measures contrary to his interests. They owed him money—in many cases their election—and they were compelled to do his bidding.

José Lopez Rodriguez was born in Orense, a province of Galicia, Spain, and immigrated to Cuba in his fifteenth year, "fleeing from the hard conditions of the Gallegan peasant life." His biographer, who seems to have been at some pains to dig up the man's eventful history, goes on:

In Havana for a while he worked with pick and shovel, but as soon as he could he abandoned such hard manual labor to work for an old second-hand-book dealer, peddling the books from house to house. One morning his aged employer was found dead in his bed, and young Lopez Rodriguez, who slept on the premises, was arrested on suspicion of murder, but after spending some time in prison he was released for lack of sufficient evidence to indict.

The widow of the murdered bookseller continued the business, and Lopez Rodriguez, after his release from prison, returned to his old employment. One morning the widow was found hanging in her room, but no evidence being found to confirm a suspicion that there had been foul play, a verdict of suicide was returned. By that time the young employee had saved up some money, and he bought the business. According to a story published in one of the Havana papers the other day, Lopez Rodriguez about this time became intimate with a beggar woman who was reputed to have accumulated by her extraordinary skill in mendicancy no less than four thousand dollars, and he extended to her the hospitality of his miserable quarters, permitting her to share with him the floor of the bookstore, on which he slept.

One morning the woman was found dead on her pallet of rags, but the savings were missing, and Lopez Rodriguez was jailed on suspicion, but released for lack of evidence. It has not been possible for the writer to verify this story. The events related, it must be borne in mind, occurred some forty years ago and, though now referred to by the Havana papers as matters of common notoriety, probably did not attract overmuch attention at the time.

The business of the bookstore in the hands of Lopez Rodriguez, who gave it the name it now bears, "Lo Moderna Poesia," soon began to show the effects of the energy and intelligence which later were to make its owner a multimillionaire. Living upon almost nothing and working tirelessly, he steadily increased his trade and piled one dollar on another until with the passage of the years his fortune grew to respectable dimensions.

When, after the wealth of Cubans had been drained by three years of revolution and embargo, the American fleet blockaded Havana in 1898, Poté—for by that time he had come universally to be known by his sobriquet—was able to acquire for cash large properties for a tithe of their value, and when the Cuban Republic was set up he was a rich man among men who had been ruined. The latter were compelled to go to him for cash, which he alone was able to loan. And so it came to pass that many of those to whom the Government of the young republic was entrusted were his

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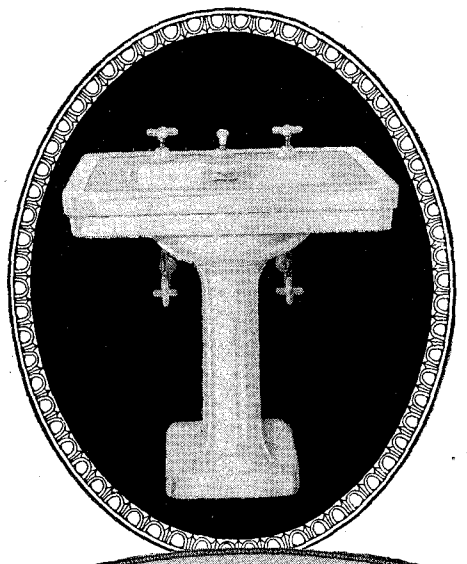

MADDOCK

Foremost in saving the housewife the labor of cleaning metal faucets

THE perfection of the integral supply nozzle of the Madbury Lavatory (shown above) eliminates the use of metal on the slab of this fixture.

Thus, instead of the never-ending bother of keeping metal parts clean and bright, the housewife has only the spotless, snow-white vitreous china to clean occasionally with a damp cloth.

Made entirely—slab, pedestal and trimmings—of glistening, pure white, almost unbreakable vitreous china which will give years of service without chipping, cracking or crazing, this fixture is considered America's premier achievement in lavatory construction for the home.

If interested in the many other advantages that commend the use of Thomas Maddock fixtures wherever the utmost in sanitation is required, write for the booklet, "Bathroom Individuality."

Thomas Maddock's Sons Company
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In addition to this noted hotel, Thomas Maddock fixtures are also used in the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York; Du Pont Hotel, Wilmington, Del.; Hotel Cleveland, Cleveland; and in many other well-known hotel buildings throughout the country.

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Your dollar never bought so much underwear value before — comfort and limb-freedom in fullest measure. Perfect fit—loose but not baggy. Hangs easily from shoulders and can't cling to your body. Gives your skin a chance to breathe. Nainsook and other high-grade weaves.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
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debtors—which he never allowed them to forget.

Perhaps the most important *coup* achieved by Poté in the first years of the Republic, says his biographer, was the monopolistic contract obtained by him for the printing of text-books to be used in the schools. The Secretary of Public Instruction went to jail for the deal, "but Poté went on profiting without interruption." Cuba's first President, "the austere old patriot Estrada Palma," would have nothing to do with Poté, but later, under the Presidency of Gomez—nicknamed "Tiburon" (the shark)—the captain of finance found room for the fullest exercise of his ability. The pot boiled more merrily than ever before:

The national lottery was established and Poté got the concession to print the tickets. The printing of the revenue stamps was given to Poté. A new Jai Alai concession to take the place of that which had expired was granted and given to Poté. The construction of the Roque Canal was given to Poté. A bill was passed to renumber all the houses in Havana, and the contract given to Poté, who proceeded forthwith to plaster as many as four numbers on some houses and the gate-posts of the same, at two dollars per number, the cost of the blue tin plaque plus the labor of putting it in place being all of seventeen cents.

With money rolling in from these and numberless other sources scarcely less prolific, it was only natural that Poté should look around for a bank in which to put it all, so he bought the Banco Nacional de Cuba, or a controlling interest in it, put out the then president, and, putting in his own man, forthwith proceeded to use the institution as his own private property, with the result that when the crash came last summer, upon the collapse of the sugar bubble, it was found that the slips put in the cash-drawer by Poté as memoranda of money loaned him—or himself—amounted to the no mean aggregate of $11,000,000.

Having for years gone about clad as in the days of his poverty, Poté continued the practise when the second American intervention began, but found he had made an awful mistake when he went to call in such informal attire on Colonel (now General) E. St. John Greble, who was supervisor of the Department of the Interior.

Greble, passing through the anteroom in which Poté was waiting, caught sight of the coatless, collarless man, and, turning to the police captain who acted as his aide, demanded to know who that dirty fellow was. The police captain in an awed whisper informed the indignant Colonel that it was Poté.

"Tell him to get out of here and not to come back until he has washed and finished dressing," ordered Greble.

Poor and ignorant through youth and early manhood, all his energies devoted to getting and saving money, Poté never learned to enjoy any of the amenities of life. Even the savor of good food was unfamiliar to him, and he continued, after becoming a millionaire, to gulp down the coarse, ill-cooked dishes of a cheap eating-house. During the last few years he lived in a handsome house which he had bought from

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the retiring Chinese Minister, in the fashionable residential section of Vedado, but he lived there in squalid dirtiness, with only a couple of servants and two or three chauffeurs. Since the change in his fortunes brought about by the collapse of sugar he had relapsed into his old habit of going upon the street without collar or tie, tho still wearing a coat. And yet, with all his affected contempt for appearances and scorn for the opinions of his fellows, this hard, strong, ruthless master of men had his vanities. Scornful of the learning the lack of which had not kept him from making its possessors his slaves, he nevertheless sent over to Spain a goodly sum of money to obtain for himself a degree of "licentiate," and he who had gloried in slouching through the streets and up the stairs of the Presidential palace coatless, collarless, and hatless had himself photographed in cap and gown as the Licentiate José Lopez Rodriguez, and the pictures published in the newspapers of Havana and of his old home town in Spain. To his vanity as much as to his loss of money may be attributed his suicide, for a short time before his death he exclaimed to his most intimate friend, after inveighing bitterly against men whom he had made only to have them turn against him in his adversity: "They have robbed me; they have deceived me, and every one is now laughing at me!"

When José Lopez Rodriguez was found hanging by a twisted sheet from the balustrade of a winding stairs in his stately residence, the news of Poté's suicide was told under scare head-lines on the front page of every afternoon paper in Havana.

There is no record that José Lopez Rodriguez was ever married, but in 1909 he made and placed in charge of a notary a holograph will bequeathing his estate to be held in trust for a natural son.

Meanwhile, a string of newspapers owned by a friend of the dead man are demanding the prosecution of certain officials of the Banco Nacional de Cuba, and other men of prominence, whom in a letter found on his body Poté accuses of despoiling him by forcing him to sign a document transferring to them twenty-five millions to settle his indebtedness to the bank of less than half that amount.

It is believed that after the payment of all debts the estate of José Lopez Rodriguez will be worth somewhere around $10,000,000, proving that it was not the fear of penury that drove Poté to end his life in the fashion by which his employer, forty years ago, had died, and which marked the beginning of his own prosperity.

The Lure.—"How do you get so many girls?"

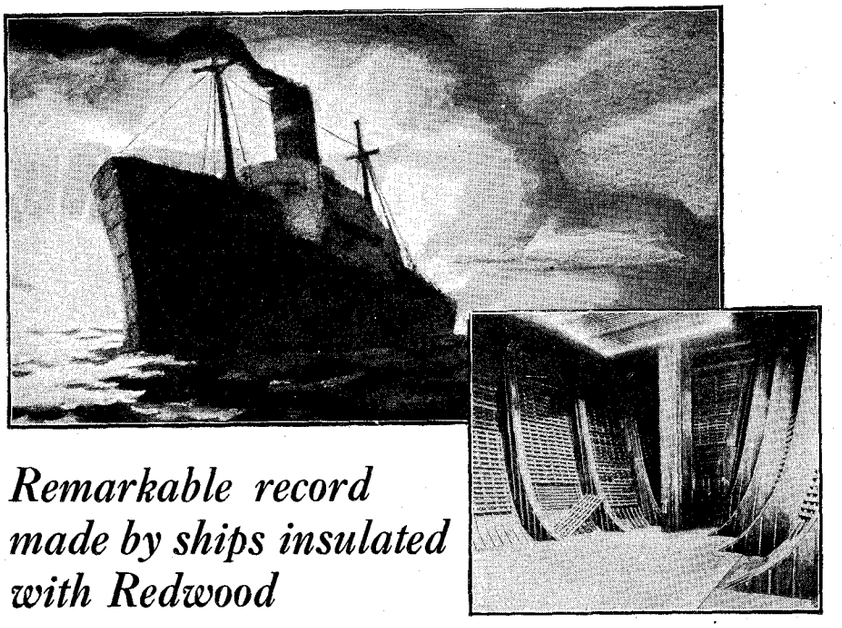
"I sprinkle some gasoline on my handkerchief."—*Jester.*

Damaged Goods.—"So Maud broke her engagement with Jack because the doctor said he had a tobacco heart."

"Yes, and I don't blame her. Who wants a husband that's damaged by smoke?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Compensations.—"It is indeed a pleasure," remarked the man who approves of prohibition, "to be able to walk the streets without seeing a saloon on every corner."

"And yet," returned the unregenerate one, "it's a great comfort to know they are there, even if you don't see them."—*New York Sun.*



Remarkable record made by ships insulated with Redwood

During the war, the Shipley Construction Company of Brooklyn fitted out on the Pacific Coast eight refrigerator ships, each of approximately 10,000 tons dead weight capacity. The holds were no more nor less than immense refrigerator rooms. Owing to disturbances in the Panama Canal, some of these ships were forced to go round the Eastern Coast by way of the Straits of Magellan—to pass through the tropics twice.

On their voyage east the ships were not frozen down. They carried cargoes of machinery.

After being unloaded at Brooklyn, and without any repairs or refitting, their refrigerating machinery was started. The interiors of the vessels were brought below freezing point. Then the machinery was shut down and temperature tests taken. In twenty-four hours the variation was less than one degree.

Not affected by immersion in Salt Water

At least one of the steamers fitted with Redwood was very badly damaged in one of her insulated compartments by contact with a floating mine, resulting in flooding the entire compartment. After the vessel had been dry docked and dried out the Redwood was found to be in no way damaged by immersion in seawater, and in fact did not have to be replaced except where the insulation filling had to be replaced and the original Redwood removed for this purpose.

Other properties of Redwood

Redwood's high insulating power is due to the minute, uniform size and shape and arrangement of the sap cells and the fact that when dried these cells are unclogged because of the absence of pitch or resin. Moreover the absence of these inflammable resinous substances makes Redwood highly fire-resistant. A *natural* preservative which impregnates every Redwood fibre prevents the growth of wood decaying fungi and gives unusual resistance to rot. The light weight and soft texture of Redwood, combined with adequate strength and unusual freedom from knots, splits and checks, are other qualities of Redwood which fit it for a wide range of industrial and specialty uses.

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The Redwood Information Sheets listed below will be gladly supplied by our Chicago office. Send for them today.

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1. General Data Sheet on Redwood—Its Production and Uses.
2. Tanks and Vats for Water, Acid, and Alkali Solutions and Oil, Pipe for Water, Chemicals and Sewage Conveying. Railroad Construction and Equipment. Industrial Building Materials.
3. Caskets, Burial Boxes, Clothing Boxes and Chests. Refrigerators, Ice Cream Cabinets, Fireless Cookers, Brooders, Incubators, Beehives, etc. Small Wood Specialties, Cigar and Candy Boxes, Toys, Battery Separators, Camera Stock, Pattern Stock, etc. Cores and frames for Furniture, Piano Cases, Talking Machines, Filing Cases, Desks, etc.
4. Farm and Dairy Buildings and Equipment, Silos, Tanks, Pipe, Out-Buildings, Irrigation Flumes, Drainage Boxes, Greenhouses, etc.
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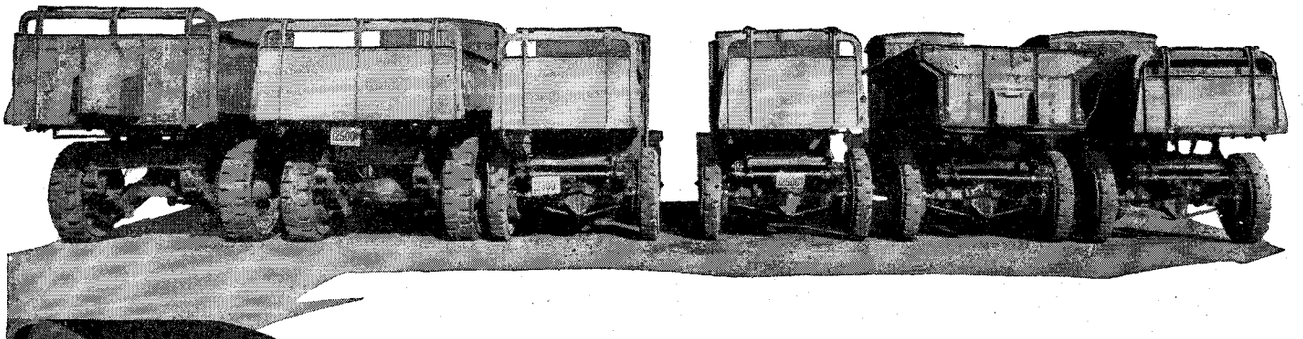

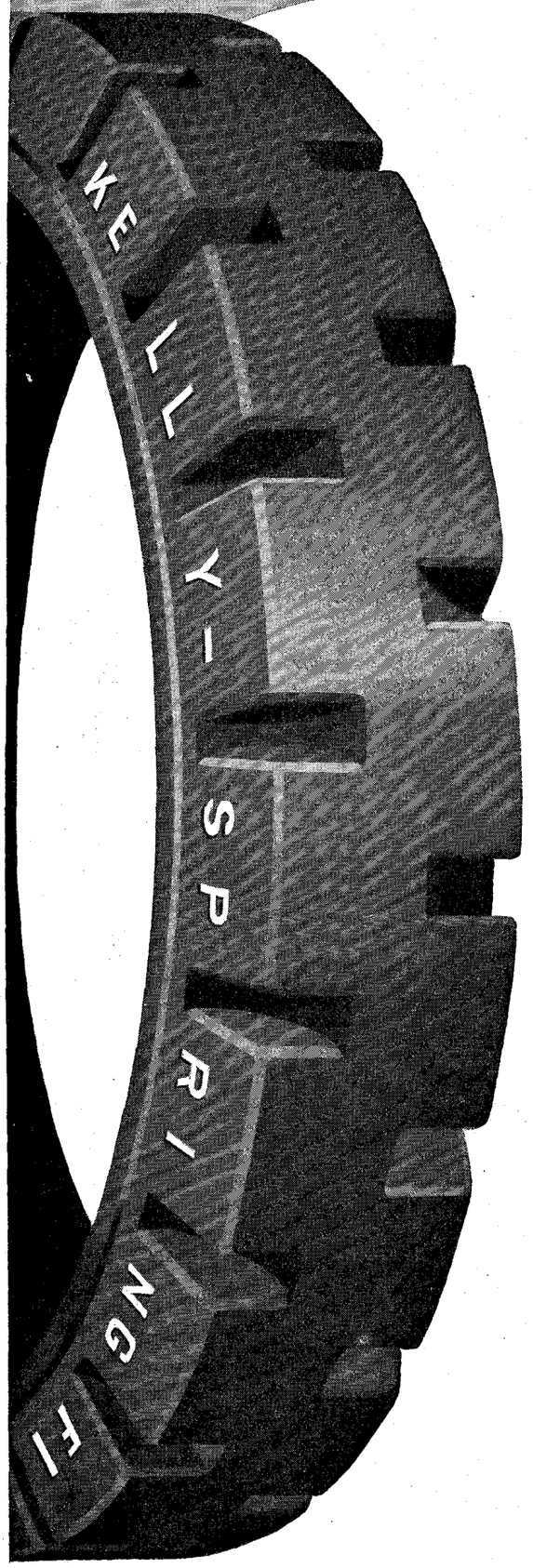

The tire that walks away with the load

The one quality a truck tire *must* have is ability to get traction.

Mileage is important and resiliency desirable, but unless the tires are able to dig in their toes and push when the engine's power is delivered to the wheels, they might as well not be on the truck.

Few trucks are operated under ideal conditions; in sand, in snow, in mud or on wet, slippery asphalt, you've got to have something on the wheels more efficient than smooth bands of solid rubber.

Solid tires are becoming obsolete. Big pneumatics are expensive and undependable. There is only one tire that in all kinds of weather and over all kinds of roads can carry the truck wherever the driver wants it to go, and do it at a lower cost per mile than either the plain solid or the big pneumatic.

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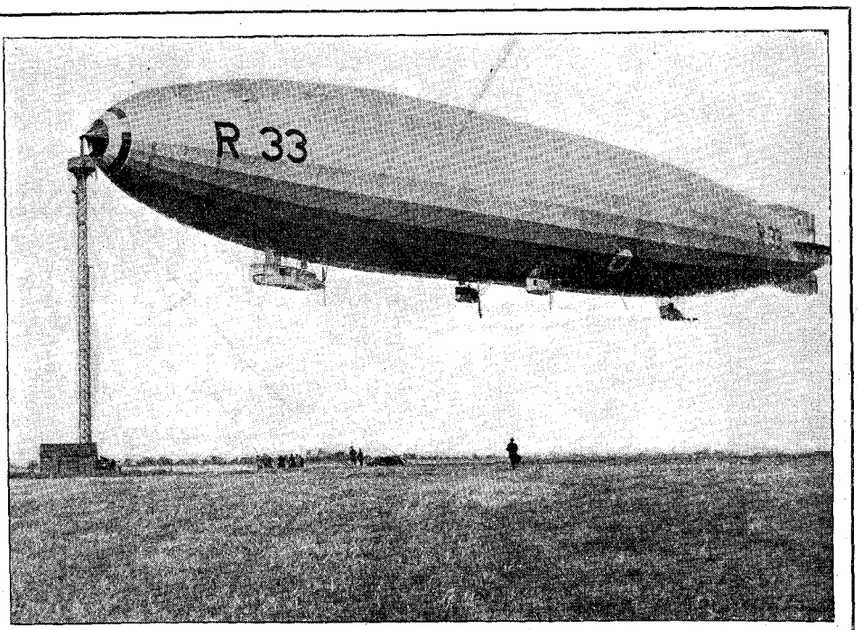
MOTORING AND AVIATION

"DOCKING" THE AIR LINER OF THE FUTURE

MOORING a ship of the air was no simple matter before the invention of the mooring-mast. This was demonstrated in this country in the summer of 1919, when four hundred soldiers were required to control the antics of the British rigid dirigible *R-34* when it landed near New York. Now that the American Navy is to have an air-ship even larger than the *R-34*—longer than the average Atlantic liner — consideration is being given to providing a safe and convenient anchorage for this leviathan of the blue. The mooring-mast shown in the accompanying illustration, in the opinion of aeronautical experts, solves the problem. No longer will commercial or naval dirigibles escape from their ground moorings and "drift out to sea." The sister ship of the *R-34*, we are told in an article in the Seattle *Times*, "has been moored to one of these masts since last February, and she has safely ridden out gales in which the wind reached a velocity of ninety miles an hour. She also has been released from the mooring-mast with the wind blowing at the rate of fifty miles an hour." Continues *The Times:*



A SHIP OF THE AIR AT HER "DOCK"

Mooring-mast experiment for air-ships at Pulham, England, are said to have suggested interesting possibilities. In this photograph, a part of the crew may be seen ascending the mast to enter the ship.

The method of mooring is extremely simple. When an air-ship approaches a mooring-mast, a cable, which runs from a winch from the ground up the mast and through the cylinder, is led down again to the ground and out to a point about 600 feet from the mast in the direction from which the air-ship is approaching. Two men stand by the end of the cable, one man at the winch, and three to five others in the top of the mast. They transmit signals and operate the cables and machinery.

The air-ship approaches the end of the cable lying on the ground at a height of about 500 feet, her mooring cable being let down in a loop. When the loop is over the end of the cable, stretched out on the surface, the outboard end of the cable is dropped to the ground. It is then shackled up to the mooring-mast cable, and at a signal from the men on the ground, ballast is discharged from the air-ship until she is about two tons light and trimmed down at the stern. She then rises to a height of about 1,200 feet above the trim.

At a signal from the air-ship the winch is started, and the cable draws the air-ship down toward the head of the mast. When the air-ship is about 500 feet above the top of the mast two other cables about 600 feet long are let out, leading from the bow of the ship, and these cables are secured to two surging cables on the mast, and the ends of the two cables are drawn up by lead lines to the forward hatch of the ship. From then on a strain is maintained on all three cables, and the air-ship drawn down until a cone on her bow fits into a cone on the top of cylinder of the mooring-mast.

The value of the dirigible for commercial purposes has been increased 500 per cent. by this invention, we are told, as it would be necessary for an American air-ship-operating corporation to have terminals only on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, with possibly one or two between, and mooring-masts dotting the country at different landing-places. This, it is claimed, will not only make travel by air safer and faster, but will reduce overhead expenses. As *The Times* goes on to explain:

"Where it has been necessary to provide huge hangars to house rigid air-ships at all terminals and intermediate stations where transference of passengers and freight took place, the mooring-mast supplies a quick, safe, and economical means for carrying out these operations.

Even medium-sized towns along main aerial transport lines may now be linked up and used as way-stations by the mere provision of a latticed steel mast, from 100 to 150 feet high, provided with an elevator for conveying passengers, freight, and express from the ground to and from the air-ship.

The great features of this "mooring-out" proposition is the fact that where it requires from 300 to 400 men to moor a ship on the ground, or to "walk" her in and out of the hangar, six men only are required to manipulate the mooring apparatus in the new mast. In the winds of the highest velocity only ten men are required.

The mast itself is a web-steel structure 115 feet in height, with a revolving circular platform housed in at the top, and above the platform a mooring apparatus in cylindrical form swung on gimbals, which permits the ship, when moored, to sway with the wind and swing to all points of the compass.

In addition to an elevator for passengers and freight purposes, the mast contains pipes for furnishing water ballast, gasoline, lubricating oil, and lifting gas for the air-ship.

Mooring-masts will be used, reports *Aeronautics* (London), in the new air-ship service that, according to the French newspapers, will shortly be started between England and Malta, to be run conjointly by the French and British governments. To quote from the English paper:

The Air Ministry have no information at all to give regarding this scheme, but it may be stated that, while it has been the intention until recently to use *R-36* to carry out certain propaganda flights, there has lately been a growing opinion that more than one air-ship should be used, or at least held in reserve in case of necessity, so that instead of odd flights being made a regular service might be operated over a certain length of time, and reliable data with regard to the commercial operation of air-ships might be obtained. According to the French papers, the British Government will provide the air-ships while France will provide several mooring-masts and make all arrangements for the operation of the service in that country. Presumably, therefore, the air-ships will only fly in comparatively short stages if, as has been suggested, halts are made at Paris and Marseilles. This, however, is a necessity if the service is to be run as a business proposition, for there is no doubt that

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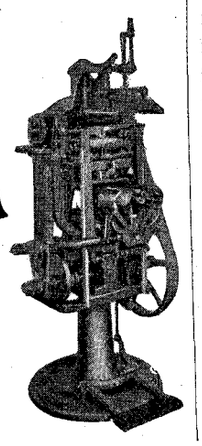

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

traffic between England and Malta would be so small as to doom the service to heavy losses from the start. We would like to have seen the service extended beyond Malta, at least as far as Egypt, and think that an extension of this nature would greatly add to the popularity of the service and be a considerable help financially. In the course of time, doubtless, the service will be extended to Egypt and then on to India, and so to Australia. Perhaps the promoters of the scheme are wise in operating a comparatively short service to start with, so that the frequency of the trips will impress the public with the suitability of air-ships for the carriage of passengers and mails.

QUEER AUTOMOBILE WORDS FROM FRANCE

"FLIVVER" is good old United States, but "limousine" is French, originally a proletarian sort of word, but now limited in its use to kings of finance, brokers, profiteers, and favorite sons of fortune. America manufactured the first automobile, but she had to borrow her automobile terms from the French, which explains why they have such a classical sound and why they are so well beloved of those whose knowledge of the French language is comprised within automobile terminology. The French early took the lead in the new industry, because they had the requisite imagination, capital, mechanics, and some of the best roads in Europe. In those days an automobile could not be steered easily out of ruts; it could not climb telegraph-poles and jump fences without serious damage to itself and its owner; it could be managed only on the best of highways, with which France had had the foresight to provide herself. In England progress was delayed by legislation, and in the United States the poor roads effectually stalled the weak engines of that day and put a damper on the infant industry. So the French took the automobile and christened the various parts of its anatomy, and later, when both motor-engines and our roads had improved, we adopted the names without any ceremony whatever. Now such words as chauffeur, chassis, garage, tonneau, limousine, and the rest of them are common, every-day words in our language. They were not made up from nothing, like the word "gas," which was invented by a chemist, or "kodak," by a manufacturer, writes Albert N. Atkinson in the New York *World*. They were words already in common use in France, and were naturally used in the new industry as the ones most suitable. The writer delves into word history, and informs us that—

The word "chauffeur" means a fireman or stoker. A man who fires a boiler is called a "chauffeur" in French. There is a curious survival here which is difficult to explain. The early cars were steamers and required two men to operate them, the "mecanicien" and the "chauffeur"—the mechanic and the fireman respectively. But as the word has now acquired a definite legal standing, meaning a paid driver of an automobile, it will probably last as long as automobiles are used.

But the French dictionary gives another definition of the word which is not so complimentary: a robber. It seems that in the Middle Ages there were bands of marauders who had their own methods of exacting toll from frequenters of the highways. If these unfortunate people did not contribute as much as the robbers thought reasonable they had a playful way of warming the victims' feet by building a fire under them which soon overcame any unwillingness. As this gentle practise antedates the steam-engine by several centuries, the word, it will be seen, has almost a high antiquity, so that it is a far cry from the lowly chauffeur of the Middle Ages to the lordly autocrat of the modern automobile. Be that as it may, some people claim to have found the same strain running down the line and cropping out in the modern taxicab-driver.

"Chassis," the next word on our list, means a "frame" but is now taken to mean the mechanical parts of the car—all that remains when the body is removed. It is now used in this sense in French as well as in other languages.

The word "garage" means a railroad-siding, but as applied to automobiles means a room or building where cars are kept ready for use—a close analogy, for the cars are switched off the main line for the time being. It is not a storeroom or repair-shop, but is similar to a livery-stable, where your horse and rig are, or rather were, kept in proper condition, ready for immediate use when required.

The word "tonneau," applied to the rear seats, has apparently passed out of use, altho it was once heard very frequently. It merely means a tank or cask. The gasoline-tank is called a "tonneau" in French, and the rear seats were called the tonneau because the back of the car was almost circular in outline. The French had a circular cart which was called by the same name, and so it was naturally applied to that part of an automobile which looked like a cask. Of course, the word was adopted in this country as it sounded more automobilious. You would hardly ask your lady friends to "jump into the tank."

But the word "limousine" has the most picturesque origin of all. It is named after the head-covering of certain ladies of France; the inhabitants of the region around the city of Limoges, which was the capital of the old province of Limousin. A woman of this region would be called a Limousine. The ladies thereabout—the peasant ladies, be it understood—wear a sort of coif, or hood, with a cape attached. This has come to be known as a limousine because the ladies of Limoges—the peasant ladies—wear it. The French have a sort of covered cart, much like a prairie-schooner, which was named a limousine because it was covered with a hood, and when the closed winter body of the automobile was devised, what more natural than to call it a limousine also? Thus we see the evolution of the word from the peasants' coif to the modern high-powered automobile; but, while all the ladies of Limoges and vicinity own limousines and some of them more than one, and even go driving in them, yet they are not all run by gasoline!

Looking over the above list we see that some of the words were not really needed, but they have become fixt in the language.

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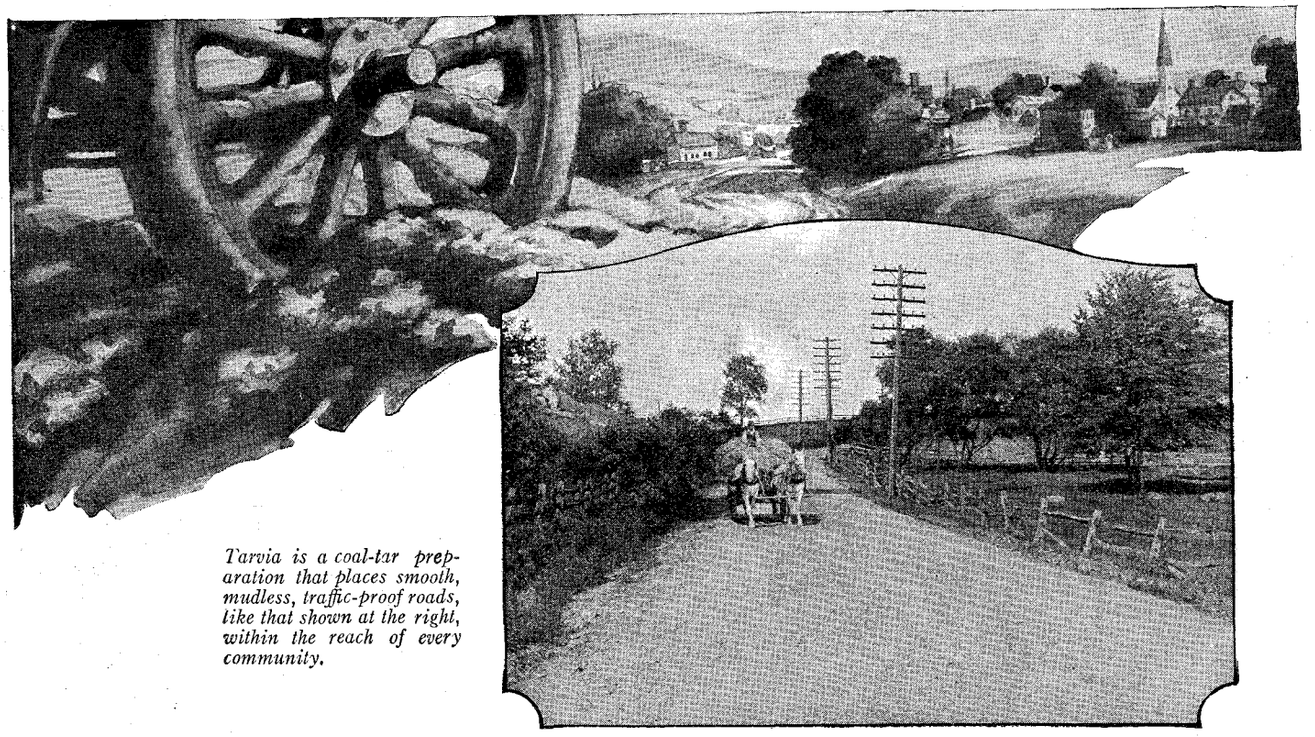
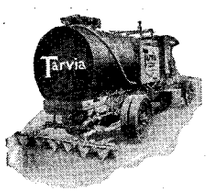


Tarvia is a coal-tar preparation that places smooth, mudless, traffic-proof roads, like that shown at the right, within the reach of every community.

How Woodlot County Hoisted Itself Out of the Mud—



Tarvia
Auto-truck Distributor

WOODLOT COUNTY was poor. Taxes were high and the roads—nothing but mudholes. The schools were of the one-room, cross-roads variety with one weary teacher apiece. In the winter the children were unable to get to school regularly.

In stormy weather Woodlot County was *dead*.

The $200,000 bond proposal for new roads was a bursting bomb in the calm of a peaceful night.

Woodlot County awoke; but not all at once. For two years they had been trying to settle the good roads plan. It was a conversation between John Wright and Daniel Summers that started the ball rolling.

"How much would you sell your farm for today, Daniel?" his neighbor asked.

"Four thousand cash," said the farmer.

"I'll give you fifty dollars now for a two-year option at that price," came the answer quick as a wink.

"You will not," replied Summers, after a moment's thought. "You'd take it up if the bond issue went through—why, with a hard road out through here, you'd clear a fine profit! If that road went through, I wouldn't take—"

Wright began to laugh and left his neighbor to think it out.

In less than two years the county had some fine Tarvia roads open to traffic every day in the year—dustless, mudless and traffic-proof.

Woodlot became a busy, prosperous county.

A central graded school had been established.

Farmers saved enough in *hauling costs alone* to pay off the bond issue and in maintenance cost the Tarvia roads paid for themselves.

Thus did Woodlot County hoist itself out of the mud and stagnation.

Tarvia
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In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want BETTER ROADS and LOWER TAXES, this department can greatly assist you.

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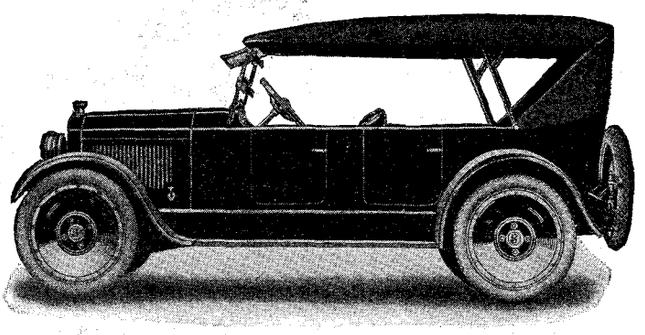

The Car Complete

An Interpretation

SHERIDAN represents the demands of the trade for cars that are better built, better trimmed, more *complete* in the details of equipment. In appearance, comfort, convenience and mechanical excellence, The SHERIDAN is a notable achievement in motor car values.

Complete Beauty of line, finish and trim; a beauty that makes every detail seem a proper and harmonious part—that makes one proud in its ownership and service.

Complete Comfort, measured by greatly improved riding qualities, scientific body and spring design, highest grade upholstering materials; unusual lounging comfort, roominess, ease of operation and control.

Complete in Conveniences; a combination of unusual refinements; distinctive features of electrical equipment; a practical car, *plus* important new details that reflect the thoughtfulness with which it was designed.

Mechanically Complete; power smoothly and efficiently applied in a way to insure economy; every part functioning to produce easy, steady progress over the road.

No temptations in the form of lower-priced materials have been permitted to enter against the achievement of *quality*. The entire equipment and mechanism of The SHERIDAN insure extra years of satisfying service and reflect the perfections that are demanded in a car of unwavering reliability.

The line consists of four and eight cylinder types, each having its open, roadster, coupe and sedan models.

ILLUSTRATED PORTFOLIO MAILED ON REQUEST

The Sheridan Motor Car Company
Muncie, Indiana

The Sheridan

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

"Tonneau," however, was a pure affectation, much as the word "hangar," applied to the place where airplanes are stored. In French the word merely means a shed for wood, cows, or any other use. If a word had to be coined, why not use "airage," meaning a garage for airplanes? And why not pronounce it so that a Frenchman could understand it? It sounds very much like "ong-gar," and not as it is usually pronounced, like the English word "hangar." However, few of the words we get from the French would be recognized at home, the words élite and limousine being notable exceptions. But the French have just as much trouble domesticating the many English words they have adopted, so the odds are even. As long as this is so there is no danger of ending the Franco-American *entente cordiale*. But if both nations, when borrowing each other's words, were required to learn the pronunciation also, there is no telling what disasters might be precipitated.

THE FLIGHT CURE

THOUSANDS of invalids travel hundreds of miles to mountain and sea for the pure, cool air that will give them relief. How many realize that the purest, coolest air that exists gyrates and sweeps along directly over their heads—a shorter distance away than the office to which they travel daily by motor or street car? Why cross half a continent to climb a mountain 10,000 feet high, when you may stay where you are and climb almost directly upward by airplane to the same altitude? When the possibilities of a change of climate by vertical migration are fully realized by both physicians and their patients, the aerial sanatorium and the aerotherapist will yet have their day, predicts a writer in *Flying* (New York). Meanwhile he cites a few remarkable cases of cures that have been effected merely by a brief excursion to the upper air. He writes:

Complete restoration of his voice which had been lost for several months was the novel and interesting experience of Mr. H. A. Renz, Jr., of Washington City, who, acting upon the advice of Dr. Charles A. McEnerney, of the Public Health Service, made an ascent in an airplane at Bolling Field, Anacostia, on March 30, seeking thus to obtain the therapeutic agency of the rarefied upper air. After a flight which reached an altitude of 14,000 feet, in which he was piloted by Lieut. Cyrus Bettis, Mr. Renz descended, his voice completely restored, which happy event he promptly announced to his mother whom he called by telephone.

The experience of Mr. Renz is not without precedent. Recent newspaper stories have appeared relating the experience of Miss Grace Ford, a Roanoke, Va., girl whose vocal chords collapsed under strain when entertaining soldiers during the war. Rest, repose, relaxation, medical treatment were without avail in so far as restoration of her singing voice was concerned.

The Washington *Post* of March 6 gives an interesting account, the gist of which follows, of Miss Ford's recovery while taking an airplane flight at Lima, Peru:

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"Having failed to get relief after thirty months of loss of voice, Miss Ford decided, in the fall of 1920, to try a sea voyage to Panama and South America merely for the tonic effect in restoring her nerves. While at Lima she met friends whom she had known in Europe, and through whom she received an invitation from President Leguia to sing at the palace. Before sending her regrets and explaining her disability, Miss Ford, by chance, motored out to Lima's flying-field, where Captain Moore, formerly of the United States Army, invited her to take a flight over the city in his Curtiss plane.

"'We circled the city,' Miss Ford relates, 'and then pirouetted upward. It must have been about 8,000 feet from the ground when there came an unusual sensation in my throat and nose, just as if something had given way. I took my handkerchief and put it to my mouth, for I thought there had been a hemorrhage—the sensation was more like a nosebleed than anything I can describe. Up and up we went until we had reached 10,000 feet, at which altitude my throat and nose felt surprizingly clear. I instantly thought of my voice—the thing always uppermost in my mind—and there, high in the sky, softly tried a few notes. They were clear and surprizingly audible above the whir of the propeller.'"

Miss Ford's restoration was complete, according to the account: she not only sang at the palace, but has been singing ever since.

These and similar experiences which are heard of from time to time suggest a wide field of investigation as to the therapeutic value of flying. Even from the meager details now available, it seems conclusive that the future in this field holds tremendous possibilities. From the earliest experimental stage, medical men have evinced the keenest interest in aeronautics, and among them are numbered some of the best-known authorities on the subject."

The writer quotes a recent volume, "The Medical and Surgical Aspects of Aviation," in which the author, H. Graeme Anderson, formerly Surgeon Royal Air Force, devotes the opening chapter to Medical Interest in Aeronautics, and he gives us the following excerpts:

"The celebrated American aeronaut, John Wise, who was a piano-maker, and suffered from dust phthisis, wrote: 'From the devouring ravages of such a complicated disease the practise of ballooning relieved me.'

"Flammarion records that he ascended in a balloon while suffering from an attack of influenza, and that when he came to earth he was completely cured. In Hamel and Turner one reads that a gentleman at York while suffering from neuralgia made a passenger flight in an airplane and, on landing, found that the pain had gone, and that Hubert Latham, the aviator, suffered from early phthisis, but after taking up aviation enjoyed good health."

He goes on:

These facts are interesting, and their truth may be confirmed by the recounting of similar experiences on the part of the average flier with whom one converses. Reports of "head colds" and like ailments that have disappeared once the rarefied air is reached in flight, or that the appetite and general health are improved by flying, are familiar to all. But these may be said to deal with one aspect only of the subject

"Out She Comes!"

"Last Saturday, while turning around on a wet, slippery country road, my car slid into a ditch—and believe me, I thought I was there to stay. But finally I got out my Basline Autowline, hailed the first auto that came up—and in five minutes was out of the ditch and on my way!"

BASLINE AUTOWLINE

is the motorist's "life preserver." You can depend on the "Little Steel Rope with the Big Pull" to haul you out of trouble every time. That's because it's made of the world-famous Yellow Strand Wire Rope.

BASLINE AUTOWLINE snaps on instantly and securely with patented Snaffle Hooks. Light, compact—fits under seat cushion. Don't accept substitutions—insist on getting this *original* wire rope towline—the one you know you can depend on.

POWERSTEEL AUTOWLOCK, also made of Yellow Strand Wire Rope, safeguards car and spare tire. Has non-pickable spring lock.

POWERSTEEL TRUCKLINE is a heavier line for towing trucks. With plain or Snaffle Hooks. A Jumbo for strength.

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If there *were* a

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—whose name was known everywhere—whose signature on a sky-blue slip of paper had the miraculous power to make your travels in foreign lands easy and comfortable, and at the same time was usable anywhere as actual money and always safe—

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

of the therapeutics of flying, and that the more strictly physical or material. There remain the more delicate and, to that extent, the more interesting phases which would present themselves to the neurologist and the psychologist.

Nothing so quickens perception, so stimulates the imagination, so accelerates and elevates thought as the act of flying under agreeable circumstances. Does not this fact suggest possibilities to the nerve specialists and psychotherapist as to the therapeutic value of flying? May we not predict that the aerial sanatorium and the aerotherapist will yet have their day?

This discussion presents, however, only one—and that very little known—phase of the matter—namely, the possible therapeutic value of occasional flying under agreeable circumstances. To quite another story belong facts dealing with the very well-known results of strain which are experienced by every pilot who must, in the line of duty, fly under circumstances very far from agreeable.

These matters are being dealt with every day by the flight surgeons, and classify themselves variously under the terms of aeroneurosis and aeropsychology, concerning which much has been written and much more remains to be said.

WHY NAVY MEN TAKE RISKS IN FREE BALLOONS

"WICKEDLY useless," or at least "showing terrible carelessness" on the part of some one, said a great many laymen all over the country when the press reported the two recent accidents to naval balloons. In one case men were carried into the Canada snows, where, more by good luck than anything else, they managed to escape freezing or starvation. In the other case, there was "the blotting out of the five young men" who sailed away in a balloon from Pensacola and were never heard of afterward. But "the Navy is not callous, and the navy's clannishness made us feel the disaster more keenly than it is felt by any outside the service," declares Lieutenant-Commander K. C. McIntosh, U. S. N., in *The Outlook*. Aside from the fact that "there is an unwritten law as old as navies, that no true officer will subject his men to any danger, or even annoyance, which he is not ready to undergo himself, and *first*," the writer goes on:

We do not consider free-ballooning a particularly dangerous game—most of the time it is as humdrum as checkers—but, like all games, there is an element of danger; and if it were not necessary we would not practise it at all, officially. Military free-ballooning, if it were unnecessary, would be entirely confined to a few sporting enthusiasts training themselves at their own risk for the international races.

From a staid, official text-book a single paragraph states the "why" of free-ballooning in terms that all may read:

"Once a dirigible is deprived of her power, she becomes subject to all the conditions regulating the flight of a spherical balloon. She is, however, more cumbersome and difficult to handle. In the event of an engine breakdown, therefore, all the skill of the balloonist is brought into play, and it is only by careful manipulation of the gas and ballast that a safe landing can be made."

Begin that paragraph with the phrase, "Once the cable of a kite balloon is parted, . . ." and the paragraph itself remains true. Every dirigible that flies carries a mechanician to keep the engines running, as well as a trained military observer. Every kite balloon riding over an army's lines or towed by a naval ship lifts with it a man whose business is to keep his eyes glued to a pair of binoculars and to report what he sees into the telephone slung around his neck. But in both dirigible and kite the one indispensable member of the complement, the man in charge, is a skilled free-balloon pilot. Without him practically every trivial accident to power or gear would be fatal to the dirigible and all her passengers. We have imperative need of dirigibles and kite balloons in the Navy. If men did not train themselves first in free balloons, none of them could fly either blimp or kite without hideous risk. The spherical, clumsy, county-fair type of free balloon is the safest and easiest craft in which to gain the necessary ballooning skill. That free-ballooning is comparatively a safer pursuit than driving a Ford or riding in a sky-scraper's elevator we are willing to maintain; but, safe or dangerous, it must be undertaken if we wish to have our dirigible pilots come home unscathed and our kite observers come back on board for dinner.

In a dirigible, which is driven by power, or a kite balloon, which is towed at a fixed altitude at the end of a cable, we are reminded that the changes in buoyancy are rarely noticeable, and "if experienced for the first time after the breakdown of an engine would be baffling in the extreme." In the spherical motorless free balloon, however, such changes in lift and stability are immediately apparent. We read on:

A free balloon riding down the wind at low altitude will shoot upward as she nears a steep hill, sagging down again after crossing its summit, tossed by the air-current pouring over the crest more abruptly than a power-driven balloon would ever be. The slightest cloud passing over the face of the sun, the first gleam of sunshine in the early morning, a hint of rain in the air, or a slant of cold wind, every slight change in temperature up or down, immediately registers its effect on the free balloon's flight, which effect the pilot must understand and know how to counteract. Where the dirigible can plow her way through shifting air-currents and control her height with her speed and rudders, the free balloon must learn how to outguess nature, how to control the elements themselves.

The theory of ballooning postulates that in order to be other than a toy of the wind the balloon must first contain more gas than is necessary to raise the pilot and his instruments and basket, and, secondly, enough sand or water ballast to counterbalance this superfluous "lift." The endurance of the balloon in the air is measured by these balanced excesses of lift and weight, by the amount of gas the pilot can afford to lose for the purpose of flying lower, and the amount of ballast he can throw over with a view to flying higher. As long as he has gas or sand to release he can continue his flight. When these have reached the safe minimum, or when a landing becomes imperative for other reason, he comes down deliberately, ripping his envelop to allow all gas to escape, and dumping his last bal-

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Guaranteed for 9,000 Miles

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35 x 4½	51.10
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37 x 5	65.10

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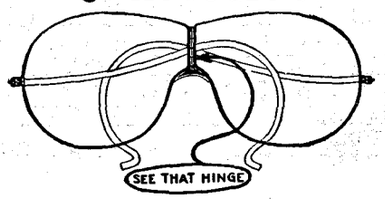

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

last to make his fall safely gradual. On a still day he can "valve" down without difficulty. In a high wind he must choose his landing-place with care as he races past at lower and lower altitude, "ripping" and coming "down by the run" in a soft spot from a height as low as surrounding trees will permit. During his flight the sunshine expands his gas and so lightens it, increasing its lift and the balloon's height. A passing cloud will shrink the gas volume again, and lift has been lost in the amount of gas which expansion forced out, so the basket sags nearer to the tree-tops below. A rain-storm not only chills and shrinks the gas but increases the weight of the balloon, and ballast must go overboard to keep her up. When the sun breaks through the clouds, the drying envelop rapidly lightens and the gas rapidly expands, and the balloon starts to soar. In short, the free-balloon pilot has a thousand pretty problems to solve in each flight, problems which he would never encounter in a dirigible until his life depended on solving them correctly!

As in an airplane, says the writer, after the first sensations, "the free-balloon student has little or no feeling of being in danger under any ordinary conditions":

He feels reasonably sure of where he is going and confident of his ability to land there without mishap. He is almost glad when the monotony is broken and he is mistaken by woodsmen for a "revenuer" and fired at with a shotgun; and he is filled with glee when cotton-field hands run shrieking from his approach, mistaking him for the Archangel Gabriel. For, after all, free-ballooning is monotonous, certain, deadly dull. It has its risks, but, as a certain dear "jackanapes" of our childhood remarked, "You might get struck by lightning buying a pound of butter!"

In March, 1920, a balloon from Pensacola made a noteworthy flight. Under command of Lieut. T. C. Lonnquest, carrying four men, and with a capacity of 35,000 cubic feet of gas and 930 pounds of ballast, she flew through rain and snow storms from Pensacola, Fla., to Murdock, Ill., a distance comparing favorably with the records of the international races, where but two men take the air with great spheres of 80,000 cubic feet. Between the time of her start, at 6.35 P.M. on March 23, and her landing, at 2.53 P.M. of the 24th, her log, kept by Lieut. G. C. Cannon, contains fifty-four time entries. Most of them are bald statements of "Alt. 1900. Course 305. Speed 15 m.p.h. Air unstable." Five or six times during the twenty hours the log becomes loquacious, as this:

"5.30 A.M. Alt. 2000. Course 340. Speed 32 m.p.h. Passing over river country. Many small streams flowing in meander scars. Asked location from several people on ground, who replied with various pleasantries but declined to commit themselves to a definite statement. Sky clear except for small bank of stratus to the east."

"10.15 A.M. On drag-rope. Thunder and nimbus clouds passed S. W. Fifteenth sixteenth, seventeenth bags ballast out. Hailed men on ground. Secretive as ever."

"12.25 P.M. Twenty-second bag out. Now passing one-mile blocks into which Illinois is divided in 65 seconds."

"2.51 P.M. Passed over large barn with sign 'H. T. Barr, Undertaker and Embalmer.' Decided to land."

"2.53 P.M. By use of valve and ballast balanced off on drag-rope about 25 feet above ground, speed 55 m.p.h. Made rip landing in muddy corn-field. Dragged about 50 feet. Greeted by farmer, who invited us to come right in to supper."

The invitation was undoubtedly accepted with enthusiasm, as an entry at noon records that they "split the next to last sandwich four ways." When unusual incidents of the trip were requested, the only one brought out was that a small green lizard had mounted the basket in Pensacola, and the "poor little cuss was frozen stiff when we landed and found him." And the last entry in Lieutenant Lonnquest's report invites attention to the "close correspondence of the track predicted by Lieutenant Reed to the actual track."

Free-ballooning is not an enterprise of fools and daredevils, but, like all other military training, is founded on a solid basis. That basis is that the men who fight must be safe from any danger except that of the enemy. Upon the free-balloon pilot the safety and the very life of the dirigible depend.

YOUR CAR WILL CLIMB THAT HILL IF YOU KEEP YOUR HEAD

HILLS may add to the motorist's enjoyment of his trip by providing scenic beauty along the way, but they also add to his driving troubles if he has not learned how to make his machine climb them properly. Negotiating a hill in a motor-car is a trick acquired only by experience, say those in the "know," and not a few motorists, it seems, find it hard to master. The seasoned driver can always spot the amateur by his attempt to take every hill on "high." There seems to be a lurking feeling in the mind of the novice that there is a sort of disgrace about dropping into low speed when hill-climbing. Then, too, it is irritating to see the other fellow whiz by easily on "high" when all you can manage to do is grind along to the complaining song of "low." Failures in hill-climbing are due primarily to the mental state of the driver, in the opinion of Frederick C. Russell, discussing the subject of hill-climbing in *The American Motorist* (Washington). It's a matter of psychology, he thinks, quite as much as a matter of clean spark-plugs, correct mixture, clean motor, and lubrication. As Mr. Russell has it figured out, the inexperienced motorist is seized with a sort of panic when he comes to a hill—a fear that his car can't climb it. He fumbles around and does several things—all wrong—and soon ceases to be master of the situation. His motor speed is reduced and often his engine goes "dead." Then it becomes necessary to shift to the hated second gear and go groaning and straining up the incline which no more powerful but better managed cars negotiate with ease and speed. The remedy suggested is for the driver not to permit himself to become overanxious about hill-climbing. He should go calmly on and apply the gas and use the spark to meet the requirements of the extra load

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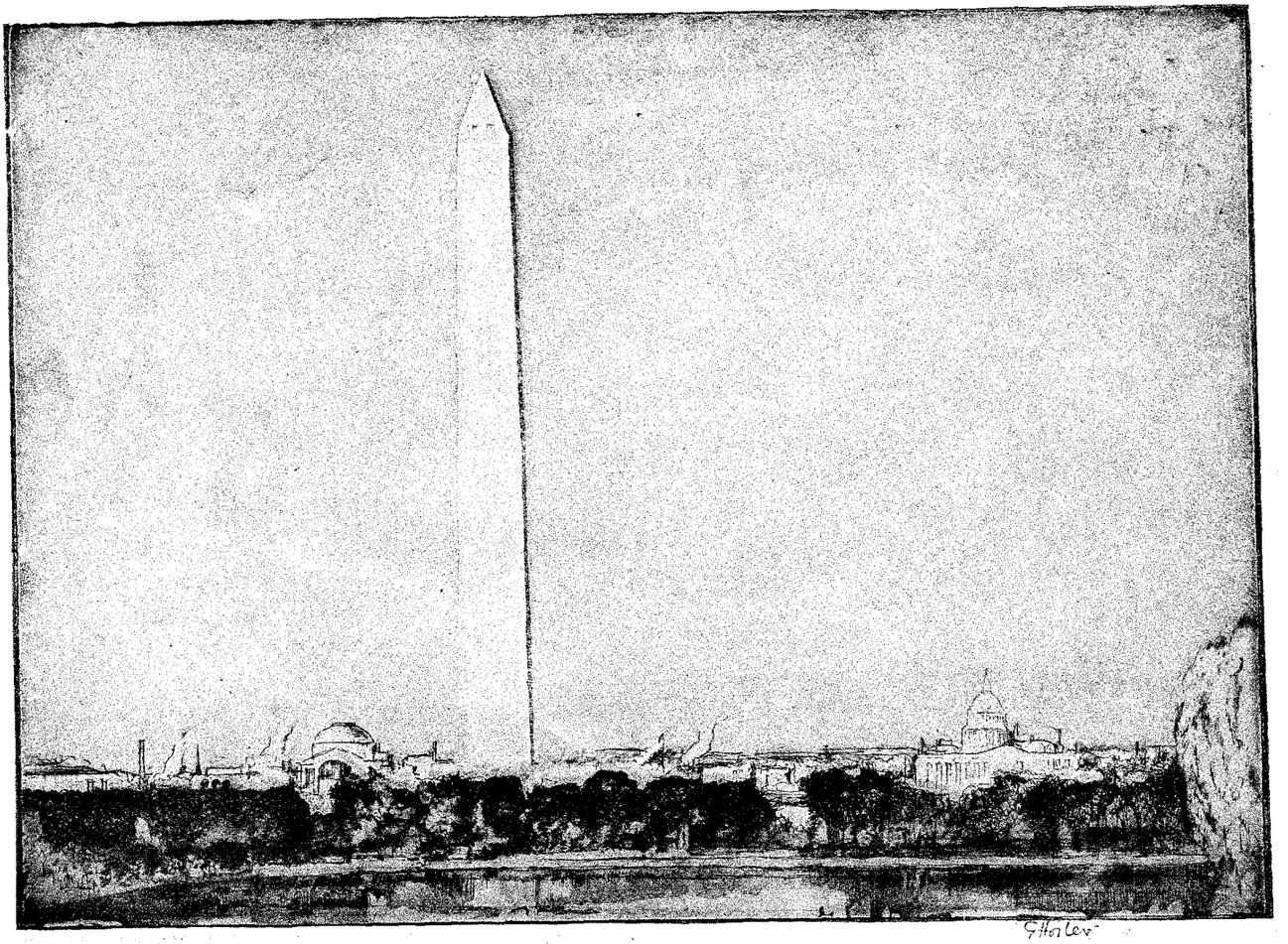

INTEGRITY

Towering above fear, buttressed with honor and courage, meeting the assaults of circumstance with the strength of rightness, stands integrity.

It is the expression of the will of man to give his utmost to his ideals and determination to advance. It sums up stability and equity; it includes capacity for endurance; it opens the way to growth; it fortifies contracts and imparts a sacred character to statements.

Integrity creates confidence in the possessor and in those who come in contact with him. It has always been with us; but it has been endowed with a more definite commercial value since advertising became its herald. Advertising has caused both employers and employees to give greater consideration to the worth of integrity; for advertising has made them conscious of the fact that their work and their statements are being judged by a nation of purchasers.

Advertising has given the public a better understanding of commercial integrity, and, consequently, has increased public integrity by influence and example.

This puts a burden of responsibility upon advertising that few appreciate, or even realize. It is a burden that makes it necessary to do more than tell the truth. It makes it necessary to be sure that truth itself is worth the telling.

Advertising is the test of integrity; the proof of integrity; that transmits an ever-increasing confidence to both producer and purchaser.

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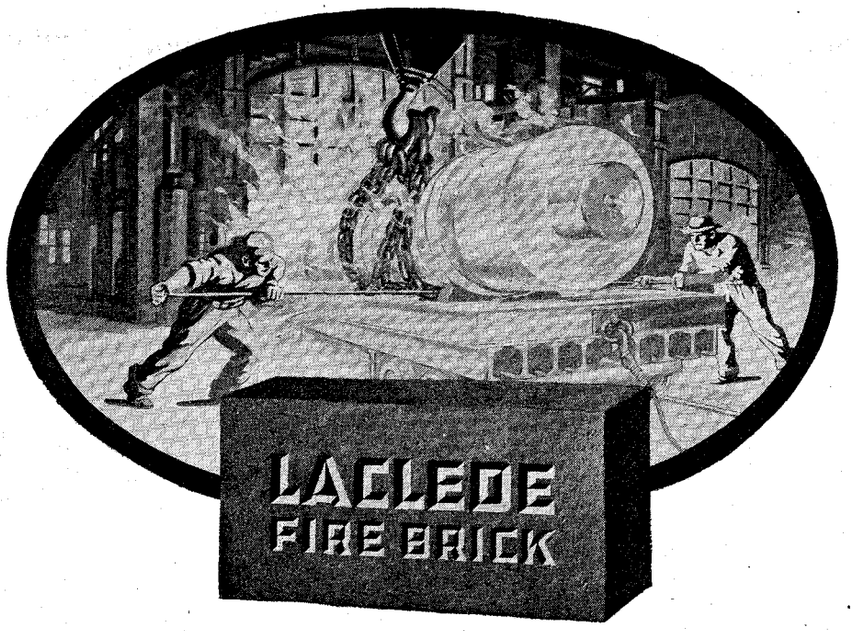

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E176

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

without trying any funny stunts calculated to urge the machine beyond its capacity. "Any driver can make any hill within reason on high if only he will keep the idea of his failure to do so completely out of his head," says the writer. To prove his theories, Mr. Russell tells of an experiment he made recently on a hill near the city where he lives, used for demonstrating the hill-climbing ability, or inability, of cars locally represented. His account follows:

My experiment covered a variety of cars, ranging from light fours to big sixes, and prices in proportion. The tests were all made at approximately the same hour in the afternoon and during the same season of the year, thus equalizing as much as possible the atmospheric conditions.

The motors of all the cars were clean, the carbureters not too lean, and the spark plugs all firing properly. The cars, being demonstrating machines, were naturally in the pink of condition. There was little to prevent making the hill except the drivers themselves. So I watched the drivers and at the same time observed the corresponding performance of the engines. The first car was a comparatively new one on the market. I was not really interested in buying the car, but the dealer was decidedly overanxious that I should be. He had contracted for a large number of the particular make, and because of difficulties of his own, moving, a poor reputation, and one thing or other, he was quite determined that I should see how marvelously his car took the hill in question.

So I went with him and observed. I was quite sure that he knew I doubted his boast. He did not know, however, the distinction which I was drawing—namely, that I doubted his ability to make the hill and not the car's. As I was thinking about it the motor promptly began to play down. It sputtered hopelessly, but still he forced it ahead. Then I looked at his steering-wheel sector. He had fully retarded the spark, and instead of using his hand-throttle he was shoving his foot unnecessarily far down upon the accelerator. In other words, he was choking the motor and firing the mixture entirely too late.

The minute I noticed this I told him he had better put her in second, because, as I said out of courtesy, I would never try to take the hill in high if it were mine. What I really thought was that I didn't fancy being stranded 'way out there with a broken connecting-rod. This rattled him immediately. He fussed and fussed; then finally got mad. His reason returned. He became a good driver again. He set the gas three-quarters up on the sector, set the spark at three-quarters retarded—and waited.

The motor responded immediately with a slow but gradual pick-up. He had made up his mind to succeed and had ceased registering failure on the accelerator; that was the gist of it.

Just as we were approaching the same hill in car number two—a machine rated eleven horse-power more than the car I had been driving for three years—the demonstrator turned to me with the boast:

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"Now I'll show you what the —— will do on a hill."

"Why don't you pick a real hill?" I retorted. "My little —— will take this easily without half trying."

Candidly, I had accomplished the stunt at great effort. But I was trying an interesting experiment in driving psychology, so I felt that a little motoring prevarication would not be out of place.

He looked at me puzzledly, fearing that I might be telling the truth. My car has cost almost one-third what he was asking for his—yet I had taken the hill *easily!*

At once he began giving the car too much gas. Instead of getting his speed with a slightly retarded spark and then giving her a full advance at the start of the climb he was so eager to shove the gas that he approached with his spark three-quarters advanced and could not advance it farther when he tried to. The car took the hill, but only with effort. Unlike many motorists, I blamed the driver for the car's poor performance and not the car itself.

For the truth of this was brought home to me forcibly by the new car which I finally bought. When it was demonstrated the salesman made a pretty good climb, but near the top when the motor was gaining nicely he grew suddenly impatient and decided to give the gas in jerks, hoping thereby to accelerate it quickly. To give the engine the first shot of gas, it was necessary to close the throttle for an instant. He took a second too long in doing this, and the engine slowed up just enough to turn sudden acceleration into mere knocking. The engine was going well enough as it was, but the salesman feared that I didn't think so.

A few weeks later I went back to the service station with a little alinement trouble with the front wheels. The car steered a bit hard, too. So, after lengthening the cross tube a mechanic took the wheel and tried her out on the road. In the course of the test we came to the demonstration hill and started climbing it with no thought at all of the engine. We turned the corner at twenty-three and let 'er go. The mechanic didn't care a hang what I thought of the car's performance, and neither did I at the time. We were looking for a rattle and trying to ease the steering. He applied the gas and used the spark just as he should have. At the top we were going thirty.

Yet the salesman had not been able to do more than fifteen with the identical car.

Before condemning the engine under the hood and lamenting the fact that she won't take hills properly it would be well for the driver to first make sure that he knows how to operate it to best advantage. There is no economy in crawling up hills in second and likewise no wisdom in straining an engine in high. Between lies the happy medium of good driving, which, in turn, is based on the driver's mental attitude of assurance and faith in the engine's ability.

A Pinch Hit.—PROF.—"Why did America lose so much time in entering the war, Mr. Goof?"

MR. GOOF (coming to suddenly)—"Not prepared, sir."

PROF.—"Exactly."—*Gargoyle.*

Logical.—"Why do you call your car Regulator?"

"All other cars go by it."—*Frivol.*

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When you turn the faucet in your bathroom the supply of water seems inexhaustible.

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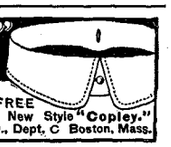

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INVESTMENTS • AND • FINANCE

HOW GERMANY UNDERSELLS US

HOW is it that Germany can "sell machinery in Europe at a quarter of the price of American machinery of the same type delivered"? There is not the slightest doubt, to put it conservatively, "that Germany is underbidding us and England in many markets." How, we read further in a bulletin recently issued by the First Federal Foreign Banking Association, and reprinted by *Bradstreet's*, "can the Germans do it"? This interesting and informing answer is vouchsafed by the authority that puts the question:

They can do it, without any doubt, on the straight basis of lower production and selling costs, in the industries using mainly German iron, German coal, and German labor. England is in the same way coming right into our own market with manufactures (certain chemicals, to be specific) that are made by English labor out of English raw materials. Whether they can do it with products that need copper, cotton, and other imported raw materials is another matter, but their economies will surely count in the international competition for the sale of these also.

There are five chief elements in the price of a manufactured product:

1. Raw material.
2. Labor.
3. Capital overheads.
4. Management overheads.
5. Profit.

In every one of these Germany now has the best of its competitors if its product is made from native raw material.

The following statistics of wages and living costs were gathered in Germany last fall. They are in marks, converted into gold on the basis of dollar exchange:

	*Wages per week**			
	Marks		*Dollars*	
	1913	1920	1913	1920
Cabinetmakers	43.20	336.00	10.29	5.37
Pattern-makers	39.00	228.00	9.28	3.64
Carpenters	44.28	216.00	10.58	3.45
Electricians	39.15	204.00	9.32	3.26
Plumbers	40.50	220.00	9.64	3.52
Bricklayers	44.28	216.00	10.58	3.45
Clerks	40.00	190.00	9.52	3.04
Stenographers	40.00	190.00	9.52	3.04
Female shop help	18.00	155.00	4.28	2.48
LIVING COSTS				
Meat, per lb	1.00	24.00	.24	.38
Eggs, dozen	.65	21.00	.16	.34
Bread, 4-lb. loaf	.45	4.50	.11	.07
Butter, lb	1.25	17.00	.30	.27
Potatoes, 10 lbs	.30	4.00	.07	.06
Men's suits	80.00	2,000.00	19.05	32.00
Shoes	12.50	300.00	2.97	4.80
Five-room apartment	125.00	150.00	29.75	2.40
Theater ticket	1.50	8.00	.36	.13
Coal, per cwt	1.00	23.50	.24	.38

* Nine-hour day in 1913; eight-hour day in 1920.

The comparison of the above paper and gold prices gives the clue to one part of Germany's program. The German Government controls prices and has a bureau in which is combined the control of exports and imports with the control of exchange. The mark in domestic exchange is kept upon a basis of its own, and the foreign-trade value of the money is negotiated upon a different basis. It is plainly apparent that Germany is employing a subtle new kind of protectionism in her foreign trade.

The Germans, individually and as a national unit, seem to be capable of self-discipline to an extent unapproached by any of Germany's trade rivals. German labor was before the war willing to work upon a lower scale of real wages than either English or American workmen. German technical men were always upon a low wage scale. German executives and business men are without a doubt ready to do business upon a narrower margin of profit than are Americans.

There are several things that Germany may be doing in her campaign for re-establishing her export trade.

1. As a matter of deliberate policy Germany may be using the governmental control of prices, exchange, and commerce to sell at cost of production or below. By means of her cheap money this can be managed so as to give a profit to the exporting manufacturers while the loss is absorbed by the whole German nation.

2. The German manufacturing interests may be offering limited amounts of export goods at prices calculated to disorganize competitors' business without actually concluding transactions. They may even be doing this to "bear" the market for "distress" goods which they are purchasing. German interests are thought to have done this in an extensive way at the time of the armistice.

3. Goods may be offered on a basis of payment in outside currencies in expectation of a rise in marks.

4. The reported offering may be part of a development of forced liquidation of goods. There are reasons for thinking that there has been some selling of this nature.

5. All four of the above possibilities may be combined in combination with the organization of genuinely low-cost production, sold on a very slender margin of profit.

LIBERTY-BOND HOLDERS NOT INTERESTED IN INTEREST — There is $83,000,000 in interest due holders of temporary Liberty bonds who have not exchanged them for permanent coupon-bearing securities. This, says *The Bache Review*, citing government figures, "has accrued on 7,471,171 separate temporary bonds of various denominations, amounting to $1,132,730,200 par value." It is probable, we read, "that some of these bonds have been lost or destroyed, but otherwise, except for loss of interest on interest, no damage will accrue to the holders. In many cases, probably, however, the heirs of the present owners will reap the benefit of the investment." The editor infers that the financial education of several hundred thousand new investors must have stopped immediately after purchasing government bonds. In the opinion of *Bradstreet's*,

Their neglect is no doubt owing in part to the indisposition of holders of the temporary issues to take the little trouble that is necessary to obtain the permanent bonds, and in part to simple ignorance in matters

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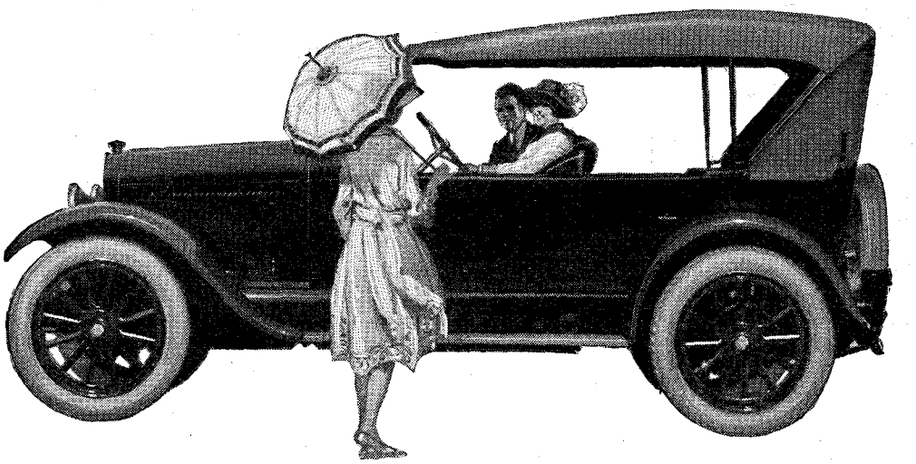

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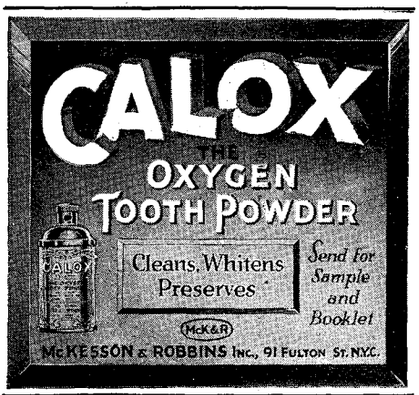

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

of finance on the part of a generation to large numbers of whom government bonds were practically an unknown quantity. The Federal Reserve Bank officials find a considerable amount of embarrassment in the situation, and are earnestly anxious in some way or other to bring the matter home to the neglectful holders of temporary bonds.

THAT WHEAT FROM ARGENTINA

IN arguing for lower freight rates, Senator Capper and others have asserted that the rate on wheat from Kansas City to New York was thirty cents a bushel, while the rate from far-off Argentina to New York was only ten cents. Since such statements were mentioned in THE LITERARY DIGEST it is only fair to note a reply to them from an authoritative spokesman for the railroads. President Daniel Willard, of the Baltimore & Ohio, told the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate last month that Senator Capper's assertion "was correct, so far as it went, but it did not go the whole distance." "People do not eat wheat; they eat flour. And wheat does not grow at tide-water; it grows inland, even in Argentina." Bearing these facts in mind, Mr. Willard made some investigations to find out what the whole rate would be. He discovered that the freight rate on a bushel of wheat, in the form of flour, would be 48 cents from Argentina to New York, as compared with 33 cents from Kansas City. As Mr. Willard reported to the Senate Committee:

"Now the rate on 100 pounds of wheat from Kansas City to New York is 56 cents. Or, if you reduce it to a unit of 60 pounds for a bushel, it would be 33.6 cents, including a milling in transit rate, so that when it arrived at New York it would be flour ready to eat: 33.6 cents for 60 pounds.

"Now, it was somewhat difficult to find data concerning Argentina, because no wheat has been brought into this country from Argentina this year, and none was brought in last year. Some corn did come.

"It appears that the average inland haul by rail to Buenos Aires, where it is shipped from the fields where it actually grows, is anywhere from sixty miles up to three or four hundred miles, and the average rate, taking a normal basis of exchange of the peso to the dollar, of $0.42449—and I won't take your time to analyze it, but I have the figures here which we obtained in Washington—it makes a rail rate in Argentina of $0.101 a bushel before it ever gets where the ship is.

"Then the ocean rate, when we investigated it—and this was the best we could find—was $0.136. The 10-cent rate had evidently been withdrawn, and the $0.136 rate and one other higher were both given by Argentine and British lines. There were no American lines running from Argentina to this country at all.

"The insurance amounted to $0.004 a unit of 60 pounds, and that got the wheat to New York, but not flour, and it had cost at that time about 24 cents to get the wheat to New York.

"Now, there are no mills in New York City; you can not have flour ground in large quantities there, and the average rate on grain to milling points such as Bridgeport, Springfield, Mass., Baltimore, Rochester, and Buffalo, and all around, wherever you might go to the large mills, would be $0.124 out and just as much coming back again.

"So when you get around and get 60 pounds of flour in New York ready to eat it has cost you $0.336 for transportation if it came from Kansas City, and it has cost $0.489 for transportation if it came from Argentina."

HOW THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM KEEPS THE NATION'S MONEY IN ONE PURSE

TIME was, and not many years ago at that, when a Chicagoan having a bill to pay in New York would "buy New York exchange," just as overseas traders now buy London exchange. Domestic exchange experienced all the fluctuations that characterize foreign exchange. Often, we read in the June *Monthly Review* of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, "the shipment of gold or currency was required in order to settle balances between different parts of the country." In particular, there was a regular seasonal movement to the West in the autumn, when the crops were being moved, and a flow back to New York in the winter. All this was expensive, troublesome, and hazardous. The Federal Reserve System, we read, has accomplished one of its chief reasons for existence in eliminating shipments of gold or currency for settling balances. Writers who speak of movements and transfer of funds nowadays, in reality refer to transfers accomplished instantly, and at par, over the wires of the Federal Reserve System. This method, we read, "has established complete fluidity of funds in the United States; there are no longer the former barriers preventing funds from flowing freely wherever the demands of commerce, industry, and agriculture dictate. Physical shipments are now practically restricted to the supplying of hand-to-hand currency for use as till money to member banks by their Reserve Banks and to the return to the Reserve Banks of such currency as is not needed by the business of the country." The writer proceeds to give some interesting facts showing how this branch of the Reserve System work has grown and how the transferring is actually done:

The medium through which balances are settled under the Federal Reserve System is the gold-settlement fund, consisting at present of about $450,000,000. It is lodged with the Treasurer of the United States and constitutes a part of the gold reserves of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks. The portion of the fund which each Reserve Bank owns changes each business day, and those changes are recorded on the books of the Federal Reserve Board. The volume of settlements of all kinds made through the fund averages nearly $300,000,000 a day, and in the course of the year amounts to an immense sum. The following table shows settlements of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York

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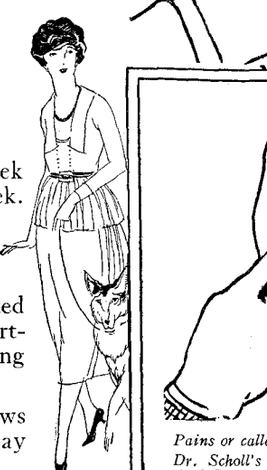
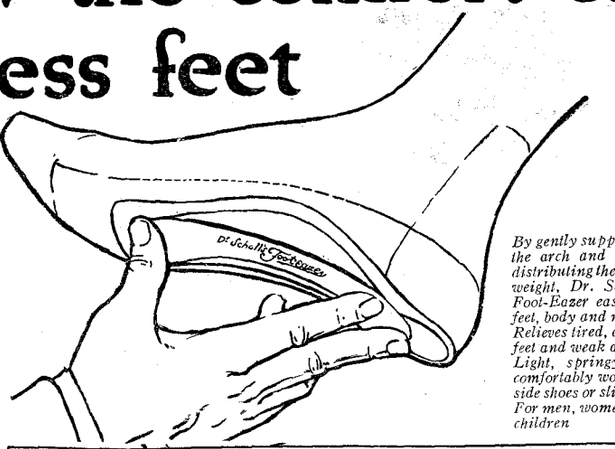
This week - know the comfort of active tireless feet

Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Week
June 18 to 25

A national organized effort to promote foot comfort and efficiency by bringing complete relief to foot sufferers





By gently supporting the arch and evenly distributing the body's weight, Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer eases the feet, body and nerves. Relieves tired, aching feet and weak arches. Light, springy and comfortably worn inside shoes or slippers. For men, women and children

Now is the time to find foot comfort. The week June 18 to 25 is Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Week. A week in which you may find again complete foot ease and comfort; may reach your highest efficiency.

In every community throughout the United States and Canada there is a shoe or department store co-operating in this event to bring foot comfort to *you*.

You will find in these stores—in the windows and on the counters—a great educational display of Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances.

Dr. Wm. M. Scholl has spent a lifetime in studying the human foot, its ills and correctives. He has worked out, according to orthopedic science, an appliance or remedy for every foot ill. Simple in construction, light and resilient, these appliances can be worn comfortably in any style shoe or slipper.

You *can* have sound, active feet! —easily, quickly!

Whatever your trouble—corns, callouses, bunions, weak ankles, hot, tired, aching feet and legs, fallen arches, cramped toes—there is a Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy that will correct it promptly and permanently.

Wherever Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances are displayed this week you will find a foot expert—a graduate Practipedist—trained in Dr. Scholl's methods. He will tell you what your trouble is and fit the proper corrective appliance to give you relief. *Examination and advisory service are entirely free.*

Don't let this week slip by. Learn how to keep well feet well. Find complete relief for your foot troubles at a shoe or department store in your town.

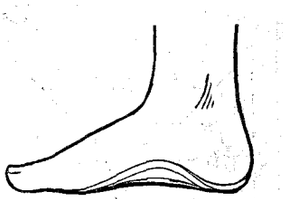
The Scholl Mfg. Co., Dept. 806, 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.; 339 Broadway, New York City; 112 Adelaide St., E., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Branches in London, Paris, Havana, Melbourne, Sydney, Stockholm, Buenos Aires, Cape Town.

Dr Scholl's Foot Comfort Week

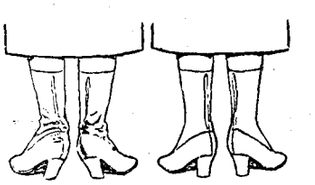
There is a Dr. Scholl appliance or remedy for every foot trouble

Pains or callouses there? Dr. Scholl's Anterior Metatarsal Arch Support—removes the cause of pains, cramps and callouses across the ball of the foot, by supporting the weakened arch. Worn in any shoe or slipper

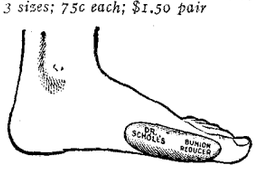


Dr. Scholl's Tri-Spring Arch Support—corrects weak foot, painful heel; prevents flat foot. Comfortable, with reinforced spring; holds its shape. For men and women

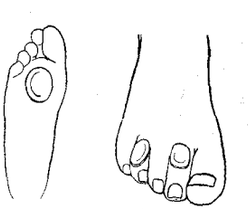
Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex—corrects bunions by straightening crooked toes and restoring joint to normal position. Of fine, flexible rubber, 3 sizes; 75c each; $1.50 pair



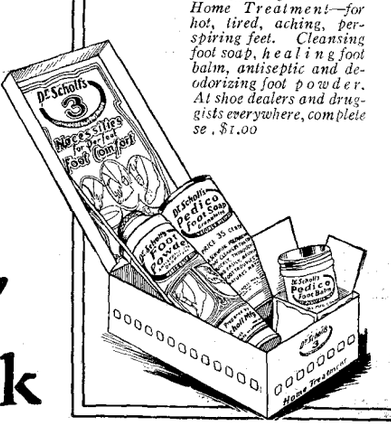
Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads—prevent crooked, worn-down heels and preserve shape of shoes. For men, women and children. 40c pair. Worn inside your shoe or slipper



Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer—removes pressure from sore, tender bunion; hides the unsightly bulge and gradually reduces the growth. 3 sizes, right and left. 75c each; $1.50 pair



Dr. Scholl's Zin-Ox Pads—quickly relieve corns, callouses, bunions or enlarged, tender joints. Antiseptic, healing and waterproof; special size for each purpose. 35c box. At shoe, department and drug stores. Fill out coupon below for free sample



Dr. Scholl's 3 Necessities Home Treatment—for hot, tired, aching, perspiring feet. Cleansing foot soap, healing foot balm, antiseptic and deodorizing foot powder. At shoe dealers and druggists everywhere, complete set, $1.00

Mail this coupon for Booklet and free sample

The Scholl Mfg. Co., Dept. 806
213 W. Schiller St., Chicago

Please send me a free sample of Dr. Scholl's Zin-Ox Pads for corns ( ) callouses ( ) or bunions ( ) (check which kind is wanted); also a copy of his latest booklet, "The Feet and Their Care."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

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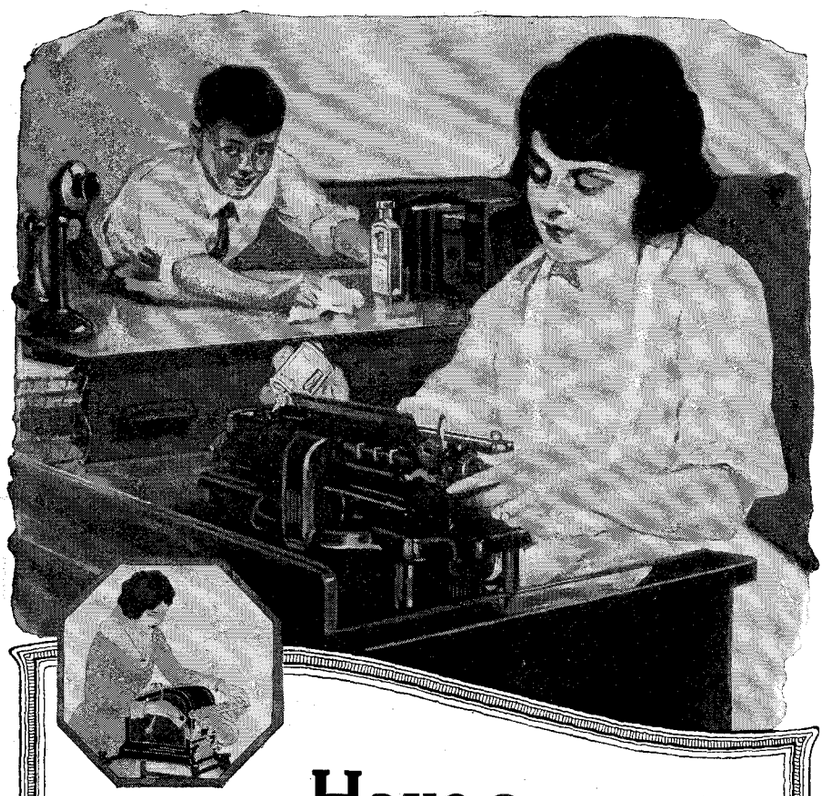

Have a 3-in-One Office

It's pleasant to work where typewriters operate smoothly and calculating machines always function right; where the clatter of duplicating machines is minimized, revolving chairs don't squeak and all the furniture shines like new.

3-in-One *The High Quality Office Oil*

is particularly suitable for all kinds of office mechanisms because it penetrates tightest bearings, works out accumulated dust and grease and lubricates exactly right. It's gritless, greaseless; won't evaporate or become gummy.

Clean the typewriter type with 3-in-One. Allow a few drops to permeate old ribbons to restore their usefulness.

For clean, shining furniture, do this: Wet a cloth with water. Apply a few drops of 3-in-One. Rub a small surface at a time *with the grain of the wood.* This removes all dirt, grease and grime. Polish with a dry, soft cloth and see the grain come out clear and strong.

Tell Johnny to grab his hat and slip out right away for a bottle or Handy Oil Can of 3-in-One.

3-in-One is sold at all stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

FREE Generous sample and special typewriter circular. Write for both on a postal card.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.,
165T. BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

D252-A

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

through the fund each year since it was first operated:

1920	$48,841,000,000
1919	41,933,000,000
1918	32,936,000,000
1917	17,119,000,000
1916	2,335,000,000
1915	556,000,000

The changes in the proportionate ownership of the fund arise from the transactions between the various reserve districts which are cleared through the Reserve Banks, one large element in these transactions being the collection and clearance of immense volumes of checks representing the daily turnover of commerce and industry.

The business and agricultural interests of the country derive a great advantage from these prompt settlements. Suppose a merchant in New York deposits in his bank a check for $50,000 drawn upon a bank in San Francisco. Formerly the check would travel to San Francisco, where on arrival it would be charged to the account of the man who drew it, and his bank would mail the New York bank a New York check in payment. The $50,000 would not be available to the merchant at his New York bank until the check arrived, at least ten and probably twelve days after the merchant deposited the original check. Now the time is cut at least in half, because the old method of remitting by mail across the continent has been eliminated. The mail remittance is unnecessary because the San Francisco bank upon which the check is drawn makes payment at the San Francisco Reserve Bank. The same day the funds are transferred through the gold-settlement fund to the New York Reserve Bank which in turn settles immediately with the bank that had presented the check for collection.

The gold-settlement fund and the private-wire system connecting the Reserve Banks permit also another new and important service to the commerce of the country. This service, which is free, provides for the immediate transfer of funds by telegraph at par. Assume that the $50,000 payment due from the man in San Francisco to the merchant in New York had to be made instantly, and could not wait for a check to be transmitted through the mail. His bank would charge his account, and at the same time instruct the San Francisco Reserve Bank to telegraph the New York Reserve Bank, asking it to place $50,000 to the credit of the New York merchant in his own bank. The San Francisco member bank is charged $50,000 on the books of the Reserve Bank, and $50,000 in the gold-settlement fund passes from the ownership of the San Francisco to the New York Reserve Bank. Thus the transaction is completed. Usually such transfers are for large sums; to make a large number of small transfers, which might equally well have been made by check, would clog unduly the private-wire system of the Reserve Banks and hamper the efficiency of the service.

The number of wire transfers has been increasing rapidly. At the beginning of 1920 the number of such transfers made by the New York Reserve Bank averaged 363 a day; at the end of the year the average was 712 a day. The growth of its use is shown in the following table, which includes transfers made for the United States Treasury:

	Number	*Amount*
1920	147,302	$17,022,000,000
1919	82,321	18,245,000,000
1918	39,099	19,384,000,000
1917	10,302	6,768,000,000
1916	2,971	485,000,000

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

June 1.—Heavy fighting continues at Gross-Strehlitz, Silesia, where 130 Poles and 12 Germans are slain.

President Obregon, of Mexico, directs the governors of all the States to prevent Bolshevik demonstrations.

June 2.—German irregular forces attack a French garrison at Beuthen, Silesia, and are repulsed with heavy losses.

Irish Republicans fail in an attempt to blow up a British destroyer undergoing repairs in a dockyard at Cork.

June 3.—Salamon Teilirian, the Armenian youth who assassinated Talaat Pasha, former Turkish Vizier, to avenge the slaughter of his people, is acquitted in the Berlin district court as insane.

Six auxiliary Irish policemen are killed and four constables are seriously wounded in a Sinn-Fein ambush at Carrowkennedy, County Mayo.

Lord Julian Byng, noted British General, accepts appointment as Governor-General of Canada.

June 4.—Clashes continue between Germans and Poles near Schimischow, Silesia, and the British gradually reenforce their troops in the plebiscite area.

The German Reichstag votes confidence in the Government of Chancellor Wirth.

Officers of General Semenoff, Cossack anti-Bolshevik leader, proclaim him supreme ruler of the new anti-Bolshevik state established at Vladivostok.

Lieut. Karl E. Neumann, the submarine commander charged with sinking the British hospital ship *Dover Castle*, is acquitted by the German High Court as acting under orders.

June 5.—Mexican government authorities frustrate a revolutionary plot in Oaxaca to incite a wide-spread revolt. General Fernando Vizcaino, an insurrectionist, is court-martialed and shot.

June 6.—Two American soldiers are killed at Coblenz, Germany, by a highwayman.

The Bavarian Einwohnerwehr, or Citizens' Guard, decides to disarm voluntarily by June 30, under the terms of the Allied ultimatum.

June 7.—The Northern Irish Parliament is opened in Belfast under the Home-Rule measure. Sir James Craig is Premier and Hugh O'Neill is elected Speaker.

The assembly of the Union of League of Nations Associations, meeting at Geneva, adopts a resolution favoring the admission of Germany to the League of Nations.

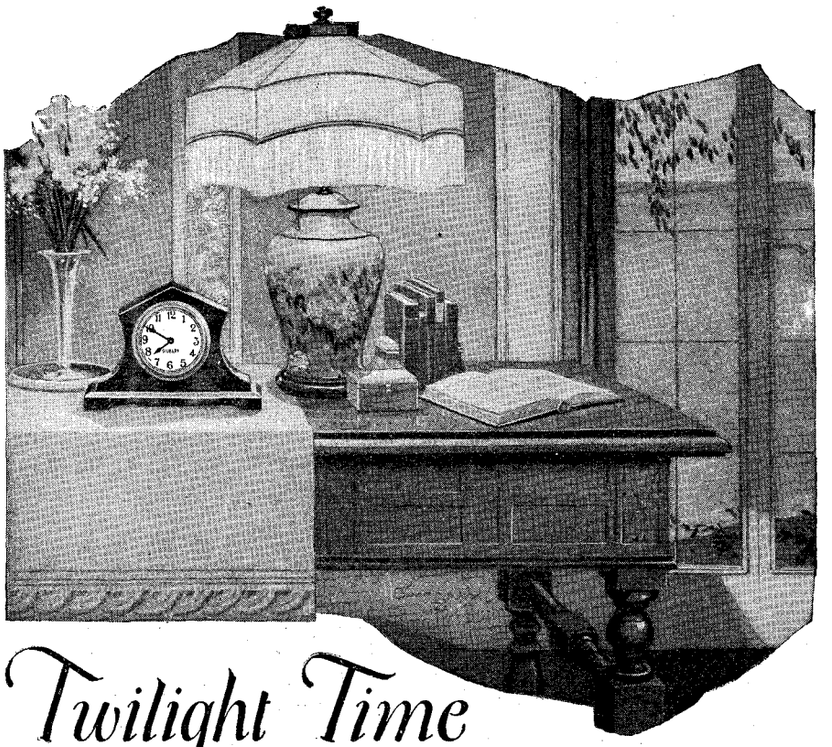
CONGRESS

June 1.—The Senate passes the Naval Appropriation Bill carrying an approximate total of $500,000,000, with the Borah amendment favoring a disarmament conference.

June 2.—The Senate passes the Curtiss Bill providing for loans up to $50,000,000 to Federal farm-loan banks to be distributed to farmers at not more than 5½ per cent.

June 3.—The Committee on Foreign Affairs recommends to the House the Porter resolution, declaring a state of peace between the United States and Germany and Austria-Hungary.

The Senate passes the Deficiency Appropriations Bill carrying $156,000,000, with an amendment directing the Emergency Fleet Corporation to dispose of all wooden ships by October 1. The bill includes $1,250,000 for soldier-hospital projects, $111,000,000 for the



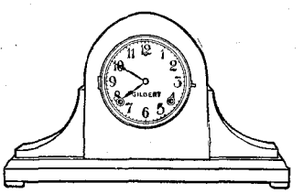
Twilight Time

Illustrated

Hand-rubbed mahogany finish clock for desk or dresser. Dependable thirty hour movement. Height 5 inches and width 8 inches.

New thin model; thirty hour ***continuous*** *alarm. Height 6¾ inches with artistic radium hands and dial.*

New thin model; thirty hour ***continuous*** *alarm. Height 6 inches, with plain hands and dial.*



Rich mahogany finish, hand-rubbed clock. Eight day pendulum type of movement and Cathedral gong. Height 11 inches and width 18 inches.

WHEN the evening shadows cover the footprints of the departing day, you will realize how companionable a good timepiece can really be if you place a Gilbert Clock on your table or bookcase. There is an almost human friendliness about it that helps create the atmosphere of home.

Some Gilbert Clocks announce the hours with rich, melodious voices; others are silent except for a faint pulse-beat, elusive as the overtones from an orchestra. There are Gilbert Radium Clocks whose friendly faces and faithful hands mark the passing of the busy hours, and glow at night with a gentle radiance, soft as a firefly gleam.

For more than a century, this Company has been making good clocks at Winsted. We are proud of the fact that in thousands of homes Gilbert Clocks are regarded as faithful and familiar friends—not mere pieces of mechanism.

Plain or Radium Dials

William L. Gilbert Clock Co.

Winsted, Conn.

"Makers of good clocks since 1807"

Gilbert Clocks

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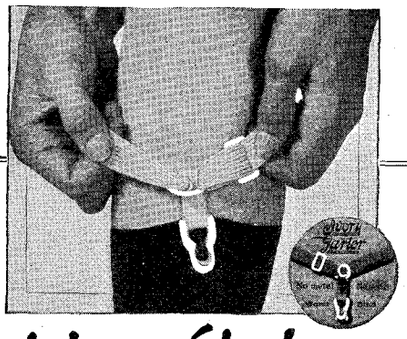

Not a sign of it!

IVORY GARTERS never leave a "trade mark" on your shin. That's because the right way to wear Ivories is to wear them loose. They can't slip or skid. The light, durable elastic clings to your legs naturally. You wouldn't even know you had garters on except for the fact that your socks stay up perfectly. Ivories absolutely do not bind the leg in any way—nor do they hinder free circulation or give leg fatigue.

There isn't a speck of metal used in Ivory Garters, consequently no rust to eat the fabric and ruin the garter. They are all life—elastic—all around the leg—no pads. This means comfort, service and economy. The clasps are quick and convenient. There are no rights or lefts to get you mixed up.

The way to get Ivories is to ask for them plainly. Say—"Ivory Garters". You'll get the genuine, for Ivories cannot be duplicated.

IVORY GARTER COMPANY, New Orleans, U. S. A.

Single Grips 35c and up. **Ivory Garter** REGISTERED U.S. & FOREIGN *Double Grips 50c and up.*

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

Imagine your child in danger

Picture this ruffian in *your* yard. Could your wife protect the little ones, and herself?

Keep an Iver Johnson Revolver in your home. No danger of accidents. Jolts, jars, thumps, or bumps cannot discharge it. You can even "Hammer the Hammer."

Piano-wire heat-treated springs keep this revolver ready for instant use. Quick, sure, accurate.

All calibres. Hammer and hammerless models. Regular, Perfect Rubber, and Western Walnut grips. If your dealer hasn't in stock the particular model you want, write us.

Three interesting booklets full of information FREE. Write today for the one that interests you.

"A"—Firearms
"B"—Bicycles
"C"—Motorcycles

1871—1921 FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
295 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers Street, New York 717 Market Street, San Francisco

HAMMER THE HAMMER

Iver Johnson Champion Single and Double Barrel Shotguns combine accuracy and dependability, and are moderately priced.

Iver Johnson Truss-Bridge Bicycles are world-famed for easy riding, strength, and durability. Models and prices to suit everyone.

Shipping Board, and $200,000 for enforcement of the Prohibition Amendment to July 1.

June 7.—The Senate and House unanimously adopt resolutions for the relief of the Colorado flood sufferers. No specific appropriation is authorized.

DOMESTIC

June 1.—Race riots begun yesterday in Tulsa, Okla., result in the death of 30 persons, with 300 wounded. Property damage is estimated at $1,500,000. The city is placed under martial law.

Figures showing the number of immigrants who may be admitted during the fiscal year beginning July 1, under the new immigration law, are given by W. W. Husband, Commissioner of Immigration, as follows: from the United Kingdom, 77,206; from Norway, 12,116; Sweden, 19,956; Denmark, 5,644; the Netherlands, 3,602; Belgium, 1,557; Luxemburg, 92; France, 5,692; Switzerland, 3,745; Germany, 68,039; Danzig, 285; Finland, 3,890; Africa, 120; Portugal, 2,269; Spain, 663; Italy, 42,021; Russia, 34,247; Austria, 7,444; Hungary, 5,635; Roumania, 7,414; Bulgaria, 301; Greece, 3,286; Czecho-Slovakia, 14,269; Jugo-Slavia, 6,405; Albania, 287; Fiume, 71; Poland, with western Galicia, 25,800; eastern Galicia, 5,781; Australia, 271, and New Zealand, 50. The list is complete except for Turkey and southern Asia.

Representatives of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America and the New York Clothing Manufacturers agree upon a 15 per cent. wage reduction for all classes of workers, with the exception of cutters, and the six months' strike of 30,000 workers is settled.

Gov. J. B. A. Robertson, of Oklahoma, summons a grand jury to investigate the disastrous race riot at Tulsa. Tulsa citizens arrange to care for destitute negroes and to rebuild their homes.

President Harding addresses the 260 graduates of the Naval Academy at Annapolis and says there will be no war save for justice.

In an address at the centenary exercises of the University of Virginia, Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador, asks for a union of English-speaking peoples to end war.

June 2.—Attorney-General Daugherty orders a general inquiry into the race riots at Tulsa, Okla.

June 3.—Pueblo, Col., is overwhelmed by flood and cloud-bursts, and many are reported drowned. The main business district is destroyed, and property damage is estimated at $20,000,000.

June 4.—The Carnegie Foundation announces a gift of $17,000,000 for the maintenance and development of the Carnegie Institute and the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh.

June 5.—The Federal Government and the Red Cross take up measures for the relief of Pueblo, Col.

Laura Bromwell, holder of the world's airplane record for looping by a woman, is killed by a fall of 1,800 feet at Mineola, L. I.

June 6.—Albert D. Lasker, of Chicago, accepts the position of Chairman of the United States Shipping Board.

Representatives of 150 railroads inform the Railroad Labor Board that they are determined in their request for a wage cut which would wipe out the $600,000,000 increase granted last year.

June 7.—The State Department formally notifies the Mexcian Government that the United States will extend recognition as soon as Mexico is willing to bind itself to the discharge of primary international obligations.

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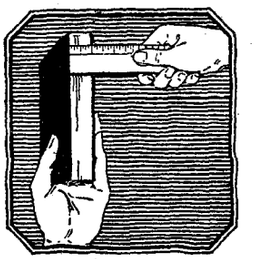

Let your salesman have all his facts with him

Your salesman sells facts, whatever his line, and the most brilliant salesman cannot carry in his head every fact about your business that client or customer wants to know. The salesman must go equipped with the printed word, as well as with the spoken word.

He travels light and travels faster if the facts and figures he takes with him are set forth on the thin India papers made by S. D. Warren Company. One of the largest data books in the world, that of the B. F. Sturtevant Company, Boston, is so compressed that it can be carried in the side pocket of an overcoat, because it is printed upon Warren's India.

Warren's INDIA for thin books

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

Because of their convenience, the use of these papers for data books, masses of statistics, inserts, and handy volumes is extensive and growing. The surface of Warren's India or of Warren's Thintext is neither dented nor blurred in any troublesome way by the print appearing on the reverse side. Type and line cuts, such as illustrate machinery parts, show sharp and clear.

Warren's India runs 1420 pages to the inch, and there are 1184 pages in an inch of Warren's Thintext. This is why a volume like the Sturtevant data book can contain such a stupendous array of facts, figures, tables, drawings, and diagrams.

In choosing between Warren's Thintext and Warren's India, the use to which you intend to put the paper and the bulk of your book are the important considerations. You can obtain samples, through your printer, from the paper merchant in your city who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or from us.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

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THE • SPICE • OF • LIFE

Cut Rates.—"Please, ma'am, give a poor blind man a dime."

"Why, you're only blind in one eye!"

"Well, make it a nickel then."—*The Harvard Lampoon.*

Music from the Holes.—"What are you doing with that porous-plaster, Claude?"

"Well, I want an idea for a Futurist Fugue and I thought I'd just try this over on the pianola!"—*London Mail.*

Ungrateful.—THE BORE—"I think this weather is awful!"

THE GIRL—"You shouldn't grumble at the weather. If it wasn't for that you would have nothing to talk about."—*Karikaturen* (*Christiania*).

Revelations of the Microscope.—PROFESSOR—"When you examine a dog's lungs under the microscope, what do you see?"

"The seat of his pants, I suppose."—*The Pelican.*

Irrelevant Detail.—THE JUDGE (to prisoner)—"When were you born?" (No reply.) "Did you hear what I asked? When is your birthday?"

PRISONER (sullenly).—"Wot do you care? You ain't going to give me nothing."—*Klods-Hans* (*Copenhagen*).

A Conundrum.—"Father," said a little boy thoughtfully, as he watched his parent collect his notes and arrange the slides for a parish entertainment, "why is it that when you spend your holiday in the Holy Land you always give a lantern lecture on it? You never do when you have been to Paris!"—*London Morning Post.*

One Look Enough.—The politician who was running for reelection called upon a Quaker family and asked the wife, who came to the door, to see her husband.

"Have a seat and my husband will see thee," the Quaker lady responded.

The politician waited for several minutes but the husband did not show up.

"I thought you said your husband would see me?" he said.

"He has seen thee," responded the Quaker lady, "but he did not like thy looks so he went another way."—*The Non-Partizan Leader.*

How It Happened.

A philanthropist has given this version by an East-End child of the story of Eden. She was sitting with other children on the curb outside a public house in Shoreditch, and her version of the story proceeded:

"Eve ses: 'Adam, 'ave a bite?' 'No,' ses Adam, 'I don't want a bite!' 'Garn!' ses Eve; 'go on, 'ave a bite!' 'I don't want a bite!' ses Adam."

The child repeated this dialog, her voice rising to a shrill shriek. "An' then Adam took a bite," she finished up. "An' the flamin' angel come along with 'is sword, an' 'e ses to 'em both: 'Nah, then—ahtside!'"—*Evening News* (*London*).

The Important Point.—"He's worth a million dollars."

"To whom?"—*Life.*

The Hard Part.—"Whose was the best acting at the amateur theatricals?"

"Mine, pretending to enjoy the performance!"—*London Mail.*

A Strict One, Too.—Ordering a copy of Tennyson's poems, a customer wrote to an English bookseller, "Please do not send me one bound in calf, as I am a vegetarian."—*Boston Transcript.*

Plenty of Will.—"I hear your husband has given up smoking. Doesn't that require a strong will?"

"Well, I have a strong will!"—*The Passing Show* (*London*).

On His Dignity.—FOREMAN—"What is all that arguing down the road?"

LABORER (indignantly)—"Why, the man running the steam-roller wants us to call him a chauffeur."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Hint for Gardeners.—Correspondent asks us what we do about cutworms. Our method is to carry them to a vacant lot and turn them around three times, thus getting them so confused that they can not find their way back.—*Boston Transcript.*

Fifty-Fifty.—Two girls unfamiliar with baseball were watching the local nine play a visiting team last Saturday.

"Isn't that fine?" remarked one girl. "We have a man on every base."

"Why, that's nothing," said the other, "so have they."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Blooming Chicken.—Little Mary was visiting her grandmother in the country. Walking in the garden, she chanced to see a peacock, a bird she had never seen before. After gazing in silent admiration, she ran quickly into the house and cried out: "Oh, granny, come and see! One of your chickens is in bloom."—*The Christian Register.*

Several Birds with One Stone.—A Virginia editor threatened to publish the name of a certain young man who was seen hugging and kissing a girl in the park unless his subscription to the paper was paid up in a week. Fifty-nine young men called and paid up the next day, while two even paid a year in advance.—*The Labor Clarion* (*San Francisco.*)

Changing the Basis.—Two Methodist preachers, one white and the other colored, served rural charges in Mississippi which were conterminous. The negro received a considerably larger salary than his white brother, who asked him if it was not his custom to expel his members who failed to pay. "No, boss," he replied, "we would not like to put the gospel on a money basis. We gets them to subscribe, and if they don't pay we turns them out for lying."—*Memphis Commercial-Appeal.*

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"W. L. S.," McConnelsville, Ohio.—"Should the word *all right* be used as one word or as two?"

The old English was *alright.* This form, however, is obsolete now. The correct form is *all right.*

"W. H. M.," Marcus, Iowa.—"Please advise me who the last Emperor of Germany was."

The last German Emperor was Wilhelm II.

"E. W. M.," Milwaukee, Wis.—"In the sentences given below, should the following words be capitalized—*Commission, chief engineer, board, sewerage commission?* (1) 'Will you kindly advise the *commission* in this matter, and oblige.' (2) 'I am handing you herewith copy of a communication presented by the *chief engineer* to the *sewerage commission.*' (3) 'The *board* desires a report from you.'"

In rules and reports of societies, committees, etc., and in official publications by a city, the words *city, club,* etc., and names indicating office should begin with a capital letter; as, *President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Chairman, Directors, Board of Managers,* etc. Also, when specifically referring to the subject under consideration, the words *report, corporation, society,* etc., should begin with a capital.

In the sentences you submit, the words to which you refer should begin with a capital initial letter.

"C. F. D.," Hot Springs, Ark.—"Kindly give me some information concerning the meaning of the name *Fulham.*"

Fulham is an English name, belonging to Fulham (Middlesex, England), usually considered to mean "The Fowl Land or Place" (from the Old English *fugel,* fowl, plus *ham(m),* a piece of land), as the name was Latinized in medieval deeds *Volucrum Domus.* The spelling (at) *Fullenham* in Anglo-Saxon times does not, however, bear out this signification, but rather points to a personal name *Ful(l)a* (with genitive *-n*); hardly to Old English *ful,* "foul," *i.e.,* "dirty," "black."

"M. A.," New York, N. Y.—"What is the correct pronunciation of *Epictetus?*"

The name *Epictetus* is pronounced *ep''ik-ti'tus*—*e* as in *get,* first *i* as in *habit,* second *i* as in *police, u* as in *but.*

"G. M. P.," Wilmette, Ill.—"Please tell me what State is spoken of as the *Mother of Presidents.*"

The *State of Virginia* is known as the *Mother of Presidents,* because it was the birthplace of eight of the Presidents of the United States.

"B. W.," New York, N. Y.—"'A' claims the proper way to pronounce the word *dog* is by speaking it with a long 'o,' something like the 'o' in *lost;* while 'B' says the 'o' ought to be short and sounded like 'o' in *log.* Who is right?"

The correct pronunciation of the word *dog* is with the *o* as in *not.* Phoneticists indicate that the sound of the *o* should be medial between the *o* in "not" and in "nor," and give such words as "orange" and "soft" to indicate it. Dr. March analyzed it as approximating to *o* in "cob," "not," "sob," etc.

"R. A. T.," Lidgerwood, N. Dak.—"Kindly inform me which is the correct way of abbreviating the name of the *State of North Dakota, No. Dak.* or *N. Dak.*"

The official abbreviation for *North Dakota* is *N. Dak.* The abbreviation *N. D.* is also used.

"C. J.," Limespring, Iowa.—"How do you pronounce the name *Venizelos,* the Premier of Greece?"

The name *Venizelos* is correctly pronounced *ven''i-ze'los*—first *e* as in *get, i* as in *habit,* second *e* as in *prey, o* as in *obey.*

"P. C. J.," San Francisco, Cal.—"Please indicate the correct way of writing the possessive singular and the possessive plural of the abbreviation *Co.*"

The singular possessive of the abbreviation *Co.* is *Co.'s;* the plural possessive is *Cos.'.*

"H. K.," Youngstown, Ohio.—"Is it correct that it is no longer customary in parliamentary procedure to second a motion?"

Every motion before it can be brought before a parliamentary body for discussion must have a mover and seconder.

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